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THE NEW YORKER

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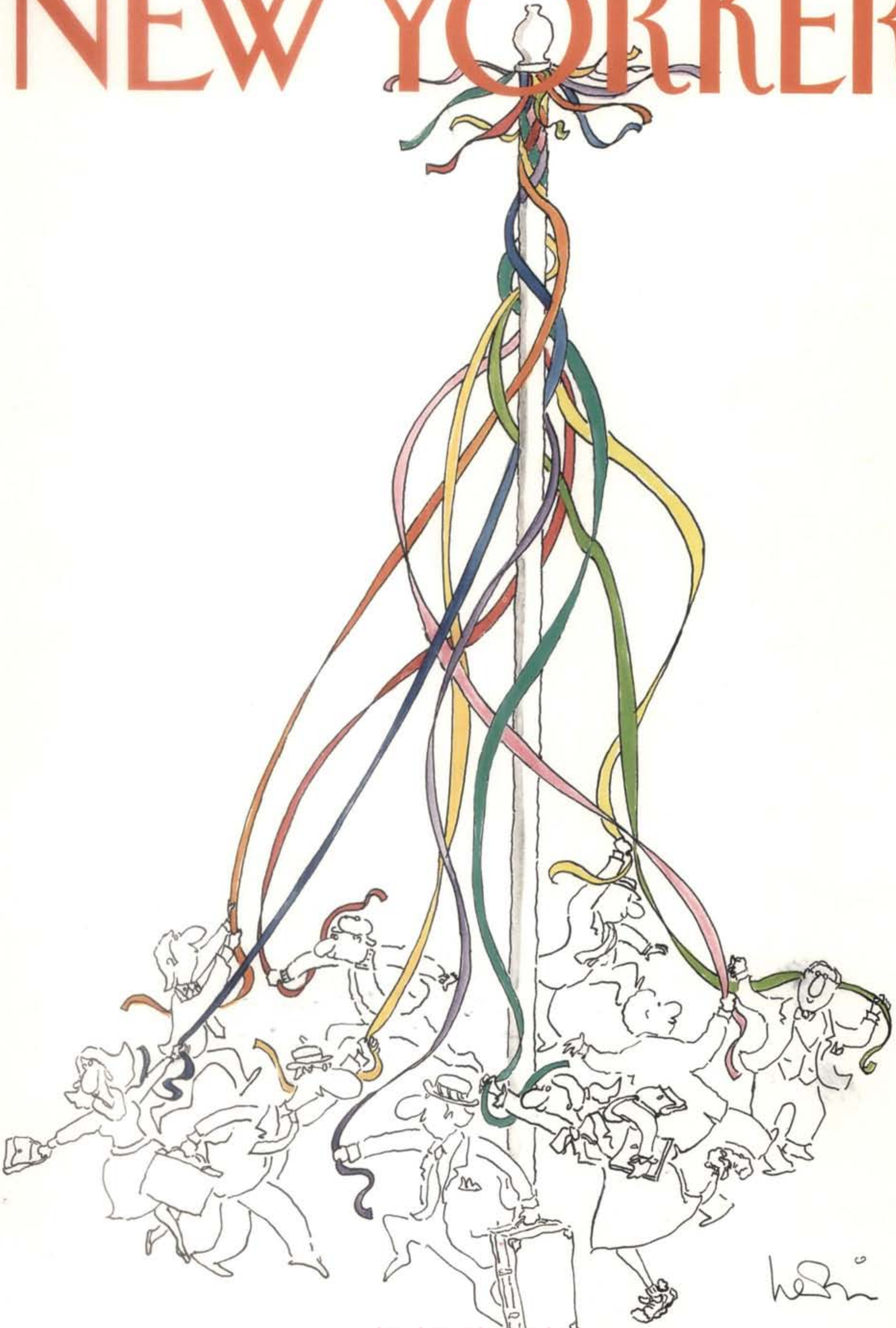

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

All My Sons—Arvin Brown (director) and his capable company have made an acceptable show out of Arthur Miller's clunky play, which was first done here in 1947. Richard Kiley is the villainous businessman who sells defective parts to the Air Force. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Asinamali!—A stunning play written and directed by South African playwright Mbongeni Ngema, which was seen last fall at Lincoln Center's "Woza Afrika!" festival. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/29/86.) (Jack Lawrence, 359 W. 48th St. 307-5452. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Blithe Spirit—This revival of Noël Coward's comedy is an almost total miss, a waste of the talents of Geraldine Page and Blythe Danner, among others. (4/13/87) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Broadway Bound—In the third of his trilogy of autobiographical plays, Neil Simon takes us from Brooklyn to Manhattan, from ignominy to the promise of fame. Linda Lavin heads the excellent cast, which has been directed by Gene Saks. (12/15/86) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—The fifth in this season's series of productions is a revival of William Hoffman's 1985 play **as is.** (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Coastal Disturbances—Tina Howe's funny and beautiful play about love is set on a private beach on Massachusetts' North Shore. Annette Bening, as a photographer from this city, and Timothy Daly, as a lifeguard, are the beguiling lovers, and among the other actors, as summer people, are Rosemary Murphy, Jonas Abry, Heather Mac Rae, and Ronald Guttman. Carole Rothman is the able director. (12/1/86) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Colored Museum—A sharp, satiric revue on the subject of blackness and related matters, which is almost done in by damnable sound amplification. George C. Wolfe was the clever writer, and L. Kenneth Richardson the able director. The performers, all of them splendid, are Loretta Devine, Tommy Hollis, Reggie Montgomery, Vickilyn Reynolds, and Danitra Vance. (11/10/86) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Common Pursuit—An English import. Six Cambridge undergraduates, in the sixties, plan to launch a literary magazine in accordance with the rigorous standards of the critic F. R. Leavis, and in the ensuing twenty years manage to breach these standards. Simon Gray's play, while not especially original, is consistently entertaining, and it is very well performed under the direction of the dramatist and Michael McGuire. (11/3/86) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

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Driving Miss Daisy—Alfred Uhry's play is more a sentimental than a dramatic occasion, which tells, in a series of brief scenes, of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. What gives the evening distinction is the performance—the fine acting of Dana Ivey and Morgan Freeman, under Ron Lagomarsino's deft direction. (4/27/87) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of Shaw's **misalliance** is the seventh in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 3. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Fences—August Wilson's play about a black garbageman, formerly a baseball player of professional calibre, is as powerful as, and even richer than, his "Ma Rainey's Black Bottom." The triumphant performance, with James Earl Jones in the leading role, supported by Mary Alice, Courtney B. Vance, Frankie R. Faison, Ray Aranha, Charles Brown, and Karima Miller, was directed by Lloyd Richards. (4/6/87) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Funny Feet—A dancing revue spoofing everything from classical ballet to Las Vegas lounge entertainment. Conceived, choreographed, and directed by Bob Bowyer. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Girl's Guide to Chaos—A comedy by Cynthia Heimel. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 869-4731. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 10.)

Groucho: A Life in Revue—A surprisingly lively and touching show about the great comedian/humorist. Frank Ferrante's dedicated impersonation becomes a true performance, and Les Marsden, doubling, comes close to Chico and seems inspired as Harpo. Arthur Marx (son of Groucho) and Robert Fisher were the playwrights; Mr. Marx directed. (10/20/86) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-

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JACKIE MASON'S "THE WORLD ACCORDING TO ME!"—Jackie Mason's material consists almost entirely of outrageous insults addressed to Jews, Italians, Poles, Puerto Ricans, and Wasps. For more than thirty years, Mason's audiences—that is, his victims—have found him hilarious, and the sorry truth of the matter is that he *is* hilarious. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

LADY DAY AT EMERSON'S BAR & GRILL—A play of sorts about one of Billie Holiday's last engagements, at a night club in Philadelphia. (9/29/86) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES—The Royal Shakespeare Company's production of a new play by Christopher Hampton, based on the 1782 novel of the same name by Pierre Choderlos de Laclos. Directed by Howard Davies. Preview Wednesday, April 29. Opens officially on Thursday, April 30. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays, except April 29, and Saturdays at 2.)

THE LUCKY SPOT—A comedy by Beth Henley. With Ray Baker, Amy Madigan, and Mary Stuart Masterson. (Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 17.)

THE MEETING—A play by Jeff Stetson. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Wednesday through Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 3.)

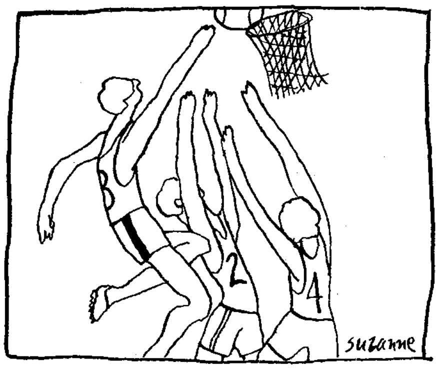
THE MIKADO—This marvellous production comes to us from Stratford, Ontario; it is lovely to look at, delightful to hear. Brian Macdonald was the inspired director. (4/13/87) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 3.)

LES MISÉRABLES—Colm Wilkinson is a strong Jean Valjean and Terrence Mann is his strong pursuer Javert in this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, which comes to us from France by way of England. The real standouts of the production, however, are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. But even these, remarkable though they are, are not sustaining enough for the three and a half hours that the show runs. (3/23/87) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 2.)

THE MUSICAL COMEDY MURDERS OF 1940—A whodunit, written and directed by John Bishop. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE NERD—This farce by the late Larry Shue (author of "The Foreigner") is a source of laughter from beginning to end. It tells the story of an idiotic young man who almost becomes the permanent house guest of an inoffensive architect. Robert Joy gives a first-rate comic performance in the title role. (4/6/87) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

ON THE VERGE—A diverting little comedy by Eric Overmyer, about three Victorian lady explorers who travel through time (from the eighteen-eighties to 1955) over terra incognita. Lisa Banes, Patricia Hodges, and Laura Hicks play the indomitable heroines, and Tom Robbins plays everybody they meet on their journey. Garland Wright was the able director. Scenery, costumes, and lighting, all commendable, were designed by John Arnone, Ann Hould-Ward, and James F. Ingalls, respectively. (3/30/87) (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 967-9077. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7.



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Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 3.)

PYGMALION—Peter O'Toole, Amanda Plummer, and John Mills in a revival of Shaw's play. Val May is the director. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SEX TIPS FOR MODERN GIRLS—A musical with a book by Peter Eliot Weiss and a score and lyrics by John Sereda. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 3.)

SLEIGHT OF HAND—Harry Groener and Jeffrey De Munn in a suspense thriller by John Pielmeier. Walton Jones is the director. Previews through Saturday, May 2. Opens officially on Sunday, May 3. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Nightly at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

STAGGERLEE—A bountiful, joyous jazz musical, with a rhythm-and-blues score and lyrics by the prodigiously gifted Allen Toussaint, and an artful, entertaining book by Vernel Bagneris, who also contributed the additional lyrics. The setting is a Southern city during Mardi Gras. The witty, vivid scenery, lighting, and costumes were designed by Akira Yoshimura, Allen Lee Hughes, and JoAnn Clevenger, respectively. Mr. Bagneris directed the prodigiously gifted black company, which is headed by Ruth Brown, Adam Wade, and Marva Hicks. (3/30/87) (Second Avenue Theatre, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 674-1460. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

STARDUST—The lyrics of Mitchell Parish, as sung and performed by an engaging company of three men and three women. The composers (over the past sixty-five years or so) include Duke Ellington, Hoagy Carmichael, and Leroy Anderson. The singers include André De Shields and, most notably, Michele Bautier. (3/2/87) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

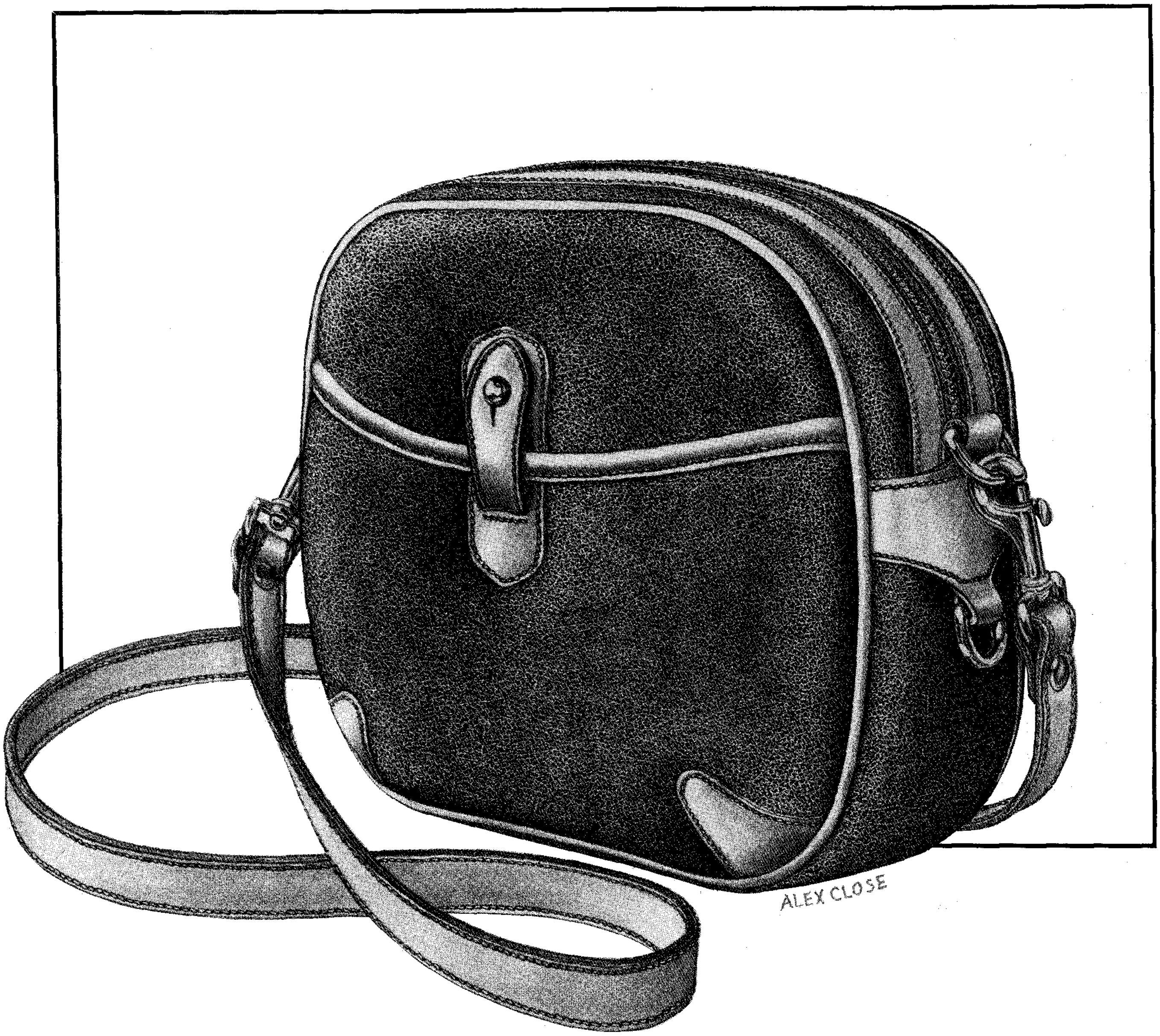
STARLIGHT EXPRESS—A bore on roller skates. (3/30/87) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SWEET SUE—A curiosity of a play by A. R. Gurney, Jr., about a middle-aged divorced woman and a college undergraduate who, not very plausibly, fall in love. Each character is played by two people, which makes matters still more implausible. The cast consists of Mary Tyler Moore, Lynn Redgrave, Barry Tubb, and John K. Linton. (1/19/87) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

WHA . . . I, WHAI, A LONG LONG TIME AGO—A play by the Korean writer Che Inhoon, performed in English under Tisa Chang's direction. A presentation of the Pan Asian Repertory Theatre. (Playhouse 46, at 423 W. 46th St. 245-2660. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

YORK THEATRE COMPANY—Presenting **SHYLOCK**, a musical adaptation by Ed Dixon of Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice." Score by Mr. Dixon (who will perform the role of Shylock) and words by the Bard. (Church of the Heavenly Rest. Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 8:30. Matinée Sunday at 5. Closes Sunday, May 3. For information about tickets, call 534-5366.)

LONG RUNS—**BIG RIVER:** William Hauptman and Roger Miller have drawn a pleasantly sentimental musical out of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," and Mark Twain in Heaven has reason to be satisfied with the results. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A musical about a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez; the production is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics; the book is by Harvey Fierstein. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DROOD:** Dickens' unfinished novel, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," has been turned into a splendidly nonsensical musical by Rupert Holmes. The big cast is headed by George Rose, and the direction is by Wilford Leach. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 11,240 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movies, and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M NOT RAPPAPORT:** Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park, starring Hal Linden and Ossie Davis. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** An infelicitously rehabilitated British musical out of the thirties, with a superb performance by Robert Lindsay in the starring role. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 947-0033. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NONSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239 4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, an Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collectio



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of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's hundred-and-seventeenth edition. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday, April 29, at 7:30; Thursdays at 10:30 and 7:30; Fridays and Wednesday, May 6, at 2 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30; and Sundays at 1 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, May 17.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, April 29: "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," "Valse Triste," "Le Tombeau de Couperin," and "Gounod Symphony." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 30: "La Source," "Prodigal Son," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 1: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Pas de Deux," "Sinfonia Mistica," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 2: "Prodigal Son," "Valse Triste," "Le Tombeau de Couperin," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 2: "Concerto Barocco," "Sinfonia Mistica," and "Gounod Symphony." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 3: "Gounod Symphony," "Valse Triste," "Le Tombeau de Couperin," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 3: "La Source," "Sinfonia Mistica," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 5: "Agon," "Valse Triste," "Le Tombeau de Couperin," and "Gounod Symphony." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 6: "Histoire du Soldat Suite," "Variations pour une Porte et un Soupir," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 7: "La Source," "Histoire du Soldat Suite," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 8: "La Source," "Agon," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 9: "La Source," "Variations pour une Porte et un Soupir," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays, except May 9, at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, June 28.)

American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday matinée, April 29: "Paquita," "Duets," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," and "Theme and Variations." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 29: "Paquita," "The Leaves Are Fading," and "Theme and Variations." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 30: "Les Rendezvous," "Pillar of Fire," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 1: "Enough Said" (New York première), "Pillar of Fire," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 2: "Duets," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," "The Leaves Are Fading," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 2: "Donizetti Variations," "The Leaves Are Fading," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Monday evening, May 4: "Enough Said," "Pillar of Fire," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," and "Paquita." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 5; Wednesday matinée and evening, May 6; Thursday and Friday evenings, May 7-8; and Saturday matinée and evening, May 9: "Giselle." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, June 13.)

Paul Taylor Dance Company—Wednesday evening, April 29, and Tuesday evening, May 5: "Cloven Kingdom," "Snow White," "The Edge" (première), "Junction," and "Sunset." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 30: "Arden Court," "Private Domain," and "A Musical Offering." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 1: "Ab Ovo Usque ad Mala (From Soup to Nuts)," "Paean," "Polaris," and "Mercuric Tidings." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 2, and Friday evening, May 8: "Images," "Last Look," and "Kith and Kin." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 3, and Thursday evening, May 7: "Esplanade," "Profiles," "Aureole," and "Syzygy." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 6: "Roses," "Diary of a Fly," "Dust," and "Airs." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 9: "Arden Court," "Faun Variations," "Private Domain," and "A Musical Offering." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 3. Through Sunday, May 17.)

Molissa Fenley and Dancers—Wednesday, April 29, and Saturday, May 2, at 8: "Geologic Moments." . . . ¶ Thursday, April 30, at 8, and Sunday, May 3, at 2: "Second Sight" and "Esperanto." . . . ¶ Friday, May 1, at 8, and Sunday, May 3, at 7:30: "Cenotaph," "Eidetic Body," "Separate Voices," and "Energizer." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Joyce Trisler Danscompany—Presenting "Little Red Riding Hood" (with guest artist Mercedes Ellington), "Tobi Roppo" (première), three solo works—"Journey," "Brahms Waltzes," and "Liebestraum"—plus a new, unnamed work. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesday, May 5, at 7:30; Wednesday through Saturday, May 6-9, at 8; and Sunday, May 10, at 2 and 7:30.)

Riverside Dance Festival—Performances by two companies. **TOMOV YUGOSLAV FOLKDANCE ENSEMBLE:** Wednesday, April 29, and Friday, May 1, at 8, and Sunday, May 3, at 2. . . . **ANTHONY MORGAN DANCE COMPANY:** Thursday, May 7, and Saturday and Sunday, May 9-10, at 8. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, W. 120th St. and Riverside Dr. 864-2929.)

DanceAfrica Festival—Performances of traditional African dances and adaptations of them—Saturday, May 2, at 8: Calabash Dance Theatre Company, Dinizulu and His African Dancers, Drummers, and Singers, African-American Dance Ensemble, Women of the Calabash, and Sabar Ak Ru Afriq. . . . ¶ Sunday, May 3, at 2: Charles Moore Dance Theatre, Calabash Dance Theatre Company, Arthur Hall's Afro-American Dance Ensemble, Women of the Calabash, and Kankoran Dance Company. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100.)

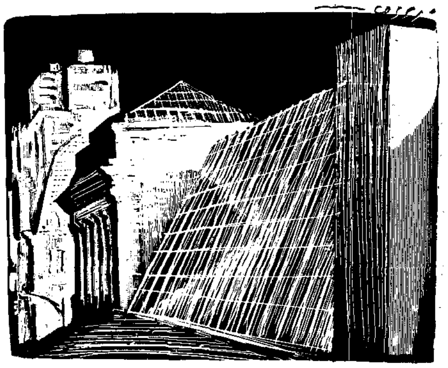
Dance Interviews—Edward Villella being interviewed by John Gruen. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Monday, May 4, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**JULIE WILSON** is in the Oak Room, concentrating on the music of Arthur Schwartz and the words of three of his collaborators—Howard Dietz, Dorothy Fields, and Johnny Mercer. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A neat-as-a-pin music room on the edge of Chelsea, near the flower and fur markets, where, at six-thirty Wednesday through Saturday, April 29-May 2, you will find the meticulous, tiny-voiced **BLOSSOM DEARIE** singing funny Dave Frishberg songs, delicately pitched love songs by Jack Segal and herself, and Rodgers and Hart's acid "Ev'rything I've Got." **AL CARMINES,** the former pastor of Judson Memorial Church, in Greenwich Village, sings some of his own songs starting Friday, May 8. Vesper shows at six-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays.



Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—The blue banner that flies above the *entrance to this club may not be modest* ("Jazz Capital of the World," it says), but it looks nice flapping in a spring breeze. Inside, singers hold sway: **PHYLLIS HYMAN** has the mike through Sunday, May 3, and Angela Bofill takes it starting Tuesday, May 5. On Monday, May 4, bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ** drops by with a quintet. Music after nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A vast pillared emporium that caters to various musical tastes. Thursday and Friday, April 30-May 1, Vital Information, a jazz-rock band; Saturday, May 2, **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE;** Tuesday, May 5, at eleven-thirty, and Wednesday, May 6, at eight and eleven, the Oakland R. & B. band **TOWER OF POWER** and Angela Scott; Thursday, May 7, the **LONG RYDERS;** and Friday and Saturday, May 8-9, Westchester folkie Don McLean. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A great up-close view from a bar-*stool (unless there are a lot of standees, which* is usually the case) of first-rate pianists and bassists. **MIKE LONGO** and Ben Brown collaborate through Saturday, May 2, and on Monday, May 4, **JOHN HICKS** and a bassist go to work. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Long communal tables swathed in pink and a bandstand panelled in oak. Ayizan, a locally based Haitian rock-and-voodoo sextet, performs through Sunday, May 3, and on Tuesday, May 5, **JIMMY WITHERSPOON** starts singing the blues. Mondays are set aside for the father-and-son guitar team of **BUCKY** and **JOHN PIZZARELLI.** Music from nine every night but Monday, when it begins at eight. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The figures on the walls of the Café Carlyle—a nude at her easel; a leaping poodle; a guitarist in a harlequin outfit; an unpedigreed dog with a bonnet in its mouth—are by Marcel Vertès, and the personage on the piano bench is **BOBBY SHORT. BEVERLY PEER** (bass fiddle) and **ROBBIE SCOTT** (drums) flank *him. Sets at ten and midnight* Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Over in the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** is presiding at the piano. Music from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—There's not a lot of elbow- or headroom in this downstairs jazz club, but the musicians sometimes make out-of-body travel possible. **SVEND ASMUSSEN,** a Danish-born hot-jazz violinist, works with a trio led by drummer **MEL LEWIS** through Sunday, May 3, and on Tuesday, May 5, **LOUIE BELLSON,** a fine modern swing drummer described by Duke Ellington (with whom he did two stints) as "the epitome of perfection," moves in with his big band. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, heads up a threesome. Music from eight every night but Monday, when it begins at nine. Dining.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—Only slightly smaller than an airplane hangar but considerably fancier. On clear nights, the piano, situated in a grove of palms in the south-central region of the dining room, is visible from the bar. Peter Malinverni is in charge of the keyboard every night except Sunday and Monday. Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A small, dark bar, with ancient marching-band instruments on the walls, Art Tatum and Earl Hines on the jukebox, anc

CUSTOMER INFORMATION FROM GENERAL MOTORS

HOW TO RUN A FACTORY WITHOUT ANY NECKTIES

LET THE PEOPLE PARTICIPATE IN MANAGING THE BUSINESS

When General Motors worked out its strategy for the Eighties, it was clear that the development of a new method of production would have to proceed along two lines: technology and people.

GM was able to work out the technology for most of the demands of the new method. But we still needed new talents, new skills. So we acquired EDS, and then Hughes Aircraft. These potent new resources are now working closely with GM scientists and engineers in putting technology to work.

But technology alone is not a new method of production. Our goal was to integrate new technology with new social systems in a human partnership that gives people authority over machines and responsibility for their work. And that isn't easy. There were major questions to be answered, questions really never asked before. Could old patterns be broken down? Did the Japanese or the Europeans have the answer in their management systems? Could we unleash the creativity and management skills of people? Was there something uniquely American that could supply the competitive edge?

Today, the answers can be seen. Take the new General Motors assembly plant in Fort Wayne, Indiana. Here we are building our new full-size pickup. There are no people known as supervisors or hourly workers. They are called advisors and associates.

At one time, in every GM plant, the managers wore neckties. Not at Fort Wayne. The necktie, long the symbol of the distinction between white-collar and blue-collar workers, has been banished.

Symbols aren't everything, of course, but the symbols of confrontation have been replaced by the symbols of cooperation. Everybody eats together, parks together, and works together.

The people who build vehicles decide a lot of what goes on in the plant. They're involved in choosing the lighting for their areas, because they're the ones who need the light. They help determine how jobs will be done, because they're the ones who do them. They even help decide which tools to use, right down to the grade of sandpaper that's best for a specific job.

The people who work in this new truck plant are learning how the plant runs, what things cost, how customers respond to their work. And they're smart enough to put that knowledge to good use.

Everyone in the plant knows about computers and is learning to use a terminal. Everyone knows how to work with associates in a team. Everyone understands that there is a high level of technology in the plant and is striving to get the most out of it.

The president of the local union in Fort Wayne says that there has been a change in the culture of the plant. People now consider their work a craft. They get involved and like being involved. They want even more involvement.

It took thousands of hours of education and the common sense to find the right mix of people and technology for this new method of production. The result of all of this work and thought and investment is in the products. Our customers will be getting world-class trucks. In fact, we expect the quality of these trucks to set the standard for the world.

Putting people in charge of technology in a new method of production is the competitive edge.

The vision is paying off.

This advertisement is part of our continuing effort to give customers useful information about their cars and trucks and the company that builds them.

GM

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an upright piano that seats four (not counting the pianist). On Sundays and Mondays, you can sit very close to singer-pianist **BOB DOROUGH**, a ponytailed, twangy-voiced hepcat whose repertoire includes Dave Frishberg's "Sweet Kentucky Ham," Randy Newman's "Simon Smith and the Amazing Dancing Bear," several songs about birds ("Skylark," "Baltimore Oriole," and his own "Up Jumped a Bird," a hymn to Charlie Parker), "I'm Old-Fashioned," and a funny, mock-fierce tune he wrote about removing ("under the penalty of law") the tag attached to a mattress or a pillow. **BILL TAKAS** is his bassist. Tuesdays belong, as always, to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio, and Wednesdays through Saturdays to singer Alicia Sherman, pianist Peter Madsen, and bassist **PHIL BOWLER**. Music from ten.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A busy corner bar and restaurant with a piano at the calm center of things. Ray Gallon works out on it, with bassist **RON CARTER** at his side, through Saturday, May 2, and on Tuesday, May 5, **FRED HERSCH** and **MICHAEL FORMANEK** swing into action. Music from nine-thirty.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—This hangout for expatriate Texans, French tourists, and local yokels brags that it's "the biggest and best honky tonk north of Abilene." Big it ain't, but it does feature genuine honky-tonk music, a souvenir stand, and TV monitors (which permit you to watch the action onstage in case your view of it is blocked by a cowboy or a structural element). The lineup: Wednesday, April 29, **STEVE FORBERT**, who will sing "Peggy Sue," "That'll Be the Day," and other Buddy Holly songs, with the Crickets, and **WEBB WILDER & THE BEATNECKS**; Thursday, April 30, a band led by blues harpist **PAUL BUTTERFIELD** and **RICK DANKO** (of *The* Band); Friday, May 1, La Bamba and La Zoo; Sunday, May 3, **TOOTS & THE MAYTALS**; Tuesday, May 5, Delbert McClinton; and Friday and Saturday, May 8-9, **THE BAND** itself, or three-fifths of it, which is still a quorum of what was one of the great rock-and-roll bands. Music after nine. Hot vittles.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Unicorns and lions on the walls, well-heeled cats on the banquettes, and Dory Previn on the bandstand. She sings songs from her new L.P., "Last Tangos and Act One Lives," at nine and eleven Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays after nine-thirty, Woody Allen is likely to show up to play clarinet with the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Orchestra. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A lively uptown bar and restaurant, with signed photographs of some swinging non-musicians on the walls (Reggie Jackson smiling shyly, Dave Winfield tuning up in the cage) and some heavy hitters on the bandstand. **HIRAM BULLOCK**, a Hendrix-generation guitarist who plays in Gil Evans' orchestra, heads up a little band on Friday and Saturday, May 1-2. Music from about ten until two.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Fifty years ago, people practiced the jitterbug and the foxtrot in this ballroom; today's patrons listen mainly to rock, which issues from speakers the size of mobile homes, and sometimes practice a combination of exercise and intimacy known as slam dancing. Not every band that plays here provides relief from the lamebrain videos that assault you before the show and during "intermissions," but some do. Saturday, May 2, Shriekback; Sunday, May 3, Wiseblood and Snakefinger, plus a film entitled "Death Trip Sounds," featuring No Wave heartthrob Lydia Lunch; Monday through Wednesday, May 4-6, **SQUEEZE**; Thursday and Friday, May 7-8, **CHINA CRISIS**; and Saturday, May 9, at nine and midnight, the **NEVILLE BROTHERS**, New Orleans' No. 1 soul family. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A musical melting pot: samba bands, African all-percussion ensembles, reggae outfits, out-there American jazz bands, and salsa groups all pass through this former luncheonette. So, occasionally, do crooners such as **CHARLES BROWN**, who sings a soft, languorous, smoky-club kind of blues. Mr. Brown, who looks almost too young to have had a hit song in 1945 ("Drifting Blues," which he wrote as a member of an L.A.-based, Nat Cole-style combo called Johnny Moore & the Three Blazers), stops by here on Tuesday, May 5. The rest of the schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, April 29-30, **JOHNNY COPELAND** & his African blues band; Friday, May 1, at seven-thirty and ten, **LADYSMITH BLACK MAMBAZO**, the sublime South African a-cappella group, and, at eleven, the **AFRICAN CONNECTION**; Saturday, May 2, **PÉ-DE-BOI**; and Wednesday, May 6, percussionist **RAY BARRETTO'S** Latin-jazz orchestra. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

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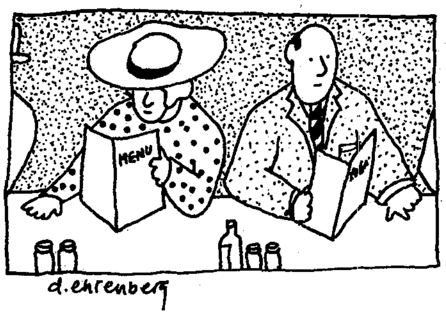
SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A convivial knotty-pine-and-brick-walled jazz room. **DAVID MURRAY**, the tenor voice of the World Saxophone Quartet, will be around every night but Monday, leading his revamped octet (trombonist **CRAIG HARRIS**, trumpeter **HUGH REGAN**, and bassist **WILBUR MORRIS** are the only holdovers from the earlier versions) through his own jubilant, hard-swinging music. **DAKOTA STATON** sings the blues on Monday, May 4. Shows from about ten. Dining.

SWEETWATERS, 170 Amsterdam Ave., at 67th St. (873-4100)—A sleek, multitiered soul-and-jazz café on the edge of the longhair-music district. A white piano lights up the bandstand. Soul singer Thelma Houston will be here Thursday through Saturday, April 30-May 2, and on Thursday, May 7, rhapsodic jazz violinist **NOEL POINTER** and his group begin a three-night stint. Music from nine.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—"Irish" is what the canopy above the entrance to this bar says, but rock and roll is what the performers in the back room mainly do. Wednesday, April 29, Combo Limbo and Marc Berger; Thursday, April 30, **LIL' ED**, the young, all-smiles Chicago-blues guitarist and singer, and his **BLUES IMPERIALS**; Friday and Saturday, May 1-2, R. & B. vet **LOWELL FULSON**; Sunday, May 3, the Walter Thompson big band; Monday, May 4, the Few and Jing; Thursday, May 7, the Special Guests and Screaming Broccoli; and Friday and Saturday, May 8-9, Chicago bluesman **JIMMY JOHNSON**. Shows after nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Monday nights in the gym-size downstairs room are reserved for salsa bands and their whistling, clapping, table-drumming fans. On May 4, three hot pianists—**PAPO LUCCA**, **HILTON RUIZ**, and **EDDIE PALMIERI**—and the bands of the latter two will all be on hand. Activity after nine. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, you can listen to the piano-bass team of **HERMAN FOSTER** and **JAY LEONHART** through Sunday, May 3, and to **HAROLD MABERN** and **JAMIL NASSER** starting Tuesday, May 5. On Tuesdays, the visiting duo trades sets with jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** trio. Music from ten.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world descend the stairs to this ancient jazz club; many of them later emerge from it in an excited condition. **FRANK MORGAN**, a warm, romantic, Charlie Parker-inspired alto saxophonist who wasn't heard in this city (he's fifty-three) until last December, leads a quartet through Sunday, May 3, and on Tuesday, May 5, the great lyrical guitarist **JIM HALL** brings in a quartet that includes **BILL FRISELL**, a young guitarist-synthesizerist who admires Jimi Hendrix almost as much as he does Jim Hall. Mondays remain prime time for **MEL LEWIS** and his seventeen-piece orchestra. Music from ten.



WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The big room in this student rest stop (Columbia U. is across the street) has a non-institutional cafeteria, a bar that can seat a marching band, and a jukebox. The smaller room has tables, booths, a couple of hanging plants, and live jazz. Percussionist **RAY MANTILLA** and his band, Space Station, will be in orbit through Sunday, May 3, and on Thursday, May 7, the tenor-sax-and-vocal team of **HOUSTON PERSON & ETTA JONES** arrive with their backing crew. On Mondays, comedians stand up and fall down. Shows from about nine. Dining.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—If you like pictures of cows, there's a good one here, by the British painter Malcolm Morley, of some Holsteins adrift in a Turneresque landscape. There's also jazz, which flows peaceably from a passageway between the front-room bar and the back-room restaurant. Guitarist **JOE BECK** works with pianist **JOHN HICKS** Wednesday and Thursday, April 29-30, and with bassist **STEVE LA SPINA** Friday and Saturday, May 1-2. Starting Sunday, May 3, **HILTON RUIZ** will be at the keyboard every night but Monday, May 4, when Sam Dockery fills in. Bassist **JIMMY ROWSER** accompanies both of them. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

DON CHERRY—Weill Recital Hall at Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Friday, May 1, at 8.

DELTON BROUSSARD AND CALVIN CARRIÈRE—With the Lawtell Playboys. (Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. Friday, May 1, at 8. For information about tickets, call 206-1050.)

ROYAL NEW YORK DOO-WOPP SHOW—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Friday and Saturday, May 1-2, at 8.

WAYNE SHORTER QUINTET—With Jack De Johnette's Special Edition and Lester Bowie. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Saturday, May 2, at 8.)

WOODY HERMAN AND HIS THUNDERING HERD—With Richard Stoltzman. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Sunday, May 3, at 7.)

SUZANNE VEGA—Shubert Theatre, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Sunday, May 3, at 7 and 10.

READY FOR THE WORLD—With the System. (Beacon Theatre. Sunday, May 3, at 8.)

HUEY LEWIS & THE NEWS—With Lonnie Mack. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Monday and Tuesday, May 4-5, at 8.)

ARTHUR BLYTHE, JAY HOGGARD, BOB STEWART, AND MARVIN (SMITTY) SMITH—Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. Saturday, May 9, at 8 and 10. Tickets at the door on the night of the concerts.

TAHUANTINSUYO—Triplex Theatre, 199 Chambers St. 618-1980. Saturday, May 9, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

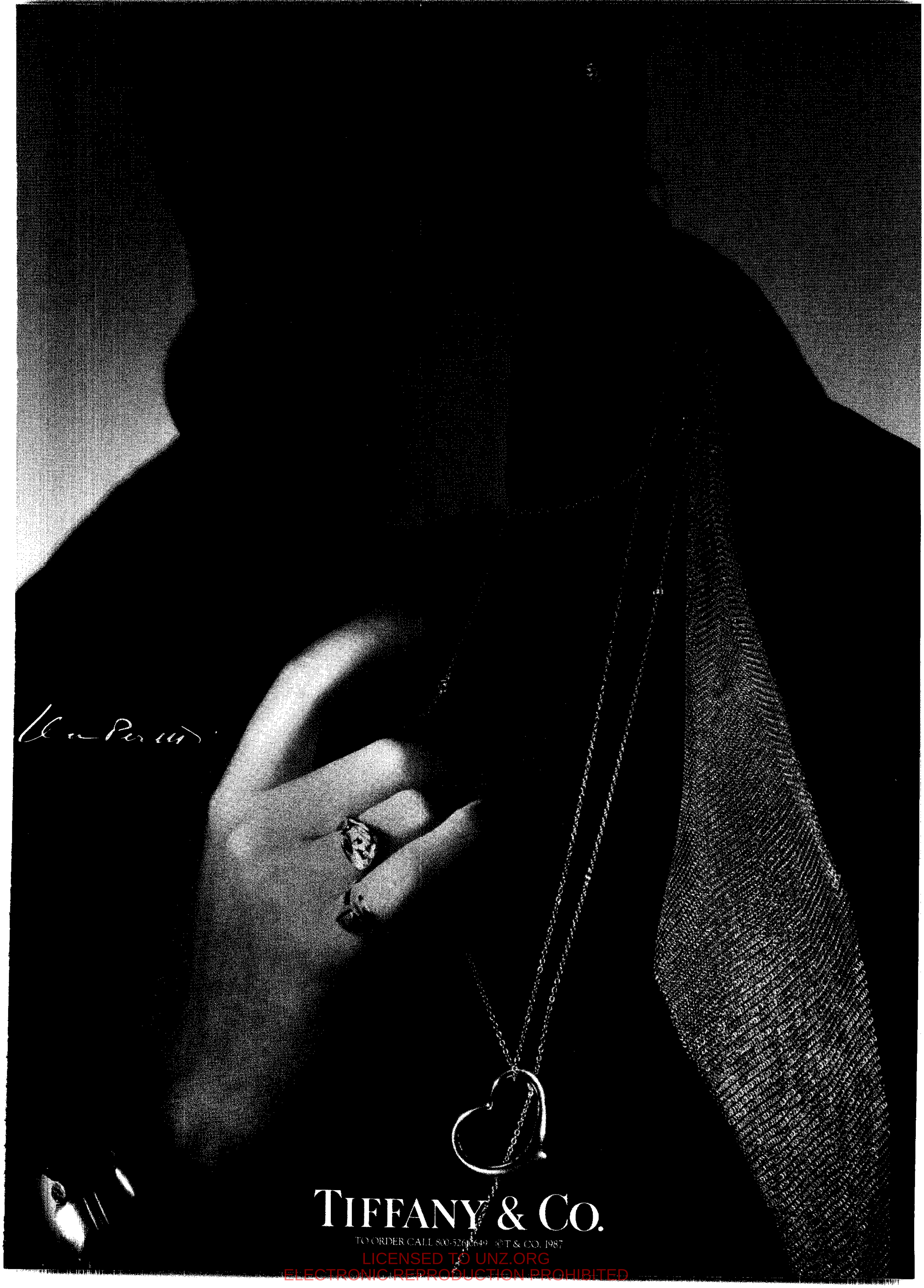
GALLERIES—UPTOWN

RELA BANKS—Abstract marble sculptures in which a highly polished egg or globe often contrasts with the rough-textured stone surrounding it. Through May 16. (Schiller-Wapner, 1 E. 61st St.)

GUY BARDONE—Brilliant-colored oils of still-lifes and landscapes, the latter including the French Riviera and the Jura Mountains. Through Saturday, May 2. (David Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

BYRON BROWNE (1907-61)—Collages by an early abstractionist. Through May 12. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Open Mondays.)

ALEXANDER CALDER (1898-1976)—Thirteen ink drawings of circus subjects. Through May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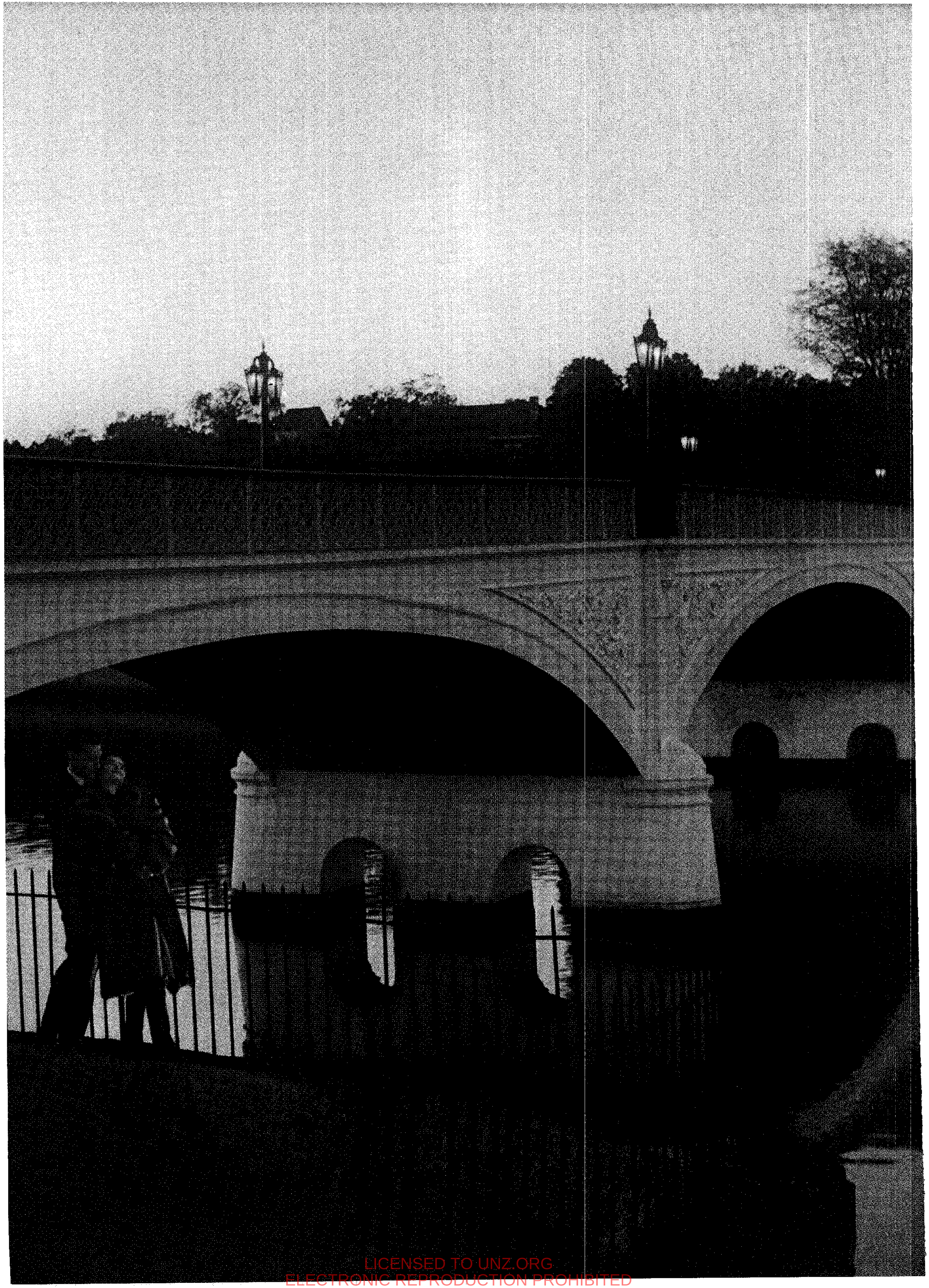

He's an engineer, you know, the practical type. But with a soft spot for me.

So when he saw the Mariner, he smiled. When he saw what was engraved on the back, he blushed.

"I like you, really I do," was about as poetic as he ever got.

At least in terms of what he *said* to me. He was of the school that believes actions speak louder than words.

Everytime I brought up the subject of the future he'd smile and say nothing.

Instead, he'd reach out and touch my face or just look deep into my eyes with those incredible eyes of his.

So, after a year of seeing him just about every second day, I thought it was time to celebrate the longevity of our romance.

And perhaps try and prompt him into revealing his future plans, if in fact he had any.

It was at one of the most celebrated jeweller's stores in the city that the man behind the counter suggested a solution to my woes.

"If you give him a beautiful timepiece he will immediately understand that you are every bit as concerned about tomorrow as you are about today," the salesman said.

"But it will need to be something truly special," I replied, "because he's an engineer and knows a lot about design and technology."

The salesman went straight to a Concord display cabinet, unlocked it, and withdrew a single watch. It was called the Concord Mariner SG®

"This is a masterpiece of design, watertight to five atmospheres, and extraordinarily thin, which makes it by far the most exquisite choice you could make for an engineer," he continued.

The textured face featured simple gold bars to indicate the hours. The bezel was solid .585 plumb gold according to the hallmark.

The bracelet was so beautifully engineered that you'd swear it was held together by magic.

This was indeed the gift for a man of science and action.

I left it until after dinner, walking home through the cool autumn night, before I confronted my engineer.

"What time should we meet tomorrow?" I enquired innocently.

He stopped and turned to face me.

Before he could respond I reached into my handbag, pulled out the package and presented it to him.

He opened it quietly and carefully.

Lifting the hinged lid of the case, the timepiece was revealed. He moved beneath a streetlight to inspect my gift.

And that's when he saw the message engraved on the back.

"You are very beautiful. And this is very beautiful. I think we should talk about next summer."

And that's all he said before taking me in his arms.

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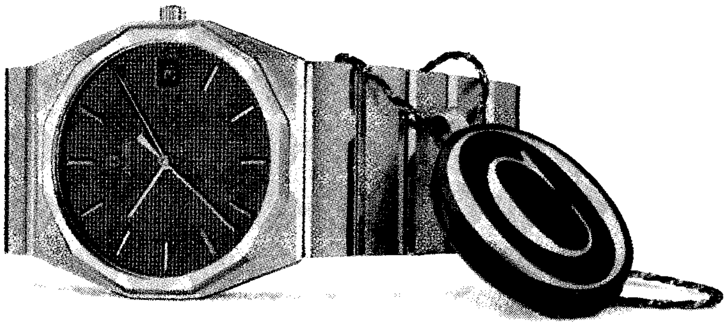

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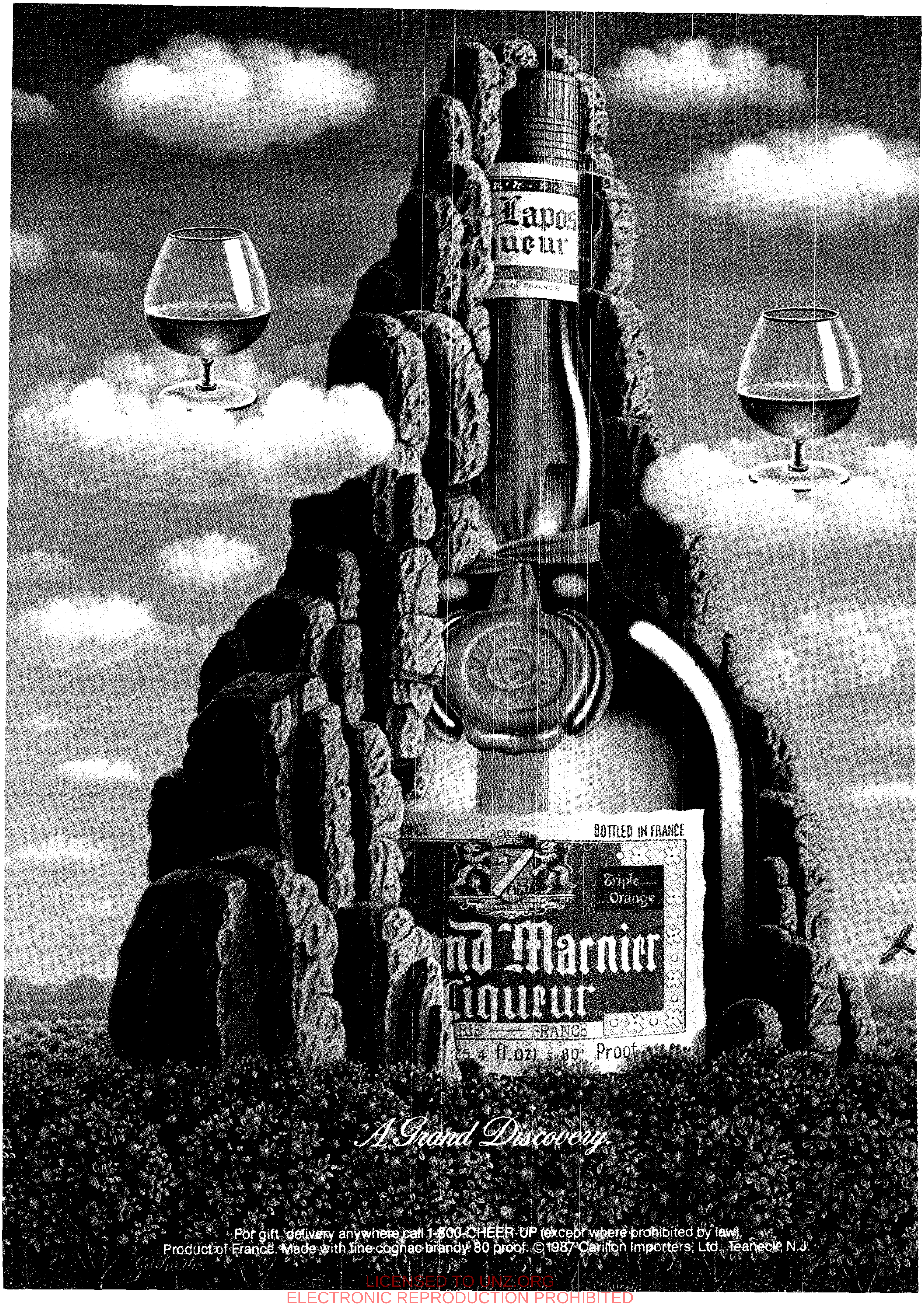
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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30. (Simon-Neuman, 42 E. 76th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Jean Dubuffet (1901-85)—A two-gallery retrospective of paintings, sculptures, and works on paper. Those dating from 1943 to 1974 at Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) Through May 29. . . . ¶ Those made after 1974 at Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Through May 30.

Théodore Géricault (1791-1824)—Paintings, drawings, and prints, many on loan from museums and private collections. Through May 23. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Glenn Goldberg—Recent abstract paintings. Through May 29. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Raoul Hague—Eight large abstract sculptures in walnut and one in cherry. Through Saturday, May 2. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Alexej Jawlensky (1864-1941) **and Andreas Jawlensky** (1902-84)—Thirty-four paintings by the elder, and thirty-five paintings and pastels by his son. Through May 30. (Hutton, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

David Levine—Paintings and caricatures. Through Wednesday, May 6. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Roy Lichtenstein—Prints and objects (among them a porcelain tea set) in an exhibit that complements his drawing show at the Modern. Through Saturday, May 2. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

Henry Moore (1898-1986)—Bronzes and watercolors. Through May 15. (Weintraub, now at 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Jim Peters—Elaborate mixed-medium constructions dominated by painted female figures. Through Saturday, May 2. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St.)

Ann Sperry—Metal sculptures. Through May 23. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Theodoros Stamos / Bill Barrett—Abstract Expressionist paintings. / Abstract metal sculptures. Through Saturday, May 2. (Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St.)

Leonard Stokes—New figurative paper collages. Through May 23. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Michael Tetherow—New monochromatic abstract paintings, each with a pair of incised circles (his trademark) representing eyes. Through Saturday, May 2. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

Group Shows—At the **center for african art**, 54 E. 68th St.: More than a hundred African objects on loan from the Museum für Völkerkunde, in Munich. Through Aug. 16. (Opens at noon on Sundays.) . . . **graham**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Two shows of oil paintings and works on paper—"Cubist Legacy: The American Abstract Artists," including Eleanor De Laittre, Carl Holty, John Sennhauser, and others; and "Modernism," including Helen Torr, James Guy, Edwin Dickinson, and others. Through June 12. . . . **hirschl & adler folk**, a new gallery at 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: The opening exhibit here was organized by the Museum of American Folk Art and includes paintings and furniture, plus the usual quilts, weathervanes, and so forth. Through Saturday, May 9. . . . **vanderwoude tananbaum**, 24 E. 81st St.: Artists of the New York School, including painters Alfred Leslie, Joan Mitchell, and Conrad Marca-Relli, and sculptor Richard Stankiewicz. Through June 26.

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Pierre Alechinsky—Recent paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, May 9. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

Alexander Archipenko (1887-1964)—More than a dozen highly stylized sculptures executed in his last ten years, and works on paper. Through Saturday, May 9. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Jean Arp (1886-1966)—Sculptures, wall reliefs, and works on paper, dating primarily from the fifties and sixties. Through May 23. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Isabel Case Borgatta / Oscar Bluemner (1867-1938)—Stone sculptures. / Small watercolors and drawings. Through May 20. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

Robert Cronin—New painted tinplate sculptures, plus three large-scale painted aluminum works. Through May 16. (Gimpel, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

John DeAndrea—A new group of his startlingly lifelike polyvinyl female nudes, these posed on pedestals just the way classical sculptures are. Through May 16. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

David Deutsch / Donald Sultan—New paintings. / Paintings done in 1980 and recent photographs. Through Saturday, May 2. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Joseph DiGiorgio / George Woodman—Works on paper. / Paintings. Through May 23. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Yrjö Edelmann—Trompe-l'oeil paintings of wrinkled wrapping paper on shaped canvases. Through May 26. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Öyvind Fahlström (1928-76)—Several of his satirical works with movable parts. Through May 16. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

Patricia Tobacco Forrester / Ray Ciarrochi—Watercolors of arboreal landscapes. / Oil paintings and pastel drawings of New England and lower Manhattan. Through May 20. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

Red Grooms—Drawings and constructions. Through Saturday, May 2. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Bill Jensen—Watercolors. Through Saturday, May 2. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.)

Robert Jordan / Stephen Tanis—Idyllic panoramic landscapes. / Paintings of objects arranged in front of either Florentine interiors or eighteenth-century Italian paintings. Through Saturday, May 2. (French, 41 W. 57th St.)

Loren MacIver—Recent paintings and earlier pastels. Through Saturday, May 2. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Ben Frank Moss—Recent paintings. Through Saturday, May 2. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Pete Omlor and Nicholas Wilder—Two shows of paintings. Through Saturday, May 2. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Izhar Patkin—Oil paintings on wire-mesh screen, among other works (which complement his stencilled-rubber-curtain installation in the Whitney Biennial). Through May 23. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

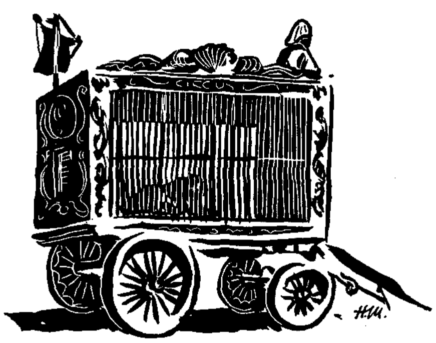
Matt Phillips—Monotypes printed on paper collages, with finishing touches in pastel and charcoal. Through May 14. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Carolyn Plochmann—Figure paintings in mixed mediums. Through Saturday, May 2. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Abby Shahn—Geometric abstractions in egg tempera, among other works. Through Saturday, May 9. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Harriet Shorr—Large still-life paintings. Through Saturday, May 2. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Tom Wesselmann—Painted-metal cutouts, a few projecting from the wall. Through May 30. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)



Robin Winters—Paintings and works on paper. Through Saturday, May 2. (Luhring Augustine & Hodes, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **borgenicht**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Canadian landscape paintings by Tom Thomson, Emily Carr, Jack Bush, David Milne, and others. Through Saturday, May 2. . . . **marian goodman**, 24 W. 57th St.: Works by John Baldessari, Dan Graham, Lawrence Weiner, Rebecca Horn, and others. Through Thursday, May 7. (Open Mondays.) . . . **grand central art galleries**, 24 W. 57th St.: Works by American women painters and sculptors active before 1945, among them Malvina Hoffman and Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney. Through May 16. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Linda Besemer—Thickly painted abstract oils and charcoal drawings. Through May 16. (Stephen Rosenberg, 115 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Jean Charles Blais—Crude figures and parts of figures painted on or gouged into mounds of posters the artist ripped off Paris kiosks. Through Saturday, May 2. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Robert Colescott—New paintings. Through Saturday, May 2. (Semaphore, 137 Greene St.)

William N. Copley—New mixed-medium paintings. Through Saturday, May 2. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Dorothy Dehner / Geer Morton—Works on paper from her "Bolton Landing" series. / Oil paintings. Through May 23. (Twining, 568 Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Loretta Dunkelman—Impasto paintings. Through Saturday, May 9. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Gathie Falk—A large series of inventive still-life paintings in which plump chairs—all in shades of red—provide a kind of arena for clothes, gardens, and fish. Through Saturday, May 2. (49th Parallel, 420 West Broadway.)

Joel Fisher—Two shows. "Hundred Figures," a work consisting of a grid of a hundred individually framed handmade papers, each marked with a numeral (1, 2, 3) suggested by a shape in the fibre of the paper. Also, a series of cast bronzes similarly based on fibre shapes. Through Saturday, May 9. (Cadot, 470 Broome St.) . . . ¶ Bronzes and a few drawings. Through Saturday, May 2. (Brown, 100 Greene St.)

Marilyn Giersbach / Carol J. Steen—Abstract oils. / Vigorous alkyd paintings on paper, all containing emblematic representations of tools. Through May 16. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Ti Shan Hsu—A two-gallery show. Streamlined painted relief constructions incorporating, for instance, rubber matting and a gold-plated steel handle. Through Saturday, May 9. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ A sculpture installation. Through May 10. (Hearn, 735 E. 9th St., just west of Avenue D. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Noah Jemison—Expressionist encaustic paintings. Through Saturday, May 2. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

Carla Rae Johnson / Rhea Sanders—Wood sculptures. / Still-lifes and landscapes in egg tempera and other mediums. Through Saturday, May 2. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Barbara Kassel—Realist paintings of interiors. Through May 30. (Davidson, 415 West Broadway.)

Elizabeth Murray—Recent paintings and pastels. Through May 23. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Omar Rayo—Paintings from the past twenty years by a Colombian Op artist. Through Sunday, May 3. (Museum of Contemporary Hispanic Art, 584 Broadway.)

Joseph Santore—Abstract paintings that subsume some recognizable objects and figures. Through Saturday, May 9. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Kenny Scharf—New paintings and sculptures. Through May 16. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Elfi Schuselka—An installation and new paintings. Through Saturday, May 2. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

Peter Solow—Paintings and drawings of cityscapes and landscapes with figures. Through May 16. (Green, 152 Wooster St.)

Andrew Spence—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, May 2. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

The Starn Twins—Cut-and-taped photographic works by these twenty-five-year-old identical-twin brothers from Boston, who start their joint projects with a single negative—in this show, an image of two horses' heads in profile has been reproduced in almost eighty different ways—and sometimes go on to create three-dimensional works, such as "Christ (Stretched)" in the Whitney Biennial. Through May 23. (Stux, 155 Spring St.)

Haim Steinbach—Objects, ranging from antique bric-a-brac to contemporary consumer goods, arranged on Formica shelves. Through May 16. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Osami Tanaka / B. Wurtz—Two shows of sculptures. Through May 20. (Cutler, 164 Mercer St.)

Richard Tobias / Georg Baselitz—Geometric abstractions in oil. / Works on paper from the sixties. Through May 13. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

P.U.L.S.E.—The name of a show of very active kinetic machine sculptures that make sounds, create light, or present moving images. The artists, who use such technologies as fibre optics, neon, and computers, seem to come from the same family tree, starting with Granddaddy Marcel Duchamp, and coming on down to Jean Tinguely, James L. Seawright, Alice Aycock, Kristin Jones, and Andrew Ginzel. Through May 23. (420 West Broadway, ground floor.)

Drawings from France 1400-1900—A show on loan from Stockholm's Nationalmuseum. Through July 22. (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Group Show—The second annual Greenburger Foundation awards show, with works by Nassos Daphnis, Luis Jimenez, Loren MacIver, André Fauteux, and Julius Hatofsky. Through May 27. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Open daily; opens Sundays at noon.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Paul Benney—Semi-abstract paintings on wood, one with a heavy wire cage built out from the painted surface. Through Sunday, May 3. (P.P.O.W, 337 E. 8th St., near Avenue C. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Paul Bowen—Rough-looking wood reliefs. Through May 10. (Shainman, 500 E. 11th St., near Avenue A. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Laurent de Brunhoff—Watercolor illustrations from the Babar series. Through June 6. (Ryan, 452 Columbus Ave., at 81st St. Opens at noon.)

Annette Lemieux—Photographs, paintings, objects, and texts in various combinations by a conceptualist. Through Sunday, May 3. (Cash-Newhouse, 170 Avenue B, near 11th St. Opens at 1.)

David McDermott and Peter McGough—New paintings complementing their works in the Whitney Biennial. Through May 31. (Audiello, 436 E. 11th St., near Avenue A. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Tom Nussbaum—Small tin constructions painted in acrylic with solid colors. Through Sunday, May 3. (Fiction-Nonfiction, 155 Avenue B, at 10th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

John Penney / Philip Tsiaras—Sculptures. / Works on paper. Through May 10. (Greathouse, 157 Avenue B, at 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Bill Rice / Dondi White—Sculptures of male figures made of materials found in the street; also paintings. / Works on paper by a graffiti writer. Through May 23. (56 Bleecker Street Gallery.)

David Row—Paintings using the double helix and other geometric forms on split canvases and diptychs. Through Saturday, May 9. (Good, 39 Great Jones St.)

Taro Suzuki—Sculptural experiments in optical illusion. Through Saturday, May 2. (Newburg, 44 White St.)

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Jeff Way—A hinged, painted wood screen, partially cut out, and several masks. Through May 30. (Cavin-Morris, 100 Hudson St.)

Krzysztof Wodiczko—New slide projections. Through May 24. (Bromm, 170 Avenue A, at 11th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Rhonda Zwillinger—Five life-size guards, carrying paintings as shields and otherwise armored in suits of jewels (in the artist's characteristic style), ward off potential art-world marauders from the Gracie Mansion Gallery. Through May 17. (167 Avenue A, at 10th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Guerrilla Girls Review the Whitney—The anonymous Guerrilla Girls (they asked the Clocktower staff to vacate the premises while they mounted their work) keep track of the status of women artists. Huge graphics analyze the Whitney Biennial from that point of view, starting with the 1973 show. Through May 17. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St. Opens at noon Thursdays through Sundays.)

Group Show—Sculptures by eight contemporary English and German artists, including Anish Kapoor, Tony Cragg, Isa Genzken, and Thomas Schütte. Through June 21. (P.S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Zeke Berman—Black-and-white photographs of still-life and interior constructions made by the artist, who was trained as a sculptor. Through Saturday, May 9. (Lieberman & Saul, 155 Spring St.)

Sarah Charlesworth—Laminated Cibachrome prints with lacquer frames. Through May 10. (International with Monument, 111 E. 7th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Van Deren Coke—Recent photographs of Mexico. Through May 16. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Saturdays.)

Timothy Greenfield-Sanders—Photographs of Leo Castelli, Hilton Kramer, Brice Marden, and others modelling clothes by the designer Rei Kawakubo; the photographs were originally part of an ad campaign. Through May 21. (Pfeiffer, 568 Broadway.)

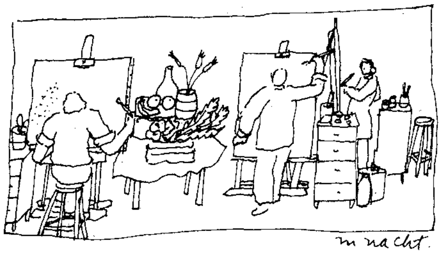
Jan Groover—A retrospective show of eighty photographs is at the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Robert Mapplethorpe—New works. Through May 23. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: A retrospective of prints of Mexico by Manuel Alvarez Bravo. . . . ¶ Stop-action photographs by Harold Edgerton. . . . ¶ Photographs documenting the westward progress of the Union Pacific Railroad, reprinted from the negatives of A. J. Russell, who worked for the railroad in the eighteen-sixties. (Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.) All three shows through June 14.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—New galleries for the museum's collection of Japanese art have opened. The wide-ranging display includes a twelfth-century Dainichi Buddha, a *shoin*-style room with sliding-screen walls, and a sculpture by Isamu Noguchi. . . . ¶ A loan show of forty-eight French Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings belonging to the Courtauld Institute of Art, in London. Renoir's "La Loge" and Gauguin's "Te Rerioa" are among them. Through June 21. . . . ¶ A show of paintings by sixteenth- and seventeenth-century artists from the Emilia-Romagna region of Italy—Correggio, Parmigianino, the Carracci brothers. More than half of the two hundred works are on loan from Italian collections and are seen here for the first time. (There is also an exhibit of Emilian drawings and prints of the period from the museum's collections.) Through May 24. . . . ¶ "Dance" is the title of the Costume Institute's show of men's and women's evening dress and accessories. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)



Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective show of works by Paul Klee. Through Tuesday, May 5. . . . ¶ A survey of Roy Lichtenstein's drawings. Through June 2. A complementary show (ending Saturday, May 2) is at Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.) . . . **photography:** Prints by Jan Groover. Through June 2. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—An exhibit of paintings, drawings, and prints by the Belgian artist Pierre Alechinsky which chronicles his use of sketches in the borders of his works. . . . ¶ About sixty works that Peggy Guggenheim either showed at her gallery Art of This Century (open from 1942 to 1947) or donated to American museums, in an effort to promote the avant-garde of her time. There are works by Jackson Pollock, David Hare, and Matta that haven't been seen here since the forties. Both shows through Sunday, May 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The Whitney Biennial. Through June 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A display of about two hundred works of ancient art donated to the museum by Ernest Erickson, a collector of textiles, ceramics and metalwork from North and South America and Asia. Through May 18. . . . ¶ Sculptures, drawings, and monotypes by Mary Frank. Through June 7. . . . ¶ Sculptures, paintings, and drawings by Peter Gourfain. Through May 11. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A three-inch-tall frog carved in jet, with turquoise eyes and a turquoise collar, is the centerpiece of a show of two hundred Pueblo artifacts. The frog was found at the turn of the century in a ceremonial chamber of the seven-hundred-room Pueblo Bonito, in Chaco Canyon, New Mexico. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—The ABCs of braiding illustrated with traditional fibre, clay, and metal articles from all over the world and with contemporary works by thirty-five artisans. Through July 17. . . . ¶ Glass objects from nine countries. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—A loan show of Buddhist illuminated manuscripts whose decorative motifs and materials are indigenous to the ten Asian countries where the works originated. Through June 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

China Institute, 125 E. 65th St.—An exhibition of Chinese folk art that once decorated the homes of rural Han peasants and had the ad-

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Aug 11 La Bohème (S)
C July 7 The Student Prince
Aug 25 The Desert Song
Wednesday
D July 22 Cavalleria Rusticana/Pagliacci (S)
Aug 12 Tosca (S)
E July 29 Sweeney Todd, The Demon Barber of Fleet Street
Sept 2 The Desert Song
Thursday
F July 23 La Bohème (S)
Aug 20 Madama Butterfly (S)
Friday
G July 31 Sweeney Todd, The Demon Barber of Fleet Street
Aug 14 Die Zauberflöte (The Magic Flute) (S)
Saturday Matinee
H July 11 The Student Prince
Aug 15 Le Nozze di Figaro (The Marriage of Figaro) (S)
Saturday Evening
I July 25 La *Rondine* (S)
Aug 22 Die Zauberflöte (The Magic Flute) (S)
Sunday Matinee
J Aug 2 Sweeney Todd, The Demon Barber of Fleet Street
Sept 6 The Desert Song
Sunday Evening
K July 12 The Student Prince
Sept 6 The Desert Song

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ditional function of protecting their well-being. Bad luck could be warned off with, for example, a red papercut of a figure that is blowing a horn, banging a drum, and, for good measure, balancing a rooster on its head. Papercuts, embroidered garments, fabrics, and woodblocks. Through May 31. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show devoted to Louis Sullivan (1856-1924), the influential Chicago-school architect and mentor of Frank Lloyd Wright. Drawings, photographs, models, and architectural details from some of his projects. Through June 28. . . . ¶ The accomplishments of a contemporaneous Spanish architect, Antoni Gaudí, seen in the context of the work of his peers in Barcelona, are the focus of an exhibit that includes architectural drawings, furniture, tiles, metalwork, and glass objects. Through June 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—An exhibition of illustrations by Jean-Baptiste Le Prince, an eighteenth-century French artist and student of Boucher. The pen-and-ink and wash drawings were done for Jean Chappe d'Auteroche's "Voyage en Sibérie" (also on view), a book that, dwelling as it does on the coarser aspects of Russian life, did not exactly delight Catherine the Great (she wrote a rebuttal). Through June 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Italian Renaissance majolica and eighteenth-century German Meissen figures are among the European decorative works on loan from the Wadsworth Atheneum, which acquired them from the estate of J. Pierpont Morgan through a bequest. Through July 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Nineteenth-century silver and silver plate, Sam Wagstaff's eclectic collection of Americana. Flatware, ewers, tea sets, presentation pieces, designed by Gorham, Meriden Britannia, Tiffany. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit that commemorates the bicentennial of the U. S. Constitution with oil portraits, prints, manuscripts, letters, and other memorabilia from the fifteen-year period during which the Founding Fathers created the document. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—"Harlem Renaissance: Art of Black America," a show of two hundred paintings, sculptures, photographs, and prints, nearly all of them by five pivotal artists of the twenties—Aaron Douglas, William H. Johnson, Palmer Hayden, Meta Vaux Warrick Fuller, and James Van DerZee. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671—Ken Butler (music), Thursday and Friday, May 7-8, at 8:30.

The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793—Anthony Coleman and Bill Frisell (music), Thursday, April 30, at 9; George Lewis (music), Friday, May 1, at 9; Marco Rizo and Third Rail (music), Saturday, May 2, at 9; Gretchen Bender (performance), Thursday, May 7, at 8, 9, and 10, Friday, May 8, at 8, and Saturday, May 9, at 8, 9, and 10.

MUSIC

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(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall at Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Andrew Davis conducting—Thursday, April 30, at 8, and Friday, May 1, at 2: A Haydn-Holst program, with the New York Choral Artists. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 2, at 8: A program of works by Peter Schickele and his alter ego, P.D.Q. Bach, benefitting the Philharmonic's Pension Fund. Professor Schickele will assist as conductor, instrumental soloist, and baroque factotum. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 7, at 8; Friday, May 8, at 2; Saturday, May 9, at 8; and Tuesday, May 12, at 7:30: A Mussorgsky-Tchaikovsky-Prokofiev program, with Cho-Liang Lin, violin.

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa conducting a Liszt-Bruckner program, with Krystian Zimerman, piano. The final concerts of the season here. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, April 29-30, at 8.)

St. Louis Symphony—Leonard Slatkin conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 1, at 8: A Haydn-Barber-Shostakovich program, with John Browning, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 2, at 8: The New York première of a work by Joan Tower; a violin concerto by Henryk Wieniawski, with Elmar Oliveira, soloist; and Sibelius's Symphony No. 5.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss conducting—The last in a series of "Meet the Moderns" programs, this one devoted to New York premières of works by an array of international composers. With Margaret Leng Tan, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. Thursday, April 30, at 8. . . . Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, May 1, at 8.) . . . ¶ A four-hour program of baroque music, with Mr. Foss and Anthony Newman, keyboard; Benjamin Hudson, violin; Erie Mills, soprano; Patrick Romano, tenor; Jerome Barry, baritone; and the Canticum Novum Singers. The audience will be free to come and go between selections. (Brooklyn Academy of Music. Friday and Saturday, May 8-9, at 7, and Sunday, May 10, at 1.) For information about tickets, call 1-718 636-4120.

Solisti New York—Ransom Wilson conducting works by American composers. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday, May 2, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

New York Chamber Symphony of the 92nd Street Y—Gerard Schwarz conducting a program that includes a new work by Barbara Kolb. With Ralph Kirshbaum, cello. (Saturday, May 2, at 8, and Sunday, May 3, at 3.)

American Symphony Orchestra—John Mauceri conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 3, at 3.)

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler directing Dvořák's "Rusalka" in concert form, with Gabriela Beňačková and Linda Kelm, sopranos; Timothy Jenkins, tenor; Sergei Koptchak, baritone; and the Dessoff Choirs. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, May 6, at 8.)

Clarion Concerts Orchestra—Newell Jenkins directing a period-instrument concert performance of Agostino Steffani's 1692 comic opera, "Le Rivali Concordi," in an English translation by Mr. Jenkins. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 7, at 8.)

New York Pops—Skitch Henderson conducting, with Bobby Short. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 8, at 8, and Saturday, May 9, at 2.)

Ensemble for Early Music's Grande Bande—Frederick Renz conducting, with Dennis Godburn, bassoon, and Lowell Greer, horn. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 9, at 8.)

New Calliope Singers—Peter Schubert directing. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, May 2, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Masterworks Choral Series—The fifth of seven concerts with Peter Tiboris directing a chorus of some six hundred people. More than eighty university and adult groups are participating in the series. (Avery Fisher Hall. On Monday, May 4, at 8, Te Deums by Walton, Bruckner, and Berlioz, with soloists and the American Symphony Orchestra.)

Oratorio Society of New York—Lyndon Woodside directing a Mozart-Elgar program, with soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 6, at 8.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing a program of music by Orlando di Lasso. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, May 9, at 9.)

RECITALS

Guarneri Quartet—With Lynn Harrell, cello, and Kim Kashkashian, viola. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 29, at 8.)

Jorma Hynninen—Baritone, performing Schubert's song cycle "Die Winterreise." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Thursday, April 30, at 8.)

Thomas Labé—Piano. (Weill Recital Hall. Saturday, May 2, at 2.)

Spoleto Festival Chamber Music at BAM—The last in a series of concerts will include the New York première of Michael Alec Rose's solo-violin sonata, performed by Joseph Anton Swensen. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Saturday, May 2, at 8.)

Evelyn Simon and Friends—Soprano, assisted by Elliot Z. Levine, baritone, and three instrumentalists, in a program of baroque music. (St. John's in the Village, 218 W. 11th St., at Waverly Pl. Saturday, May 2, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

David Kim—Violin. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, May 2, at 9.)

Walter Hilse—Organ, performing Bach's "Art of the Fugue." (Park Avenue Christian Church, Park Ave. at 85th St. Sunday, May 3, at 3. Admission by contribution.)

Music for a While—Vocal and instrumental works by Oswald von Wolkenstein and other fifteenth-century composers. (Phyllis Kind Gallery, 136 Greene St. Sunday, May 3, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Eberhard Kummer—Tenor, singing medieval songs and playing the hurdy-gurdy and the Irish harp. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, May 3, at 3:30. No tickets necessary.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—With Cecile Licad, piano, in a program that includes the first New York performance of a new string quartet by Gunther Schuller. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, May 3, at 5, and Monday and Tuesday, May 4-5, at 7:30.)

Da Capo Chamber Players—With Eric Wyrick, violin; Linda Moss, viola; and Gordon Gottlieb, percussion. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, May 4, at 8.)

Odyssey Chamber Players—Works by Sandòr Beress, Bloch, Stravinsky, and Brahms, with Wu Han, piano. (Church of the Holy Trinity, 316 E. 88th St. Monday, May 4, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Isaac Stern—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, May 5, at 8.)

Jeffrey Siegel—Discussing and playing piano versions of concert waltzes by Schubert, Weber, Richard Strauss, and others. (Weill Recital Hall. Tuesday, May 5, at 8.)

Galina Heifetz—Violin. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, May 5, at 8.)

New Jersey Percussion Ensemble—Raymond des Roches conducting a program of contemporary music. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Tuesday, May 5, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Chamber Music at the Y—The Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio performing Mozart, Shostakovich, and Schubert. (92nd Street Y. Tuesday and Wednesday, May 5-6, at 8.)

Gerald Robbins—Piano. (Weill Recital Hall. Wednesday, May 6, at 8.)

Mozartean Players—Steven Lubin, fortepiano; Stanley Ritchie, violin; David Miller, viola; Myron Lutzke, cello; and Rebecca Troxler, transverse flute. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Wednesday, May 6, at 8.)

Quintet of the Americas—A program of contemporary works. (Alternative Museum, 17 White St. Wednesday, May 6, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Philippe Bianconi—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 7, at 8.)

Alexander Markov—Performing Paganini's twenty-four violin caprices. (92nd Street Y. Thursday, May 7, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—Mozart's "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" and a Schubert octet. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Thursday, May 7, at 8.)

New York Woodwind Quintet—With Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, May 7, at 8.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—With Abbey Simon, piano. (Weill Recital Hall. Thursday, May 7, at 8.)

Canadian Brass—Performing works ranging from Purcell's "Trumpet Sonata" to Luther Henderson's "Basin Street Suite." (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, May 8, at 8.)

Alaria Chamber Ensemble—With Patricia Spencer, flute. (Weill Recital Hall. Friday, May 8, at 8.)

Eugene Istomin—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 9, at 8.)

Edward Auer—Piano. (92nd Street Y. Saturday, May 9, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Bill Crofut and Benjamin Luxon—Vocalist/banjo and baritone, performing British and American folk songs. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. Sunday, May 3, at 2. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

La Monte Young—Presenting his improvisational work "The Well-Tuned Piano" in five-hour performances, during which the audience is free to come and go. Taped shows on Wednesdays at 6, and live programs Sundays, also at 6. Through Wednesday, May 13. (Dia Art Foundation, 155 Mercer St. For information about tickets, call 925-8270.)

Benefit Concerts—Carlos Barbosa-Lima, guitar, Sonia Vargas, piano, and others in a tribute to Villa-Lobos. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, May 3, at 8.) . . . ¶ The New York Pops, Liz Smith, Marvin Hamlisch, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, May 4, at 8. For information about tickets, call 543-3402.) . . . ¶ Philip Glass and the Philip Glass Ensemble will be performing for The Kitchen. (Triplex Theatre, 199 Chambers St. Friday, May 8, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 580-5511.)

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Shea Stadium is 1-718 507-8499, and for Yankee Stadium 293-6000.)

Baseball—**Mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Houston, Wednesday and Thursday, April 29-30, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Montreal, Friday, May 1, at 7:35; Saturday, May 2, at 2:20; and Sunday, May 3, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Cincinnati, Tuesday and Wednesday, May 5-6, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Boston, Thursday, May 7, at 7:05. . . . **Yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Minnesota, Friday and Saturday, May 8-9, at 7:30.

Racing—At **Aqueduct:** Daily at 1; through Monday, May 4. . . . **Belmont:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1, from Wednesday, May 6, through Monday, Aug. 3. . . . **Churchill Downs,** Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 2.

Tennis—Shearson Lehman Brothers Tournament of Champions: Yannick Noah, Boris Becker, Guillermo Vilas, Jimmy Arias, Aaron Krickstein, and others. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. 1-718 268-2300. Monday through Friday, May 4-8, at noon; semifinals Saturday, May 9, at noon; and finals Sunday, May 10, at 2:45.)

Trotting—At **Yonkers Raceway:** Nightly at 8; through Sunday, May 3. . . . **Roosevelt Raceway:** Nightly at 7:30, and Tuesdays at 1, from Monday, May 4, through Sunday, June 14. . . . **Meadowlands:** Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, Aug. 15.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Jimmy Breslin and Jack Newfield reading from their own prose. (West Side Y, 2 W. 64th St. 787-6557. Friday, May 1, at 8.) . . . ¶ "New York Writers on New York City," readings by Hortense Calisher, Thulani Davis, Tama Janowitz, Richard Price, and others. (PEN American Center, 568 Broadway, fourth floor. Sunday, May 3, at 4. For information about tickets, call 334-1660.) . . . ¶ Adrienne Rich reading from her own poetry. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. Tuesday, May 5, at 7. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Susan Cheever reading from her own fiction. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Tuesday, May 5, at 7:30. No tickets necessary, but contributions will be donated for cancer research.) . . . ¶ Rochelle Oliver, Jerry Zaks, and Kate Nelligan reading from the stories of Eva Konrad, Abram Tertz, and Edna O'Brien. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, May 6, at 6:30.) . . . ¶ Robert Creeley and Allen Ginsberg reading from their own poetry. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, May 6, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

Lecture—William H. Whyte will compare and illustrate (with slides and film clips) pedestrian strategies in New York and Tokyo. (Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. 752-3015. Wednesday, May 6, at 6:15.)

American Craft at the Armory—About a hundred artisans will exhibit one-of-a-kind works in such materials as wood, metal, glass, fibre, and clay. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Friday and Saturday, May 1-2, from 11 to 8, and Sunday, May 3, from noon to 6.)

Walking Tours—"Whitman's New York: SoHo to Brooklyn," a conducted tour, sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, of sites associated with the poet. Sunday, May 3, starting at the southeast corner of Canal St. and Broadway, at 11. (For reservations, call 534-1672.) . . . ¶ A conducted tour of Astor Place and environs sponsored by the New-York Historical Society. Sunday, May 3, starting at St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St., at 2. (For information about tickets, call 873-0125.)

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Automobile Racing—Indianapolis Speedway race, May 24.

Racing—At **Pimlico,** Baltimore: The Preakness, May 16. . . . **Monmouth Park,** Oceanport, N.J.: May 29-Sept. 5. . . . **Belmont:** The Belmont, June 6.

Music—**Avery Fisher Hall** (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 30. . . . **Carnegie Hall** (247-7800): Ana Maria Trenchi de Bottazzi, May 10. . . . ¶ Stuttgart Philharmonic, May 10. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, May 12. . . . ¶ Cleveland Orchestra, May 13 and 15-16. . . . ¶ Chicago Symphony Orchestra, May 18-20. . . . ¶ New York Pops, May 27. . . . ¶ Liza Minnelli, May 28-June 18. . . . **Alice Tully Hall** (362-1911): Music from Marlboro, May 11. . . . ¶ Ridge String Quartet, May 17. . . . ¶ Florence Quivar, May 17. . . . ¶ Jupiter Symphony, May 18. . . . **92nd Street Y** (427-4410): Canticum Novum Singers and Baroque Orchestra, May 16. . . . ¶ Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg, May 30.

Other Dates—Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, May 23-25, May 30-31, and June 6-7. . . . ¶ Memorial Day will be observed on Monday, May 25. . . . ¶ Second-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Monday, June 15.

Pleats and poplin at Brooksgate

Our traditional Brooksgate poplin suit now has pleated trousers. Of a lightweight washable polyester-and-cotton, it is ideal for comfortable wear in warm weather. Our exclusive 2-button model comes in tan or charcoal grey. Coat and trousers. $180

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80
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S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			29	30	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 20.

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through May 7: A program of over thirty film, video, and made-for-TV documentaries.
From May 8: (Separate admissions) "A Woman Is a Woman" (1961; directed by Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Jean-Claude Brialy; "The Crime of Monsieur Lange" (1935; Jean Renoir, in French), with René Lefèvre; and "La Vie Est à Nous" (1936; Jean Renoir; in French).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Angel Heart" (†).
Theatre 2: "Lethal Weapon" (†).
Theatre 3: "Extreme Prejudice" (Walter Hill), with Nick Nolte and Powers Boothe.

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Blind Date" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through April 30: "Raising Arizona" (†).
From May 1: "Creepshow 2" (Michael Gornick).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "The Secret of My Success" (†).
Theatre 2: "My Demon Lover" (Charles Loventhal), with Scott Valentine.
Theatre 3: "Platoon" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Project X" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Matthew Broderick.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through April 30: (Matinées only) "The Aristocats" (1970), a full-length Walt Disney animated film; and (evenings only) "Blue Velvet" (†).
From May 1: "Malone" (Harley Cokliss), with Burt Reynolds.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Extreme Prejudice" (Walter Hill), with Nick Nolte and Powers Boothe.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Project X" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Matthew Broderick.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through April 30: "Children of a Lesser God" (Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin.
From May 1: "The Allnighter" (Tamar Simon Hoffs), with Susanna Hoffs and Joan Cusack.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through April 30: "The Housekeeper" (†). From May 1: "Outrageous Fortune" (†).
Theatre 2: "Forever, Lulu" (Amos Kollek), with Hanna Schygulla and Deborah Harry.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Lethal Weapon" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Gothic" (Ken Russell).
Theatre 2: "Tin Men" (†).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "The Secret of My Success" (†).
Theatre 2: Through May 7: "Blind Date" (†). From May 8: "The Stepfather" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Raising Arizona" (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Radio Days" (†).
Theatre 2: "My Demon Lover" (Charles Loventhal), with Scott Valentine.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through April 30: "A Room with a View" (†).
From May 1: "Sweet Lorraine" (Steve Gomer), with Maureen Stapleton.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Making Mr. Right" (†).

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through April 30: "Police Academy 4: Citizens on Patrol" (Jim Drake), with Steve Guttenberg.
From May 1: "Creepshow 2" (Michael Gornick).

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Lethal Weapon" (†).
Theatre 2: "Extreme Prejudice" (Walter Hill), with Nick Nolte and Powers Boothe.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through April 30: "Angel Heart" (†). From May 1: "Malone" (Harley Cokliss), with Burt Reynolds.
Theatre 2: "The Secret of My Success" (†).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Project X" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Matthew Broderick.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through May 5: "The Brothers Quay" (†). From May 6: "Hearst Metrotone Newsreel Show" (1987), newsreels from 1929 to 1940.
Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "The Festival of Claymation," a full-length film of animated short features by Will Vinton.
Theatre 2: "Working Girls" (directed by Lizzie Borden).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Raising Arizona" (†).
Theatre 2: "Tin Men" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through April 30: "A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 3: Dream Warriors" (Chuck Russell).
From May 1: "The Allnighter" (Tamar Simon Hoffs), with Susanna Hoffs and Joan Cusack.

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Radio Days" (†).
Theatre 2: Through April 30: "The Assault" (Fons Rademakers; in Dutch). From May 1: To be announced.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Scene of the Crime" (†).
Theatre 2: "Hollywood Shuffle" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend.
Theatre 3: Through April 30: "A Room with a View" (†). From May 1: "Creepshow 2" (Michael Gornick).
Theatre 4: "Children of a Lesser God" (Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Making Mr. Right" (†).
Theatre 2: "Project X" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Matthew Broderick.
Theatre 3: Through April 30: (Matinées only) "The Aristocats" (1970), a full-length Walt Disney animated film; and (evenings only) "Outrageous Fortune" (†). From May 1: "Malone" (Harley Cokliss), with Burt Reynolds.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through April 30: "The Aristocats" (1970), a full-length Walt Disney animated film.
From May 1: "Memed, My Hawk" (Peter Ustinov), with Ustinov and Herbert Lom.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through April 30: "Working Girls" (Lizzie Borden).
From May 1: "A Room with a View" (†).

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Through April 30: "Heaven" (Diane Keaton).
From May 1: "Platoon" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"L'Année des Méduses" (Christopher Frank; in French).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through April 30: "Man Facing Southeast" (Eliseo Subiela; an Argentine film, in Spanish).
From May 1: "Children of a Lesser God" (Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Making Mr. Right" (†).

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Prick Up Your Ears" (†).
Theatre 2: Through April 30: "Sorekara" (†). From May 1: "My Life as a Dog" (Lasse Hallström; in Swedish).
Theatre 3: Through April 30: "Prick Up Your Ears" (†). From May 1: "Rosa Luxemburg" (Margarethe von Trotta; in Polish and German).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Law of Desire" (†).
Theatre 2: "Swimming to Cambodia" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Raising Arizona" (†).
Theatre 2: "Padre Nuestro" (Francisco Regueiro; in Spanish), with Fernando Rey and Francisco Rabal.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Tin Men" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Secret of My Success" (†).
Theatre 3: "Project X" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Matthew Broderick.
Theatre 4: "Lethal Weapon" (†).
Theatre 5: "Extreme Prejudice" (Walter Hill), with Nick Nolte and Powers Boothe.
Theatre 6: "Blind Date" (†).

Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Hollywood Shuffle" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend.
Theatre 2: Through April 30: "The Festival of Claymation," a full-length film of animated short features by Will Vinton. From May 1: "The Element of Crime" (Lars von Trier).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Project X" (directed by Jonathan Kaplan), with Matthew Broderick.
Theatre 2: "Police Academy 4: Citizens on Patrol" (Jim Drake), with Steve Guttenberg.
Theatre 3: "Lethal Weapon" (†).
Theatre 4: "Blind Date" (†).
Theatre 5: Through April 30: "Burglar" (Hugh Wilson), with Whoopi Goldberg. From May 1: "The Allnighter" (Tamar Simon Hoffs), with Susanna Hoffs and Joan Cusack.

Theatre 6: Through April 30: "Platoon" (†). From May 1: "Malone" (Harley Cokliss), with Burt Reynolds.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

Through April 30: "Tin Men" (†).

From May 1: "Creepshow 2" (Michael Gornick).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: Through April 30: "My Demon Lover" (Charles Loventhal), with Scott Valentine. From May 1: "American Ninja 2" (Sam Firstenberg).

Theatre 3: "Hollywood Shuffle" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend.

Theatre 4: Through April 30: "A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 3: Dream Warriors" (Chuck Russell). From May 1: "My Demon Lover."

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)

"Extreme Prejudice" (Walter Hill), with Nick Nolte and Powers Boothe.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

"The Secret of My Success" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, 49th St. near Seventh Ave. (757-7003)

Through April 30: "The Aristocats" (1970), a full-length Walt Disney animated film. (No performances Wednesday, April 29.)

From May 1: Theatre closed.

U.A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)

Theatre 1: "Slaughter High."

Theatre 2: Through April 30: "The Princess Academy" (Bruce Block). From May 1: "Campus Man" (Ron Casden).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through April 30: "Re-Animator" (1985; directed by Stuart Gordon), with Jeffrey Combs; and "Death Race 2000" (1975; Paul Bartel), with David Carradine.

May 1-2: "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin; and "The Clowns" (1971; Federico Fellini; in Italian).

May 3: "Mon Oncle d'Amérique" (1980; Alain Resnais; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Nicole Garcia, and Roger-Pierre; and "Life Is a Bed of Roses" (1983; Alain Resnais; in French), with Vittorio Gassman.

May 4-5: "Catch-22" (1970; Mike Nichols), with Alan Arkin; and "Silkwood" (1983; Mike Nichols), with Meryl Streep, Kurt Russell, and Cher.

May 6-7: "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster; and "The King of Comedy" (1983; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Jerry Lewis.

May 8-9: "Koyaanisqatsi" (1983; Godfrey Reggio); and "Metropolis" (1926; Fritz Lang; a German silent film), with Brigitte Helm.

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

April 29: "The Apartment" (1960; Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine, and Fred MacMurray; and "Kiss Me, Stupid" (1964; Billy Wilder), with Dean Martin, Kim Novak, and Ray Walston.

April 30: "The Fall of the Roman Empire" (1964; Anthony Mann), with Sophia Loren, Stephen Boyd, Alec Guinness, James Mason, and Christopher Plummer.

May 1-2: "High and Low" (1963; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.

May 3-4: "Chushingura" (1966; Hiroshi Inagaki; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.

May 5-6: "Kill!" (1968; Kihachi Okamoto; in Japanese); and "Rebellion" (1967; Masaki Kobayashi; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.

May 7: "The Human Condition, Part 1: No Greater Love" (1959; Masaki Kobayashi; in Japanese).

May 8-9: "Zatoichi Meets Yojimbo" (1971; Kihachi Okamoto; in Japanese), with Shintaro Katsu and Toshiro Mifune.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

April 29: "The Navigator" (1924; Buster Keaton and Donald Crisp; a silent film), with Keaton; "Go West" (1925; Buster Keaton; a silent film), with Keaton; and two Keaton short silent films—"The Scarecrow" (1922) and "The Paleface" (1922).

April 30: "The Saphead" (1920; Herbert Blaché; a silent film), with Buster Keaton; and four Keaton short silent films—"Balloonatic" (1923), "Electric House" (1922), "Frozen North" (1922), and "Neighbors" (1922).

May 1-2: "College" (1927; James Horne; a silent film), with Buster Keaton; "The Three Ages" (1923; Buster Keaton and Edward Cline; a silent film); and two Keaton short silent films—"Cops" (1922) and "My Wife's Relations" (1923).

May 3-4: "Play It Again, Sam" (1972; Herbert Ross), with Woody Allen; and "Love and Death" (1975; Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton.

May 5-6: "Take the Money and Run" (1969; Woody Allen), with Allen and Janet Margolin; and "Interiors" (1978; Woody Allen), with Diane Keaton, Maureen Stapleton, Geraldine Page, Mary Beth Hurt, Sam Waterston, and E. G. Marshall.

May 7-9: "Manhattan" (1979; Woody Allen), with Allen, Diane Keaton, Michael Murphy, and Meryl Streep; and "A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

April 29: "Health" (1980; Robert Altman), with Carol Burnett, Glenda Jackson, Lauren Bacall, and James Garner; and "Streamers" (1983; Robert Altman), with Matthew Modine.

April 30: "Hell's Angels" (1930; Howard Hughes and James Whale), with Jean Harlow and Ben Lyon; and "Dirigible" (1931; Frank Capra), with Jack Holt, Ralph Graves, and Fay Wray.

May 1-2: "Dance Hall Racket" (1956), with Lenny Bruce; and "Lenny Bruce Without Tears" (1972).

May 3: "Seven Beauties" (1976; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Fernando Rey; and "Swept Away" (1975; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Mariangela Melato.

May 4: "You Can't Take It with You" (1938; Frank Capra), with Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Lionel Barrymore, and Edward Arnold; and "The Miracle Woman" (1931; Frank Capra), with Barbara Stanwyck, Sam Hardy, and David Manners.

May 5: "The Treasure of the Sierra Madre" (1948; John Huston), with Walter Huston, Humphrey Bogart, Tim Holt, Alfonso Bedoya, and Robert Blake; and "Macario" (1960; Roberto Gavaldon; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

May 6: "Les Enfants Terribles" (1949; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French); and "Disobedient" (1954; Charles Frank).

May 7: "Fellini's Roma" (1972; Federico Fellini; in English and Italian); and "Il Bidone" (1955; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Broderick Crawford, Richard Basehart, Franco Fabrizi, and Giulietta Masina.

May 8: "La Cage aux Folles" (1979; Edouard Molinaro; in French), with Ugo Tognazzi, Michel Serrault, and Michel Galabru; "La Cage aux Folles II" (†); and "La Cage aux Folles 3: The Wedding" (1986; Georges Lautner; in French), with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi.

May 9: "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (1982; Paolo and Vittorio Taviani; in Italian), with Omero Antonutti; and "Paisan" (1946; Roberto Rossellini; in English, French, Italian, and German), a six-episode film.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

April 29: "California Split" (1974; Robert Altman), with George Segal and Elliott Gould; and "Come Back to the 5 & Dime Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean" (1982; Robert Altman), with Sandy Dennis, Cher, and Karen Black.

April 30: "A Woman of Distinction" (1950; Edward Buzzell), with Ray Milland, Rosalind Russell, and Edmund Gwenn; and "The Man from the Diners' Club" (1963; Frank Tashlin), with Danny Kaye, Martha Hyer, and Cara Williams.

May 1-2: "In the Realm of the Senses" (1977; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese), with Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji; and "The Beast" (1975; Walerian Borowczyk; in French), with Sirpa Lane.

May 3: "La Grande Illusion" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio; and "The Rules of the Game" (1939; Jean Renoir; in French), with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor.

May 4: "Hi, Mom!" (†) and "Greetings" (†).

May 5: "All I Desire" (1953; Douglas Sirk), with Barbara Stanwyck, Richard Carlson, and Maureen O'Sullivan; and "Shockproof" (1949; Douglas Sirk), with Cornel Wilde and Patricia Knight.

May 6: "The Kids Are Alright" (1979; Jeff Stein), with The Who; and "Rock 'n' Roll High School" (1979), with the Ramones.

May 7: "The Disorderly Orderly" (1964; Frank Tashlin), with Jerry Lewis; and "Who's Minding the Store?" (1963; Frank Tashlin), with Jerry Lewis, Jill St. John, and Agnes Moorehead.

May 8-9: "The Godfather" (1972; Francis Ford Coppola), with Marlon Brando and Al Pacino; and "The Godfather, Part II" (1974; Francis Ford Coppola), with Al Pacino, Robert Duvall, Diane Keaton, and Robert De Niro.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

April 29: "40 Carats" (1973; Milton Katselas), with Liv Ullmann, Edward Albert, Gene Kelly, and Binnie Barnes; and "Cactus Flower" (1969; Gene Saks), with Walter Matthau, Ingrid Bergman, and Goldie Hawn.

April 30: "Joseph Andrews" (1978; Tony Richardson), with Ann-Margret and Beryl Reid; and "The Amorous Adventures of Moll Flanders" (1965; Terence Young), with Kim Novak and Richard Johnson.

May 1-2: "The Cat and the Canary" (1939; Elliott Nugent), with Paulette Goddard and Bob Hope; and "The Old Dark House" (1932; James Whale), with Charles Laughton, Melvyn Douglas, Raymond Massey, Boris Karloff, and Gloria Stuart.

May 3-4: "Band of Outsiders" (1964; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina, Sami Frey, and Claude Brasseur; and "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

May 5: "Anna Christie" (1930; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo and Charles Bickford; and "Anna Karenina" (1935; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo, Fredric March, and Basil Rathbone.

May 6: "The Criminal Code" (1931; Howard Hawks), with Walter Huston, Phillips Holmes, and Constance Cummings; and "Crime and Punishment" (1935; Josef von Sternberg), with Edward Arnold and Peter Lorre.

May 7: "The Last Picture Show" (1971; Peter Bogdanovich), with Timothy Bottoms, Jeff Bridges, Cybill Shepherd, Ben Johnson, and Cloris Leachman; and "Nickelodeon" (1976; Peter Bogdanovich), with Ryan O'Neal, Burt Reynolds, Tatum O'Neal, and Brian Keith.

May 8-9: "Casablanca" (†); and "The Maltese Falcon" (1941; John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre 1: April 30 at 2:30 and 6: "Tumbleweeds" (1925; directed by King Baggott; a silent film), with William S. Hart and Barbara Bedford. . . . ¶ May 1 at 2:30 and 6: "The Phantom of the Opera" (1943; Arthur Lubin), with Claude Rains and Nelson Eddy. . . . ¶ May 2 at 2 and 5: "Coquette"

(1929; Sam Taylor), with Mary Pickford and Johnny Mack Brown. . . . ¶ May 3 at 2 and 5: "The Louella Parsons Story" (1956; John Frankenheimer; a kinescope of the television show "Climax"), with Teresa Wright. . . . ¶ May 4 at 2:30 and 6: "Private Worlds" (1935; Gregory La Cava), with Claudette Colbert, Charles Boyer, Joel McCrea, and Joan Bennett. . . . ¶ May 5 at 2:30 and 6: "The Wave" (1936; Fred Zinnemann and Emilio Gomez Muriel). . . . ¶ May 7 at 2:30: "Flowers of St. Francis" (1950; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Aldo Fabrizi. . . . ¶ May 7 at 6 and May 8 at 2:30: "Journey to Italy" (1954; "Strangers;" Roberto Rossellini; an Italian film, in English), with Ingrid Bergman and George Sanders. . . . ¶ May 8 at 6: "Flowers of St. Francis." . . . ¶ May 9 at 2 and 5: "Leave Her to Heaven" (1945; John M. Stahl), with Gene Tierney, Cornel Wilde, Jeanne Crain, and Vincent Price.

THEATRE 2: April 30 at 3 and 6:30: "Citizens" (1986; Richard W. Adams), a documentary. . . . ¶ May 1 at 3: "Made in the Bronx" (1981; Susan Fanchel) and "On the Bowery" (1956; Lionel Rogosin). . . . ¶ May 1 at 6:30: A program of animated films (1969-85) by George Griffin. . . . ¶ May 2 at 2:30: "Rectangle and Rectangles" (1985; René Jodoin), "Precious Images" (1986; Chuck Workman), and "The Television Makers" (1986; Newton Meltzer). . . . ¶ May 2 at 5:30: A program of silent films, including "Great Train Robbery" and "The Wrath of the Gods." . . . ¶ May 3 at 2:30: "A Matter of Form" (1984; René Jodoin) and "Deal" (1978; John Scott and E. J. Vaughn). . . . ¶ May 3 at 5:30: A program of animated films (1974-86) by Jane Aaron. . . . ¶ May 5 at 3: "Farewell Etaoin Shrdlu" (1980; David Loeb Weiss), "Tears Fall Twice" (1985; Julia Robinson), and "Hiroshima-Nagasaki, August, 1945" (1970; Erik Barnouw, Paul Ronder, and Akira Iwasaki). . . . ¶ May 5 at 6:30: "A Study in Choreography for Camera" (1945; Maya Deren and Tally Beatty), "The Very Eye of Night" (1959; Maya Deren), "Three Solos (Dance)" (1977-78; Doris Chase), and "Table for One" (1985; Doris Chase). . . . ¶ May 7 at 3: "Naked Spaces" (1985; Trinh T. Minh-ha), a documentary. . . . ¶ May 7 at 6:30: "Janie's Janie" (1972; Geri Ashur and Peter Barton) and "Cost of Living" (1979; Richard Rogers), both documentaries. . . . ¶ May 8 at 3: "Bang" (1986; Robert Breer), "Dancing Silhouettes" (1983; Felicity Field), and a program of animated films (1971-80) by Mary Beams. . . . ¶ May 8 at 6:30: A program of animated films (1977-86) by David Ehrlich. . . . ¶ May 9 at 2:30: A program of documentaries by Richard Rogers. . . . ¶ May 9 at 5:30: "Cadmium Yellow" (1982; Richard Rogers) and "Manifestations of Shiva" (1985; Malcolm Leigh).

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—A series of programs composed of films and video works made during the past two years. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Mondays.

JAPAN SOCIETY, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—May 1 at 7:30: "A Page of Madness" (1926; *Teinosuke Kinugasa; a Japanese silent film*). . . . ¶ May 8 at 7:30: "Snow Country" (1957; Shiro Toyoda; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Ryo Ikebe.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Terrence Rafferty.)

ANGEL HEART—There's no way to separate the *occult from the incomprehensible in this Alan* Parker film set in 1955. Mickey Rourke plays a private eye who is hired by a mysterious client (Robert De Niro) to search for information about a crooner of the prewar era who has disappeared. Every place Rourke goes is artfully arranged to be scuzzy, and *he's* scuzzy, although women don't seem to mind. He has a cajoling, intimate manner with Elizabeth Whitcraft as a ready-for-action blonde, with Charlotte Rampling as a sullen psychic, and, especially, with the screen's newest sexpot, Lisa Bonet, as a teen-age Mambo priestess who has a penchant for smearing herself with chicken blood. This is a lavishly sombre piece of hokum—funereal and loony. Parker simply doesn't have the gift of making evil seductive, and he edits like a flasher. With Brownie McGhee, Michael Higgins, and Stocker Fontelieu. Parker wrote the screenplay, based on William Hjortsberg's "Falling Angel." Cinematography by Michael Seresin; music by Trevor Jones. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/6/87.) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum; through April 30.)

BLIND DATE—In Blake Edwards' latest, Bruce Willis, of TV's "Moonlighting," plays a bachelor businessman eager to impress his boss, and Kim Basinger is the sexy blind date who turns his big business dinner into a shambles. Edwards' set pieces, from the frenetic dinner scene to that screwball-comedy staple the lavish wedding that doesn't come off, aren't snappy enough to make up for the lack of any romantic feeling in the two leads. Willis seems game but self-absorbed and Basinger is blurry: the way Edwards directs her, we never even get a good look at her face. The movie plods along with a jokey but dispirited air, like a sketch on a Bob Hope special. When things get slow, somebody falls into the pool. With John Larroquette, William Daniels, and George Coe.—T.R. (New Gramercy, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Gemini; through May 7.)

BLUE VELVET—With Kyle MacLachlan, Isabella Rossellini, Dennis Hopper, and Laura Dern; directed by David Lynch. (9/22/86) (Eastside Cinema; through April 30, evenings only.)

THE BROTHERS QUAY—Even at their most opaque, the animated puppet films of the Brothers Quay (Philadelphia-born identical twins who now live in London) are eerily moving, like ancient volumes brought from the obscurity of a Borgesian library into the light. The camera dances gracefully, but the dolls move with the awkward gestures of sleepers only half awakened; they seem to be covered with layers of fine dust, as if layers of meaning had settled on them during years of neglect, and the Quays bring them to life with enormous tenderness, careful not to shake off the history their dazed puppets have acquired. These astonishing artists, working in an unlikely form, awaken our senses, too. They combine a demiurgic, Caligari-like mastery over their *creations with the gentle dream archeology of* Joseph Cornell: their puppets look less like things invented than like things discovered. This program includes four short films, all produced by Keith Griffiths for Atelier Koninck: "Leoš Janáček: Intimate Excursions;" "The Cabinet of Jan Svankmajer;" "The Epic of Gilgamesh" (also known as "Little Songs of the Chief Officer of Hunar Louse, or This Unnameable Little Broom"); and "Street of Crocodiles," based on the writings of Bruno Schulz.—T.R. (Film Forum 1; through May 5.)

LA CAGE AUX FOLLES II (1980)—The return of Albin (Michel Serrault) and Renato (Ugo Tognazzi). This picture isn't as original as the first, but it gives the actors more range, and it's more smoothly directed (again by Edouard Molinaro). A thriller plot serves as a pretext to get the two middle-aged homosexuals out of their apartment and into the straight world. This film has nothing to do with the art of movies, but it has a great deal to do with the craft and art of acting, and with the pleasures of farce. Serrault gives a superb comic performance—his Albin is a wildly fanciful creation. And maybe it's only in this exaggerated form that a movie about the ridiculousness and the tenderness of married love can be widely accepted now. With Marcel Bozzuffi. In French. (Thalia; May 8.)

CASABLANCA (1942)—Ingrid Bergman became a popular favorite when Humphrey Bogart, as Rick, the most famous saloonkeeper in screen history, treated her like a whore. In the role of the cynic redeemed by love, Bogart became the great adventurer-lover of the screen during the war years. In this film, he established the figure of the rebellious hero—the lone wolf who hates and defies officialdom (and in his movies he fulfilled a universal fantasy: he got away with it). It's far from a great film, but it has a special, appealingly schlocky romanticism, and you're never really pressed to take its melodramatic twists and turns seriously. The international cast includes Paul Henreid, Conrad Veidt, Sydney Greenstreet, Claude Rains, Peter Lorre, S. Z. Sakall, and, memorably, Dooley Wilson, singing "As Time Goes By." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 8-9.)

GREETINGS (1968)—A pleasantly tawdry mixture of an underground film, a skin flick, and a college revue, with a draft-evader hero and good-humored, casually obscene performances from a whole gallery of talented actors, including Robert De Niro, Jonathan Warden, Gerrit Graham, and Allen Garfield. Directed, edited, and co-written by Brian De Palma, who made it on a shoestring of less than forty thousand dollars, and in color. The other writer was Charles Hirsch. (Thalia SoHo; May 4.)

HI, MOM! (1970)—Robert De Niro is at his most spontaneous in this amazing, freewheeling comedy, written and directed by Brian De Palma, from a story he concocted with his young producer, Charles Hirsch. It was made in a cabaret style, taking on one social target after another. De Palma uses a lot of camera gags in this film—he keeps you conscious of the film medium by playing Buster Keaton-like games with it. De Niro is a Vietnam vet who's trying to make out with girls. At first, he wants to shoot Peep Art films. Next, he joins a mostly black theatre-of-cruelty-and-revolt troupe that stages an audience-participation play—"Be Black, Baby." The black actors appear in whiteface and they daub black paint on the faces of the white liberals who attend, telling them that they are going to experience what it means to be black. Then the actors proceed to beat them and rob and rape them. This sequence becomes rather overpowering; conceptually it's satire, but it's too wild and chaotic to be very funny. When the actors become bored with theatrical approaches to revolution, they become urban guerrillas, and our hero gets closer to his dream of total involvement by setting bombs. The cast includes Jennifer Salt, Allen Garfield, Lara Parker, Gerrit Graham, and Ruth Alda. (Thalia SoHo; May 4.)

THE HOUSEKEEPER—Ruth Rendell's 1977 suspense *novel "A Judgement in Stone,"* about a housekeeper who destroys a middle-class family because she's illiterate, is full of sly, macabre jokes. Eunice Parchman's domestic skills disguise her dementia: willful ignorance is her way of keeping her inner world tidy, her consciousness uncontaminated by anything outside her, and she'll resort to murder to preserve her vacant, orderly self-sufficiency. This film version, directed by Ousama Rawi, plays like a conventional psycho thriller—it's too literal-minded to be convincing. Rawi, making his first feature after a long career in TV commercials, doesn't have much luck with his actors. Rita Tushingham (the director's wife) plays Eunice with a kind of hysterical drabness; Jackie Burroughs, as the religious fanatic who is the housekeeper's confidant and accomplice, is grotesquely over the top. But Rawi's advertising experience serves him well in one respect: until the *bloody climax, the house is spotless.* With Ross Petty, Shelley Peterson, Jonathan Crombie, and Jessica Stern as the unfortunate family. Screenplay by Elaine Waisglass.—T.R. (Baronet; through April 30.)

LAW OF DESIRE—This flamboyantly glamorous homosexual fantasy by Madrid's gagster-artist Pedro Almodóvar is satirical, romantic, metaphorical; it has wonderful jokes and the exaggerated plot of an absurdist Hollywood melodrama. It doesn't disguise its narcissism; it turns it into bright-colored tragicomedy. And even when it loses its beat (after a murder) there's always something happening. Carmen Maura, a powerful actress in the manner of the early Anna Magnani, with the trippiness and self-mockery of Bette Midler, plays Tina, a transsexual who has a hot, roiling temperament. Tina's celebrity brother Pablo (Eusebio Poncela) directs classy homoerotic films. One night, Pablo takes home Antonio (Antonio Banderas), a government minister's son, who has been stalking him; by morning, Antonio loves him, is determined to possess him completely, and refuses to get out of his life. With Miguel Molina as Pablo's true love, Manuela Velasco as little Ada, and the male transvestite Bibi Andersen as Tina's lesbian ex-lover. In Spanish. (4/20/87) (Cinema Studio.)

Lethal Weapon—In this high-concept urban thriller, Mel Gibson and Danny Glover run through their buddy-buddy routines with the skill of veteran infielders: Gibson, as a suicidal L.A. cop, is as lithe and quick-witted as a shortstop, while his partner Glover, a paunchily contented family man, remains (thanklessly) rock-steady at first base. The movie's central joke is that the depressive Gibson, a crack shot *and* a martial-arts wizard, is so unconcerned with his own safety that he pushes sticky situations to perilous extremes—he can't seem to get through a whole day without killing someone. It's not exactly "Yojimbo"—neither the screenwriter, Shane Black, nor the director, Richard Donner, has the style for black comedy. Windshields shatter; copters swoop; bare-chested Vietnam vets are tortured; a teen-age girl, stripped to her underwear, screams; sleek cars smash picture windows, uproot hydrants, burst into great balls of fire on the freeway—and it's all as depressing as only top-of-the-line Hollywood entertainment can be. With Gary Busey, Mitchell Ryan, Darlene Love, and Traci Wolfe.—T.R. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, D. W. Griffith, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Making Mr. Right—Playing a dual role, John Malkovich puts on a goofy grin as Ulysses, an android developed for a deep-space mission, and a nerd's stern gaze as Dr. Jeff Peters, the scientist who created him. In this mistaken-identity comedy, written by Floyd Byars and Laurie Frank, Peters and his automaton seem meant to represent two faces of male innocence: one peevish and self-centered, the other open and affectionate (in a dim-witted way). No one except Frankie (Ann Magnuson), a publicist who's the robot's bewildered love object, can tell the difference—at least until Ulysses' head falls off, as it tends to in moments of stress. There's a (very dubious) satiric point here, but the premise *is* sort of inane, and Susan Seidelman's direction has its own ambiguous innocence: is this movie's manic flatness a product of postmodern sophistication, or just incompetence? "Making Mr. Right" is a bizarre experiment, an attempt at a New Wave, feminist version of "The Nutty Professor"—escaped from the laboratory, it lurches along like something without a head. With Glenne Headly, Ben Masters, and Laurie Metcalf. Cinematography by Ed Lachman.—T.R. (Loews Tower East, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Loews Paramount.)

A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy (1982)—Woody Allen's overrefined reworking of Bergman's "Smiles of a Summer Night;" it has a meticulous art atmosphere and Mendelssohn on the track. This time, it's an American weekend in the country, early in the century, and Woody Allen is the host; he works on Wall Street but dabbles in inventions—small, winged contraptions for flying, and mystical devices such as a "spirit ball" for getting through to the other, unseen world. Mary Steenburgen plays his wife, and the guests are José Ferrer, a pompous genius professor; Mia Farrow, the prof's glamorous young fiancée; Tony Roberts, a lecherous doctor; and Julie Hagerty as a nurse who's the most trusting and gullible of all human creatures, and is avid for sex (she's the best thing in the movie). The group is rather amusing, but the talk seems somnambulistic, and nothing really develops. Woody Allen is so much a man of our time that his comedy seems denatured in this period setting. Written and directed by Woody Allen; cinematography by Gordon Willis. (Regency; May 7-9.)

Outrageous Fortune—With Bette Midler, Shelley Long, Peter Coyote, and George Carlin; directed by Arthur Hiller. (2/23/87) (23rd

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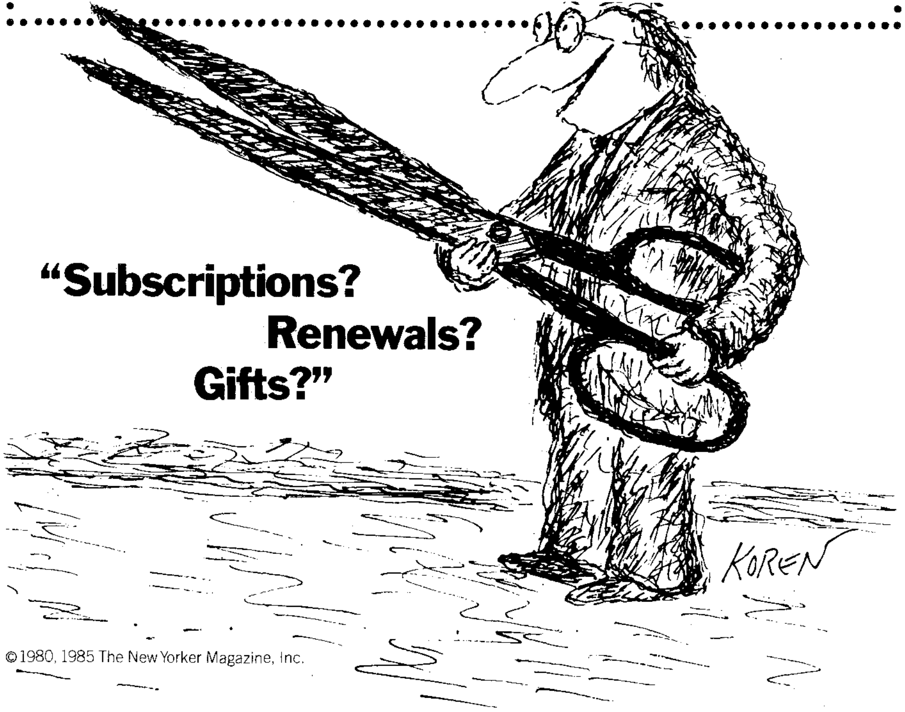
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St. West Triplex; through April 30, evenings only. . . . ¶ Baronet; starting May 1.)

Platoon—Vietnam, as seen by the writer-director Oliver Stone, who dropped out of Yale and, feeling, he says, that he needed to be an anonymous common soldier, enlisted and saw action with the 25th Infantry along the Cambodian border. Charlie Sheen plays Chris, the autobiographical figure (who, regrettably, narrates the movie by reading aloud the letters he writes home to his grandmother). Chris finds two authority figures in two sergeants who represent good and evil. Willem Dafoe's Sgt. Elias is a supersensitive hippie pothead, who cares about the men—he's a veteran fighter who's kept his soul. Tom Berenger's Sgt. Barnes is a kickass boozer—a psycho whose scarred, dead-eyed face suggests the spirit of war. There are fine, scary scenes, but there are others where you think, It's a bit much. The movie crowds you; it doesn't give you room to have an honest emotion. And when Chris calmly, deliberately shoots a fellow-soldier, and the murder is presented as an unambiguous, justified execution, you may wonder at the mixture of war elegy and pulp revenge fantasy. With Keith David, Forest Whitaker, and Kevin Dillon. Cinematography by Robert Richardson. (1/12/87) (Loews 34th Street Showplace. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; through April 30. . . . ¶ New Carnegie; starting May 1.)

Prick Up Your Ears—Directed by Stephen Frears. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Radio Days—Woody Allen looks back fondly, in a warm, amber-toned reminiscence of what radio meant to him and his family at the start of the Second World War. The actors who make up the eleven-year-old hero's lower-middle-class Jewish family in Rockaway Beach are a wonderful group of comedians—Michael Tucker, Julie Kavner, Josh Mostel, Renee Lippin, Joy Newman, Dianne Wiest—yet they're never up close, at the center of our attention. Allen has reduced everyone to harmlessness. It's pure nostalgia—the past sweetened and trivialized. The mood is soft regret: he treats the old songs (the film incorporates a generous assortment of hits) as a value that we've lost. As he spells it out, the public's memories of the stars of radio become dimmer each year. The question the film asks—its theme—is "Will our fame last?" With Mia Farrow as the one character whom we follow over a period of years, as she rises from cigarette girl to jewel-decked radio star, and Seth Green as the boy, Gina DeAngelis, Danny Aiello, Denise Dummont, Tito Puente, Jeff Daniels, Tony Roberts, Wallace Shawn, and Diane Keaton. The cinematography is by Carlo Di Palma. (3/9/87) (Loews New York Twin, and R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin.)

Raising Arizona—This broad farce is no big deal, but it has a cornpone-surreal quality and a rambunctious charm. It's about baby love—about people who feel they can't live without an infant to cuddle. When Edwina, or Ed—played by Holly Hunter—discovers she can't have a child, she's a wreck until she hears about male quintuplets that have been born to a woman who took fertility drugs; then she torments her husband, Hi (Nicolas Cage), until he goes to steal one of them. As soon as Hi plunks a quint into her arms, she yowls, "I love him so much!" Hi and Ed live in a yellow mobile home in a Tempe, Arizona, trailer park at the edge of a Pop-art version of the desert. Everything in the film is warped and flipped out; the light seems fluorescent, as if the world were a twenty-four-hour supermarket. Joel and Ethan Coen, who did the writing together—Joel directed and Ethan produced (with Mark Silverman)—have a knack for hick-suburban dialogue (it's backed up by banjos and, sometimes, a yodeller). And the film is storyboarded like a comic strip; it has a galumphing tempo. With John Goodman and William Forsythe as the escaped-convict brothers who become gaga over the babe, Trey Wilson as the quints' hardheaded father, Randall (Tex) Cobb as the biker, and Frances McDormand and Sam McMurray. Cinematography by Barry Sonnenfeld. (4/20/87) (Beekman, Waverly, and Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema; through April 30.)

A Room with a View—Adapted from the early novel by E. M. Forster, this is a whimsical social comedy about a muddled young English girl (Helena Bonham-Carter) who desires yet fears sexual love; she runs away from the man (Julian Sands) who stirs her emotions, and becomes engaged to a rich twit (Daniel Day Lewis). Bonham-Carter lacks the carriage and presence of a trained actress, and Sands is playing Forster's flimsy—almost abstract—dream of a natural, uninhibited lover, and is rather vague. But the movie is well paced, and it never loses its hold on a viewer's affections, because it's so thoroughly inhabited. It's more than a little precious, but it's a piece of charming foolishness. With Denholm Elliott, Maggie Smith, Judi Dench, Simon Callow, and Rosemary Leach. It was directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala that pares down the text skillfully and takes much of its lively, dizzy dialogue directly from Forster. (3/24/86) (68th St. Playhouse, and Quad Cinema; through April 30. . . . ¶ 57th St. Playhouse; starting May 1.)

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Scene of the Crime—This moody provincial soap opera with thriller convolutions is largely an exercise in style by the gifted director André Téchiné ("French Provincial")—but it's a dazzling style, and there's real feeling in it. Catherine Deneuve, in perhaps her warmest and most skillful performance, plays a divorced country woman who falls in love with a young escaped convict (Wadeck Stanczak). As anyone who's ever seen a Jean Gabin melodrama from the thirties will know immediately, their affair is doomed—undone by fate, society, etc. (Deneuve's bourgeois parents, her son, her ex-husband, and the convict's jealous girlfriend are all on hand to contribute to the lovers' downfall.) The fatalistic mood is familiar, the plot is absurdly intricate, yet Téchiné's direction—mixing self-conscious homage to old movies with unself-conscious love of the landscape and the characters—gives the movie an unsettling and seductive pull, as if some strange new form of romanticism were struggling into being. With Danielle Darrieux, Nicolas Giraudi, and Claire Nebout. Screenplay by Téchiné, Pascal Bonitzer, and Olivier Assayas. Cinematography by Pascal Marti. In French.—T.R. (Quad Cinema.)

The Secret of My Success—With Michael J. Fox and Helen Slater, directed by Herbert Ross. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Gemini, Loews Orpheum, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Movieland.)

Sorekara (And Then)—In his 1984 comedy "The Family Game," the talented young Japanese director Yoshimitsu Morita showed an exhausting capacity for invention. He kept his satire on middle-class life in contemporary Tokyo spinning so fast that his wild notions seemed to pick up centrifugal force; by the end, they were just whizzing out into space, granting us a puzzling glimpse before they disappeared forever. "Sorekara," a genteel love story set in 1909, has an entirely different tone: this film is as overloaded with nuance and exquisite reserve as the earlier one was with zaniness. Morita stretches a thin plot, about a near-romance between a sensitive upper-class idler (Yusaku Matsuda) and an unhappy married woman (Miwako Fujitani), into a hundred and thirty minutes of almost oppressive delicacy. Though it's often lovely, "Sorekara" is too much of a very fragile thing: all cherry blossoms and rainy streets, awkward silences and melancholy sips of *sake*. Screenplay by Tomomi Tsutsui, based on a novel by Soseki Natsume. Cinematography by Yonezo Maeda. With Kaoru Kobayashi and Chishu Ryu. In Japanese.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza; through April 30.)

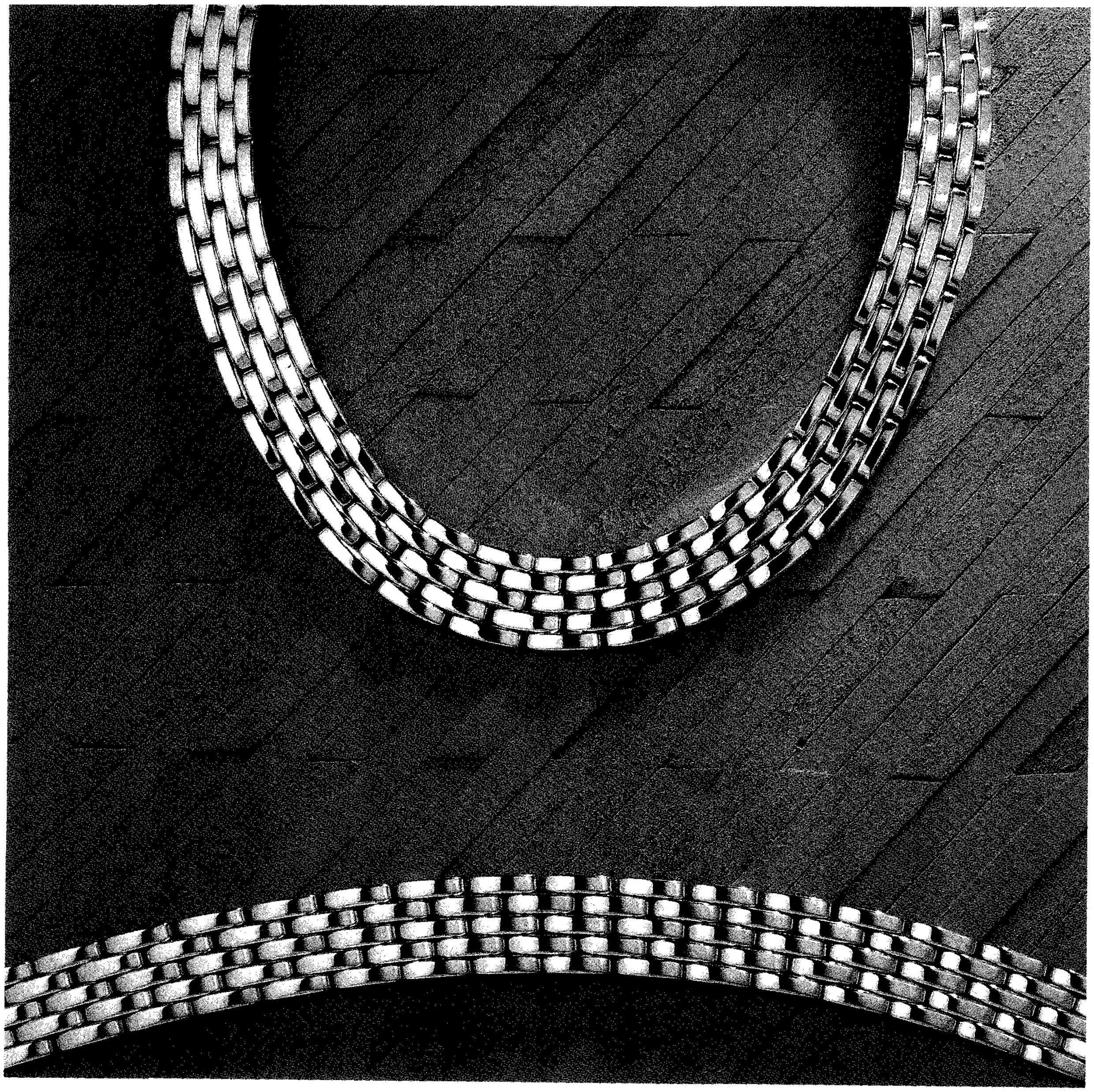
BAIT
BAIT TACKLE
J. Capa

The Stepfather—A first-rate cunning, shapely thriller, directed by Joseph Ruben ("Dreamscape"), from a dandy screenplay by the crime novelist Donald E. Westlake. The blandly handsome perfectionist (Terry O'Quinn) wants to be the head of an ideal family; he's attracted to widows with children, in picture-postcard houses. Everything's going smoothly for him in his new marriage, except that his sixteen-year-old stepdaughter (Jill Schoelen) recoils from his touch. She knows right down to her toes that he's got some kind of fix on her and that he doesn't love her bamboozled mother (Shelley Hack). This movie has a deceptively placid surface: the horror is there waiting all the time. It's in what's missing from the man we see, and the skill of the picture is that it keeps us creepily conscious of what's missing. With the Vancouver area doubling for Seattle in the opening section, and then for the fictitious towns nearby, Ruben uses everyday settings, and the film's scariness is almost cruelly plausible; luckily he and Westlake are entertainers. With Charles Lanyer, Stephen Shellen, and Jeff Schultz; cinematography by John W. Lindley. (2/9/87) (Gemini; starting May 8.)

Swimming to Cambodia—Jonathan Demme directed this concert film of Spalding Gray's stage performance; it was shot before live audiences in November, 1986, at the Performing Garage, in lower Manhattan. Working on a minimalist basis, with nothing but Gray and his props, Demme uses the lighting and shifts in camera angles and a musical score by Laurie Anderson to virtuoso rhythmic effect. Gray presents a droll, vaguely stream-of-consciousness report of his life as an actor, and of how he happened to be cast in the small role of an American diplomat in "The Killing Fields." The high point of his monologue comes when he hears about our secret bombing of Cambodia, and what the Khmer Rouge did to the Cambodian people in 1975, driving them out of the cities and to their deaths. He's incredulous and horrified as he describes the exodus; he's an actor who has discovered strong material, and he builds the tension. But he doesn't know that heating up his piddling stage act by an account of the Cambodian misery is about the most squalid thing anyone could do. (4/6/87) (Cinema Studio.)

Tin Men—Written and directed by Barry Levinson, this movie about aluminum-siding salesmen in Baltimore in 1963 is a middle-aged echo of his 1982 film "Diner." He's making essentially the same point—that guys relate better to guys than they do to girls. The picture centers on a feud between two strutting tin men—Richard Dreyfuss and Danny DeVito—who work for different outfits, and on Dreyfuss's trying to score off DeVito by seducing his wife (Barbara Hershey). The salesmen's scams are entertaining, but their spritzing is too tame, and the action is prolonged with limp, wavering scenes. Levinson wants to be on the humane side of every issue. The best work is done by the supporting players. Dreyfuss's sales team includes John Mahoney as his partner, and Seymour Cassel, Matt Craven, Richard Portnow, Alan Blumenfeld, and Michael Tucker as the boss. DeVito's team includes Jackie Gayle as his partner, and Stanley Brock, Bruno Kirby, and J. T. Walsh as the boss. (4/6/87) (Cinema II, Waverly, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Embassy 1; through April 30.)

THE ART OF BEING UNIQUE



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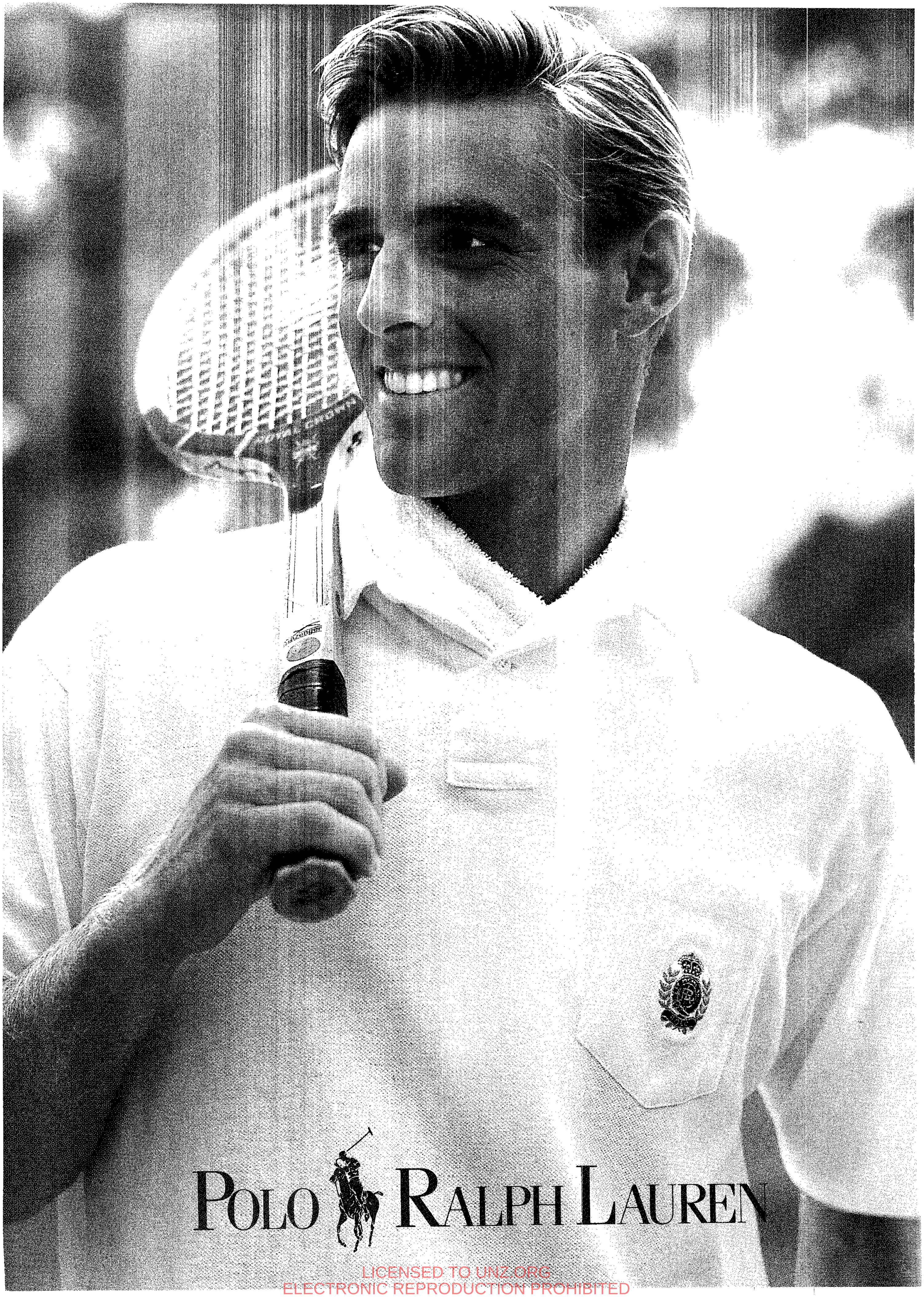

POLO RALPH LAUREN

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

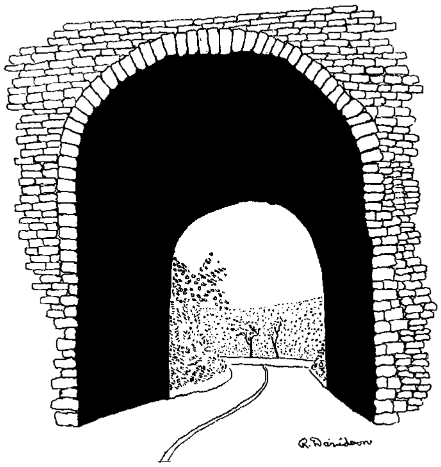
Notes and Comment

THE din in Washington set off by a breach in our Moscow embassy's defense against spies is very odd, even for an Administration that seems to crave sideshows. The Reagan people must know that embassies in Moscow teem with listening devices, and that the K.G.B. is always doing its considerable best to maneuver embassy people into compromising situations. Surveillance and entrapment of foreigners by secret police was a way of life in Russia long before the Reds seized control. Americans haven't been at the game for nearly as long, but have nonetheless come a good way since Secretary of State Henry Stimson ordained that gentlemen don't read other people's mail.

Inevitably, the as yet unoccupied new American Embassy in Moscow and its Soviet counterpart in Washington were lavishly bugged (ours more than theirs, but only because we gave them somewhat better opportunities). Each side could expect no less. Secretary of State George Shultz took the government line by saying, "They invaded our sovereign territory, and we're damned upset about it." Predictably, the Soviets then led media people on a tour of bugging devices found in their new embassy in Washington. "If you want to believe them, go ahead," the President said reproachfully. "I cannot comment and will not comment on United States intelligence activities." He promised that the Soviets won't be allowed to occupy their new embassy until America's has been made secure. But it can't be made secure, argue incensed congressmen, some of whom favor liquidating an already heavy investment and starting over.

All that is actually new or different in the current flap is the apparent success of K.G.B. vamps—"swallows" in the trade argot—not just in compromising young marines but in turning them into traitors. The resulting lapse in security is said to be more serious than is usually the case in such episodes. Just how serious isn't yet known, however, and probably won't be for some months. Intelligence people understandably tend to assume the worst and work backward.

Embassies are quite clearly poor places for doing serious business: people are required to confine conversation on sensitive matters to one or two rooms that technicians have pronounced invulnerable, and the work done elsewhere is mainly routine. Normal procedure is said to require the destruction of sensitive messages—both incoming and outgoing—within a very brief time. And access to an embassy's nerve center—the communications room—is denied to all but a very few people. Among the still unanswered questions in this affair is whether the marines in Moscow, who normally wouldn't have access to the communications room, did have it recently, owing to circumstances stemming from a serious fire in the embassy ten years ago. And if these marines had access did they share it with K.G.B. agents, as at least one government source has suggested in leaks to the press?



Some of what is leaking out sounds self-serving. According to one account, what the marines did led to the betrayal of people in Moscow who had been acting as American agents. But it was already widely understood that these people had been exposed by the treachery of the C.I.A.'s own Edward Lee Howard, who had been destined for service in Moscow until it was discovered—after his training, not before—that his history included petty thievery, drugs, and alcohol. Howard thereupon dodged an F.B.I. snare and turned up in Moscow as a defector. This episode—or, rather, scandal—deeply embarrassed the American intelligence community, part of which now seems to be trying to shift to others the blame for the nastier consequences of Howard's defection.

Some governments entrust the custodial duties of their Moscow embassies only to married men, hoping, though not assuming, that they will be better able to handle the isolation and the tedium of life there. The British use only retired policemen and retired noncommissioned military officers in these jobs. Numerous congressmen have rounded on Arthur Hartman, who has just completed more than five years of service as Ambassador to Moscow, charging him with having resisted efforts to replace the Soviet citizens working in the embassy with Americans. Actually, Hartman didn't oppose replacing some of the Russians, but he did argue against replacing all of them. Experience, he said, had convinced him that employing people who you presume belong to the K.G.B. is a simpler (or less risky) arrangement than taking on additional Americans, who are invariably untrained and inexperienced, and hence very vulnerable. Ambassadors, in his view, shouldn't have to babysit embassy employees or worry about which ones may have been victimized by the K.G.B. Most diplomats agree with Hartman, citing nine Americans who recently arrived in Moscow and have already been sent home as "unsuitable."

State Department people, a few of whom may have a fatalistic attitude toward the whole problem of bugging, are also being blamed for having allowed the Soviets to provide building materials for the new embassy as well as to erect it. Actually, that decision was made in 1972 by the Nixon White House, which apparently judged that the new building could at some point be swept of its bugs.

Congressional hearings on what to do about the new embassy lie ahead. Obviously, whatever can be done to make some parts of it wholly secure should be done. But starting over is a poor idea, and is probably unrealistic. Also, the new building's recreational plant, which includes a swimming pool, a squash court, a basketball court, and a bowling alley, seems just right. The present embassy offers nothing to help insulate people from the harshness of life in Moscow, and is by all accounts a hopeless warren of small rooms and narrow passageways, made the more confusing by security procedures: most doors have electronic locks; in order to descend from certain areas, one must first ascend to an express elevator stop. The place is said to be honeycombed with thousands of old wires, theirs as well as ours. It's not just a firetrap but a disaster waiting to happen. *That* is something to worry about.

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Stanley Williams

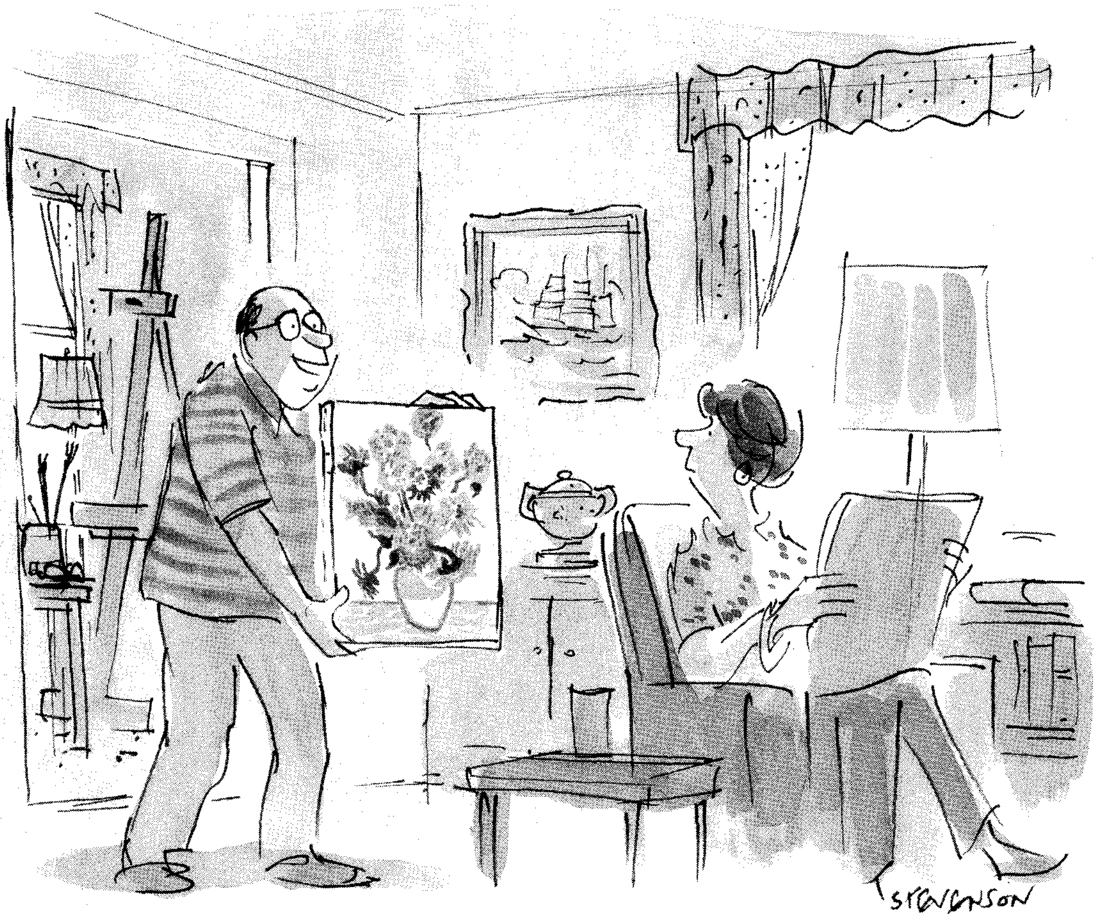
WHEN the time came, not so long ago, for the School of American Ballet to announce that Stanley Williams had been named to its first Senior Faculty Chair, endowed by the Brown Foundation, Inc. and Mrs. Fayez Sarofim, it was clear to everyone concerned that a big party was out of the question. A bashful, elfin Dane with white hair and alert brown eyes, Mr. Williams has taught technique classes for boys and girls in the school's advanced division for the past twenty-three years, ever since George Balanchine hired him away from the Royal Danish Ballet, and in that time he has become a guru of sorts for great dancers from all over the world, who come to study with him; nevertheless, he dislikes being in the spotlight himself, or being made a fuss over.

At a buffet luncheon that the school held in his honor one recent afternoon, in Studio 4, on the third floor of the Juilliard building, Mr. Williams looked as if he were trying to blend in with the rest of the guests—some twenty colleagues, accompanists, and members of the staff—and pass unnoticed. His manner was so self-effacing that he might have succeeded had it not been for a pile of presents in front of him at the table (they included a turquoise gift box from Tiffany's and a package of pita bread tied with curly ribbons); a big Gothic carved-oak throne, borrowed from the Juilliard prop department, on which he was seated, beneath a poster-board sign with Magic Marker lettering that said "The Brown Foundation, Inc., Senior Faculty Chair;" and the wine he was drinking. While the rest of the guests shared a respectable 1984 white Bordeaux, Mr. Williams was furnished with a bottle of his own favorite wine, an inexpensive (his friends describe it, variously, as "cheap," "weak," and "lousy") Italian white table wine that he orders by the case. Though he would occasionally turn and make some quiet remark to Peter Martins or Adam Lüders, two of his former students, on either side of him, he mostly seemed content to sit and survey the guests, who were busy eating omelettes and making conversation. (Elise Reiman, a member of the original, 1935 cast of "Serenade," who is now a teacher at the school, was asked by a young man admiring an Art Deco brooch she was wearing, "Is that vintage?" "Yes," she replied. "It's of my era.")

Judith Shahn

Without warning, Nathalie Gleboff, the school's executive director, tapped a wine bottle with a plastic knife and called for quiet, shattering Mr. Williams' hopes of remaining inconspicuous. Thomas Schoff, the director of development, then stood and read a brief message from the Brown Foundation, which had voted to establish the chair in 1982, while Balanchine was still alive. (There had never been any question that its first occupant would be Mr. Williams.) Applause. Mr. Williams smoked his pipe intently. "We invited one special guest, the Queen of Denmark," Mr. Schoff said, "but she couldn't come." Mr. Williams chuckled. Mr. Schoff then read congratulations from Villads Villadsen, the Danish consul-general, and a letter from the Mayor ("For more than twenty years, you have played a significant role in the development of one of the brightest gems in New York City's crown of cultural institutions, the School of American Ballet"). More applause. Mr. Williams took out a pipe cleaner, unscrewed the bowl of his pipe, and began cleaning the stem. Mr. Schoff presented him with a scroll bearing tributes in fancy script from Lincoln Kirstein, the school's president and co-founder, and four of Mr. Williams' most famous students—Rudolf Nureyev ("Stanley Williams gave me speed and placement"), Peter Martins ("years of absolute commitment and dedication to the single cause of training young dancers"), Mikhail Baryshnikov ("I take his class with pleasure and I appreciate his advice"), and Edward Villella ("His genius as a teacher, coach, and mentor for emerging dancers is equalled by his genius as a human being"). More applause. Two girls who looked to be in their early teens, wearing street clothes but with their hair pulled back in tight chignons, peeked in at the doorway, one trying to hide behind the other. Mr. Schoff reminded the guests to help themselves to dessert and coffee. Mr. Kirstein rose and proposed a toast: "Let us drink to long life, to Stanley!" Hear! Hear! Then, seeing that no one was returning to the buffet for dessert—slices of strawberry and apple *bandes*—Mr. Kirstein picked up the dessert tray and began making the rounds of the table, like a headwaiter trying to interest difficult customers in a last course.

Dessert over, Mr. Williams stood up and began speaking, in a voice so



"I just finished it. It's yours for three dollars and fifty cents."

soft that everyone, already silent, had to stop moving in order to hear him. "My deepest appreciation for this great honor," he said, looking down at the tablecloth. "God bless you all." Fond applause.

In class, Mr. Williams "says hardly a word," Mr. Martins told us, and when he demonstrates a step or combination it is usually with his hands. "As a dancer, you feel he has so much trust in you and respect for you," Mr. Martins went on. "He's not the old-fashioned type of teacher who imposes a particular style or philosophy on his students. Stanley provides very specific information, and it's up to the dancers to pick it up. All the time you're taking Stanley's class, you're getting better, but you don't know it."

"He puts the students on balance and makes their feet work," said Alexandra Danilova, the great ballerina and teacher. "That the feet are so perfect—this is Stanley."

"He goes into the studio knowing what he wants to teach, and nothing throws him," said Suki Schorer, once a Balanchine dancer and now a teacher at S.A.B., "and I've tried to emulate that sense of calm."

Mr. Martins added, "What Balanchine saw in him, I suspect, was, first, the personality of a great teacher, somebody who is totally serious, focussed, dedicated—nothing else interests Stanley. And then, I imagine, he saw great taste, integrity, and the ability to provide him with what he needed, which was dancers."

The guests, many of whom had two-o'clock rehearsals, were beginning to leave. The paper plates were whisked away, the table dismantled, the chairs stacked to make way for the next class in the studio. Someone brought Mr. Williams a shopping bag to hold his presents, which he was not going to open until he got home. On his way to the door, he took a detour past the few people remaining, who stood talking together in a corner near the piano. Without stopping, he said, looking down, "Thank you very much for everything you did to make this so special and so nice for me." The people assured him that he was welcome. "I'll get over it soon," he promised, and then he was gone.

Sheep Down Under

FROM a young woman vacationing in New Zealand:

My friend Sharon and I are having a wonderful time. We're crazy about New Zealand! It's got everything: alps and tropical beaches and rain forests and fjords and the most wonderful, complicated hills, which look as though someone had draped a crazy quilt over a pile of oranges and rocks—the hills are very irregular, that is. The borders of the pastures on the hills are planted with "shelter belts," which are double rows of trees where sheep can huddle when it rains. I'll come back to the sheep in a minute.

The climate is temperate. It's fall now, and the leaves are turning. The people are very friendly, and they speak a fast, very British sort of English. Everyone in New Zealand says, "Ah, yeah!" Sometimes we can't understand them at all. Yesterday, when we were flying over Mt. Cook (12,349 feet, and New Zealand's highest mountain), I thought the flight attendant said there was a tea shop on Mt. Asparagus. Maybe she was talking about Mt. Aspiring, somewhere to the southwest. And Sharon thought a woman referring to the motorway said "mud whoopee." We keep getting the giggles—the giddiness of travel. We can't believe we're so far away. Did you know the moon is all turned around here? (Technically, I guess, *we're* turned around, in relation to you folks back home.) And a lot of other things here are turned around, too. The north is warm and the south is cold. They drive on the left. The racetracks go clockwise. (Our Maori guide took us to the speedway—he races sprint cars.) Even the numbers on the telephone dials are in reverse order. The hot and cold faucets are reversed (not always, though). And the salt and pepper shakers are backward—one hole for salt, three holes for pepper.

I bought a sweatshirt depicting a mob of curious sheep surrounding a nonplussed kiwi bird. Sharon bought a T-shirt that said "New Zealand, Land of 70,000,000 Nuclear Free Sheep." I bought some "Footrot Flats" books. "Footrot Flats" is a national craze in New Zealand. It's a comic strip about a sheep farm, with a nameless dog and a farmer named Wal' and a neighbor and a possum and other animals. "Footrot Flats" is in all the stores—on coffee mugs, games, T-shirts—and there is even a "Footrot Flats" leisure park and a "Footrot Flats" movie. The line was too long at the movie.

The other day, we went to an amazing place called the Agrodome to see performing sheep. The stage had raised platforms for two rows of sheep to stand on. Each place had a nameplate below it and a feed cup on a stem. One by one, nineteen rams were let loose from the sidelines to trot up onto the platform and find their places while a taped voice lectured on sheep. When the sheep were all chained in place, they resembled two chorus lines, but they kept bumping into each other and stealing each other's feed. Of course, if the Rockettes had to wear heavy wool carpets they might have similar problems.

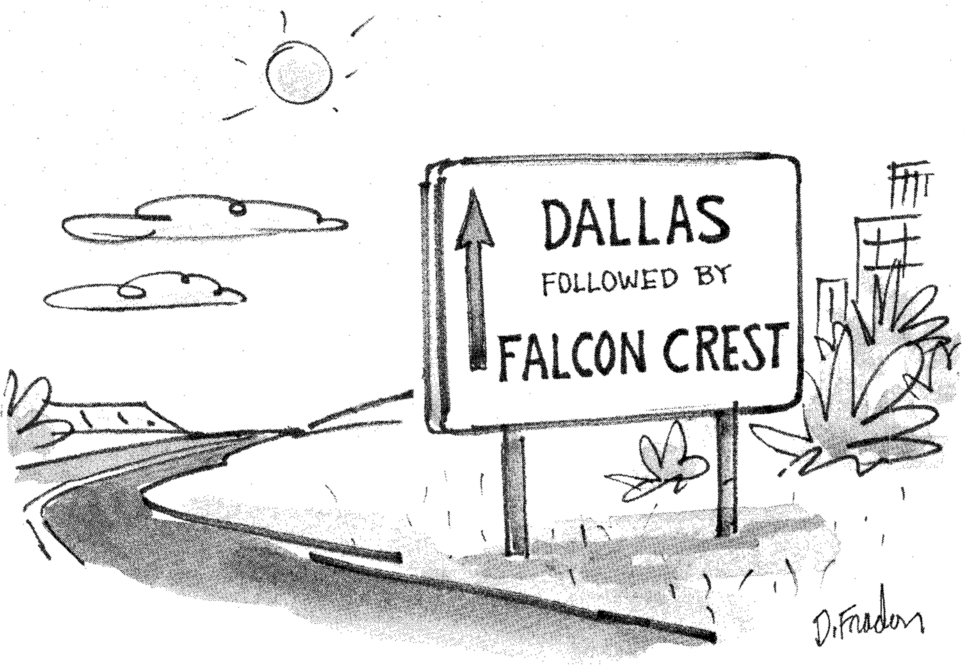
Up close, sheep look considerably different from the way they look scattered out on the hillsides. They come in assorted sizes and shapes and coat styles. The Merino, the largest in the mob at the Agrodome, occupied the star spot in the center of the stage. He had enormous curled horns, and his name was Prince. The English Leicester was very shaggy, with what seemed to be a kitchen mop hanging in his eyes. The bangs on the curly-fleeced Lincoln spilled down the center of his nose. The Corriedale, however, had short, neat bangs. The Suffolk had a black head and black legs, and the Hampshire had a black nose and black ears and black circles around his eyes. All the sheep were excited. The Border Leicester knocked down his feeding cup. The Perendale seemed to be doing a cha-cha-cha. The Dorset Horn broke his chain and had to be led back to his place. His horns curled around in front of his eyes like gigantic spit curls, and probably blocked his vision. Then the Merino folded his legs and sat down, front first. After licking their feed cups clean, most of the others sat down, too. During the rest of the show, they sat there and chewed gum, it seemed.

While they watched, a man in a black wool singlet (traditional shearing garb) sheared a sheep—a female extra, not one of the stars. The shearer sat her down and pinned her by holding one of her forelegs between his knees. She was frightened, but he showed how you could touch certain pressure points to keep her in position, and she seemed relaxed. (I can do exactly the same with my cat.) The sheep got into the rhythm of shearing and allowed herself to be turned and twisted. The fleece came off in one piece, as if it had been unzipped. In seconds, the sheep was naked, and, looking embarrassed and sad, she scrambled off the stage.

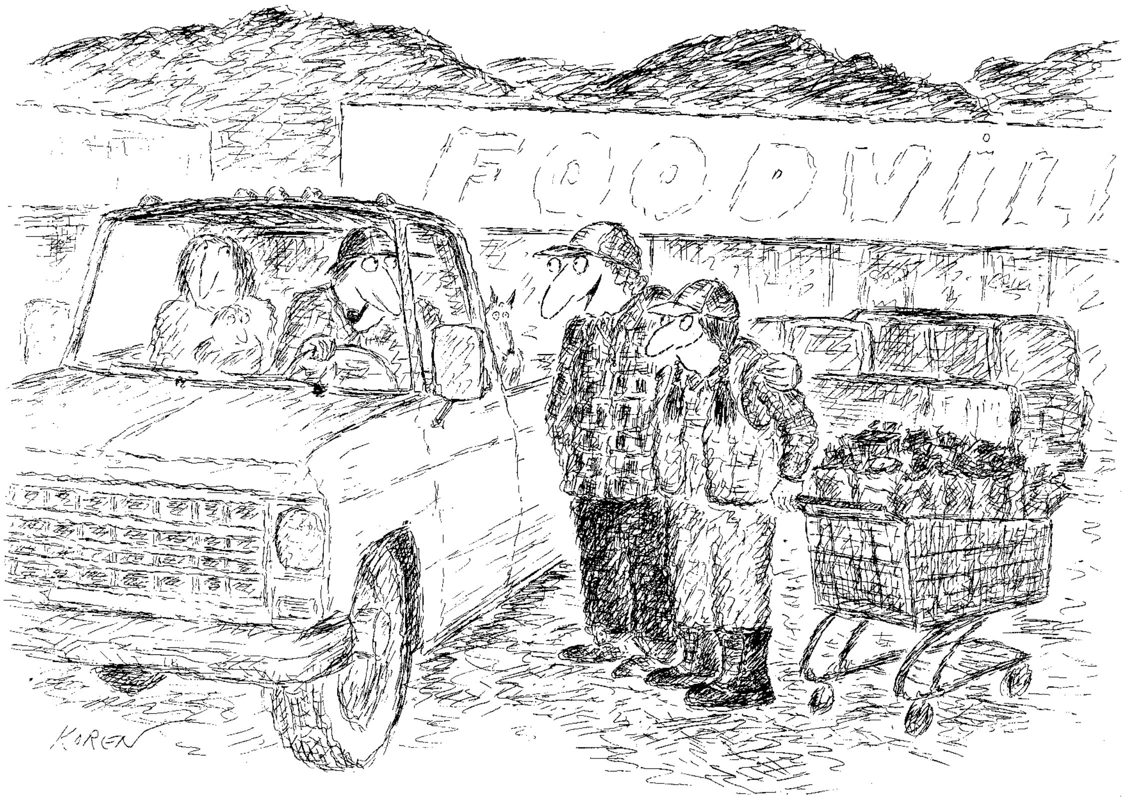
Next, two sheep dogs hurled themselves onstage. Quickly and precisely, they responded to the man in the singlet as he whistled and spoke certain words ("Right," "Left," etc.) in a low tone. They were champions bred from border-collie mixes, and they were frisky and likable. They had short hair, shaggy tails, wide noses, and were much smaller than Lassie-style collies. They loved licking the sheep's faces. I used to have a collie, and these dogs reminded me so much of him it made me feel very sad but thrilled, too. I don't know why it always seemed an important point to me, but my dog was a full-blooded collie. His mother was the Lassie type, and his father was a border collie. People didn't believe my dog was a collie, though, because he had short hair and a wide nose, but those were his border-collie traits. He was never so happy as when he had the whole family rounded up, all in the same room. When one of the sheep dogs barked, it sounded just like my dog's welcome-home bark. There are two kinds of working sheep dogs: the huntaway dog, who drives sheep from behind with his strong bark, and the heading dog, or eye dog, who stalks the sheep and controls them with his eyes. My dog was definitely the huntaway sort. The dog in "Footrot Flats" is an eye dog.

Suddenly, the dogs onstage bounded across the backs of the sheep, using them for steps. The sheep shearer said that dogs often get from one side of the mob to the other in this manner. And Sharon said, "Hey, I just realized the joke at the end of 'Crocodile Dundee'! Remember when Crocodile Dundee is trying to get to the woman across the crowded subway platform after she's said she loves him? He walks right on top of the people—like a sheep dog! I bet nobody at home got that joke."

And then the man in the singlet in-



vited people in the audience to come onstage and pat the big Drysdale sheep, the most huggable-looking sheep in the mob. (Sheep, you may have gathered by now, travel in mobs.) He had large, curled horns and long, shaggy wool that seemed to have been treated with mousse. Sharon and I took turns going onstage and photographing each other with this funny sheep. The sheep didn't move, but he sort of smiled. He felt like a big couch.



"This is my wife, Katerina, formerly of Bloomingdale's."

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Raisins

RECENTLY, while we were loitering outside the Metro Cinema, on upper Broadway, a long silver-gray limousine pulled up in front and three blond people got out, followed by four people encased in purple Spandex raisin outfits with big floppy shoes and white gloves, looking like fugitives from a theme park. One of the blond people turned a cassette player on, and the first, undulating bars of "I Heard It Through the Grapevine" collected a sidewalk crowd, which was soon dancing along with the four raisins.

"Yo, Raisins, I saw y'all in the commercial!" shouted a young man who had popped out of the Wendy's next door to the Metro.

"Get the cornflakes!" someone else shouted.

"What's this for? Raisinets?" a man asked.

A film P.R. man named Bruce Goldstein climbed out of the car and revealed to us that all this hoopla was to celebrate the opening night of "The Festival of Claymation," a collection of short films featuring the technique, popularized lately by Will Vinton, that uses figures made of plasticine—the kind that pre-schoolers play with—to achieve three-dimensional animation effects. "Will Vinton has been nominated for more Academy Awards in animation in the last twelve years than anyone else," Mr. Goldstein told us, "but it took his raisins for everyone to finally recognize his work." Those raisins, he went on to explain, were the stars of a popular television commercial, sponsored by the California Raisin Advisory Board, in which four plump animated figures of clay dance and sing "I Heard It Through the Grapevine" on a glittering Motown-like stage that rises out of a construction worker's lunchbox.

"I can't believe it," said one of the blond people, a middle-aged man who turned out to be Robert Phinney, the marketing director of the Raisin Board. "The American people are amazing. We've been in Dallas and San Francisco, and now New York, and all you have to do is turn on the tape and people get in the spirit. Ours was the third most popular television campaign of 1986, after Coke and McDonald's."

"To me," said a soft-spoken man in his late thirties with a thick mustache, who was introduced to us as Will Vinton himself, "it's all part of the biz. Promotion, publicity, it's a kind of necessary evil—not that I mind."

The human raisins had moved into the theatre and were wobbling around the lobby in their puffy purple suits. We went after them and complimented them on their outfits.

"Never in my wildest dreams did I think I'd be here," said one of the raisins. He identified himself as Pete Hasty and his colleagues as Ruth Lang, Shawnah Van Gronigen, and Joel Abel—all of them from Fresno, he said, and aged from eighteen to twenty-six.

"Yeah," said Joel. "It's really strange. Some people thought we were walking eggplants or pinto beans."

"What's really odd about being inside these things," said Shawnah, "is that when people ask you questions you find yourself nodding, but nobody can see your head move. They can't see your face at all. But when someone's taking your picture you still smile. We're not supposed to speak *as raisins*, by the way."

We asked the raisins if this was their usual line of work, and, to our surprise, Ruth and Pete volunteered that they had previously portrayed the Hamburglars for McDonald's, and Joel admitted he had once played a fig for a book-publishing promotion. "My life as a dried fruit," he said. We couldn't tell if he was smiling or not.

MORE CLINICAL TALES

The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Dishwasher

WHEN she came into my clinic, Mrs. R. appeared to be a pleasant, slightly plump thirty-five-year-old woman. Her blood lipids, urine protein, cerebrospinal fluid, EEG, CAT scan, and PET scan were all normal.

"Doctor, it's about my *husband*," she finally said.

Mrs. R. then proceeded to describe a situation so incredible, so far beyond the routine bizarreness to which all neurologists become inured that I had no clinical choice but to invite myself to dinner that very evening.

Surprisingly, like his wife, Mr. R. (Chuck) proved to be a perfectly pleasant, slightly plump thirty-five-year-old. Throughout a lavish and lovingly prepared repast, he revealed himself to be a most charming and cultivated dinner companion, regaling me with an amusing and perceptive disquisition on the early Mnemonist painters and displaying a thorough—even encyclopedic—familiarity with the prime numbers. Schopenhauer himself, I couldn't help but think, would have been delighted with his company. There was not the slightest hint in this lovely chap's demeanor, in short, to provide any adumbration of the harrowing postprandial behavioral abyss into which he was about to plunge willy-nilly.

Indeed, it was only after we were well into the dessert course—a mouth-watering *tarte tatin* that Sartre would have thoroughly enjoyed—that the ominous possibility of "something wrong" began to register on my diagnostic antennae. At that juncture there lay on the table the full detritus of a fabulous five-course dinner: sticky silverware, plates glazed with *sauce choron*, wineglasses rubied with the residual sediment of choice vintage Bordeaux, and more.

Surely, I thought, Mr. R. will now rise, excuse himself, clear the table, and head toward the kitchen to do the dishes. Instead, to my mounting dread and disbelief, he motioned expansively toward the den and invited me to join him there for cigars, cognac, and perhaps a little routine neurological testing.

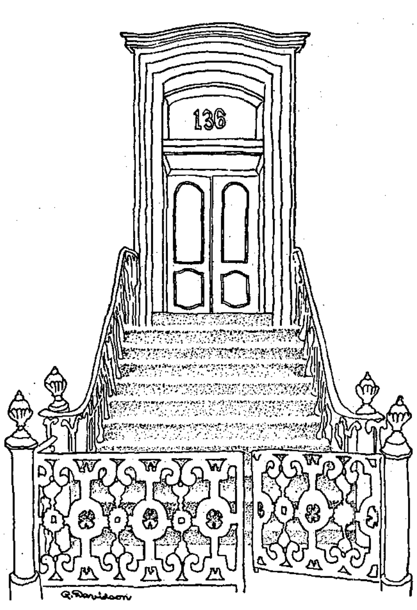
I must have looked aghast. What kind of mad, barmy, topsy-turvy, lunatic, Alice in Wonderland dream world was he living in?

"But who will do the dishes?" I blurted without thinking—a question that would have been unbelievably cruel had Chuck R. the slightest awareness of his blatant impairment.

"Hey, no problem," he rejoined with chilling nonchalance. "Babs'll take care of them."

Nothing in my vast clinical, psychophysical, phenomenological, or philosophical experience could have prepared me for the extraordinary condition of Chuck R. While his mind seemed to have effortlessly grasped the notion of a dish as *something to eat off* (he had, after all, managed to deal with everything from the fruit-cocktail cup to the cake plate without the slightest trace of confusion), the concept of a dish as *something to wash and dry later on* was apparently absolutely alien to his being. His wife had shopped, cooked, set the table, and was even now beginning to clear it. Did he really expect the poor woman to do the dishes as well? (Even Nietzsche, I imagined, would have offered at least to do the wineglasses.) Yet it was clear that the thought that he should perform any such compensatory labor, however inadequate, simply never entered Chuck R.'s skull.

Through the distorting lens of the amber nectar in my upraised brandy snifter, I gazed around the den. Within my visual field was a VCR, a personal computer, and a cordless telephone. But despite all these reassuring accoutrements of contemporary culture, I realized that Mr. R. was helplessly frozen in some past epoch, trapped like a pathetic prehistoric mammoth in the glacial deposits of a grotesque TV-sitcom version of a world that had moved on without him.



Postscript:

Since originally publishing the strange case of Mr. R., I have been made aware of a surprising number of similar syndromes in the neurological literature. I am especially indebted to Dr. Emma Porter for calling my attention to the almost comically enantiomorphic behavior of a patient in her own practice, a woman who mistook her husband for a lawnmower.

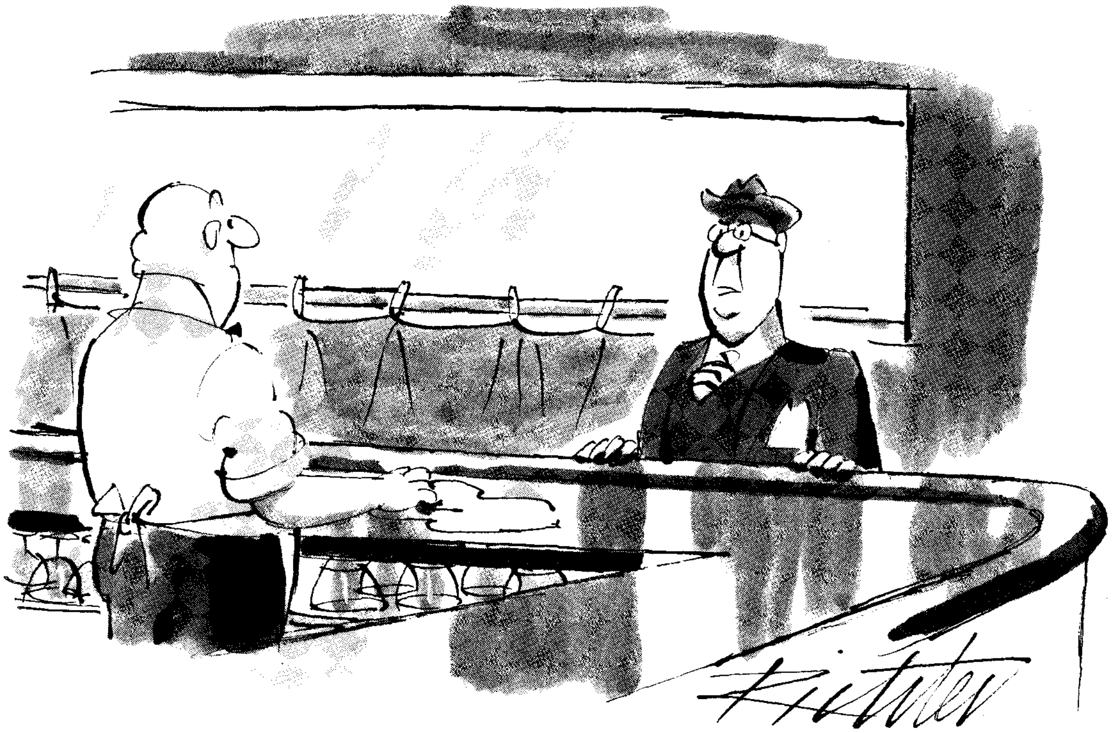
A Prodigy Lost

THROUGHOUT human history, the appearance of child prodigies has been perceived as a portent of the supernatural, heralding a rent in the familiar fabric of existence. As such, these precocious composers, rapid calculators, and chess masters have always inspired an edgy admixture of awe and fear in those who encounter them. Yet it was with something more like mild irritation that I greeted the appearance of little Timmy M. in our clinic. The tiny tyke, sitting across from me with an air of petulant abstraction, seemed anything but prodigious. He paid almost no attention to my questions, answering, if at all, with barely audible grunts. In response to even such simple neurological tests as my sticking his legs with pins, he became surly and uncoöperative. In short, he appeared to be nothing more than a perfectly normal six-year-old child.

I was on the verge of dismissing him from my office when I became uncomfortably aware that little Timmy's attention was riveted on my neck. The sullen mask of his subpubescent face was entirely transformed into a keen, almost predatory expression of demonic intensity. Wittgenstein, I thought, would have been scared out of his wits.

"Isn't that an epidermoid cyst?" piped Timmy, pointing to a small bump just below the line of my luxuriant beard.

I was astounded that the child could have noticed this minuscule blemish from the distance that separated us, much less that he could have diagnosed it accurately. Just a few days previously, I had consulted a world-renowned dermatologist about that very condition. And what the distinguished medical personage had told me on that occasion was virtually *word for word* what now emerged from this strange child's mouth.



"Fix me something that reflects traditional values."

"It's nothing to be concerned about," said little Timmy. "These things are benign. You can live with them for the rest of your life without trouble so long as they don't become infected. But if you'd like to have it removed for cosmetic reasons I can do it under a local and have you out of here in less than an hour."

I decided to keep the little fellow in the clinic for further observation.

For the rest of the day I tried to put this disturbing conversation out of my mind, but it all came flooding back that evening when, by chance, I was passing the children's ward on the way to dinner. It was the glint of some highly polished metallic object that caught my attention. Wishing not to be observed, I stole behind the slide and began to watch what soon proved to be an utterly magical and spontaneous scene. There was little Timmy, a look of fierce concentration on his face, performing an emergency appendectomy on one of the other little children. Dumbfounded, I watched the six-year-old wonder deftly excise the inflamed vestigial organ with flawless technique. Other tots in the ward had somehow been instructed by this juvenile Aesculapius and, properly scrubbed and dressed in infant-size gowns, gloves, and masks, were performing all the functions of a well-trained O.R. team.

Nothing I had learned in neurology, neuropsychology, or cognitive biosociology could begin to account for this extraordinary surgical "knack" in a child who had yet to master the intricacies of a two-wheeler. In virtually every other instance of which I was aware, such finely honed surgical acumen was the result of a minimum of four years of medical school, followed by at least as long a stint in an accredited surgical-residency program. Yet Timmy M.—by virtue of his age and undistinguished performance in kindergarten—could scarcely have arrived at his phenomenal abilities by any such conventional route.

What then could have given rise to this remarkable "symptom"? In a single year, beginning on his fifth birthday (as I soon ascertained), Timmy had performed dozens of successful surgical procedures in his playroom O.R., ranging from simple tucks and face-lifts for his mother's friends to a total hip replacement for his uncle and a triple coronary bypass for his grandmother. If Timmy was sick, we did not even have a name for such a healing illness.

Postscript:

The practicing neurologist never fails to wonder at the remarkable plasticity of the human cerebral cortex. No sooner had I adjusted to the reality of Timmy M.'s unprecedented surgical skills than they evaporated as mysteriously as they had arisen—to be supplanted, however, by something far more bizarre, far less savory.

Only a week after entering our clinic, Timmy became sulky and secretive. He no longer took pleasure in hide-and-seek or in neurosurgical rounds, and he refused to perform even the most uncomplicated tonsillectomy. Rather, he was observed to spend nearly all of his time in his room, where I found him one evening engaged in a strange and solitary ritual. On the bed before him was spread out a pile of papers, which I naturally took to be patients' charts. Yet when I inquired what brilliant new diagnoses he was coming up with, Timmy shook his head and sheepishly handed me the top sheet. The handwriting on it was the childish scrawl of a six-year-old, but what I read on the page was clearly the product of a fully formed literary sensibility:

> Wordlessly she implored my surgical succor—her dark Keanean eyes pools of unplumbed anguish as she gestured to her lower-right abdominal quadrant. Haunting stanzas from the immortal Bemelmans' seminal "Madeline" flickered through my consciousness. "And soon after Dr. Cohn/came, he rushed out to the phone/and he dialed: DANton-ten-six—/'Nurse,' he said, 'it's an appendix!' " And indeed it *was* an appendix—the most violently inflamed specimen of that troublesome appendage I had heretofore encountered. As Malraux has told us . . .

Timmy's prognosis, I now saw, was bleak. Whatever strange convolution of the infrafollicular cleft of his temporal lobe had originally driven him to wield a scalpel with such precocious precision was now compelling him *to write about it!* It was Chekhov's disease—the dread doctor-poet syndrome, now no longer rare but still one of the most intractable conditions in all of medicine. Timmy, I realized sadly, was beyond the ministrations of the neurologist, the psychoneuroimmunologist, or the developmental neuropsychiatrist. His only hope was to find an agent.

—RICHARD LIEBMANN-SMITH

EX LIBRIS

EARLY-CLOSING deadline of a London architectural journal called *The Rocket*. Staff coming in and out of a pub next door.

"David's proofs still aren't done," said Laurence, the compositor. David FitzDrummond was the chief book reviewer. "Great but late."

"He's probably thinking, isn't he?" said Marion, the style editor. A new acquisition. Twenty-two, shy, but taken on to be dashing.

Laurence spoke out of key. "Thinking! Norvaldt photographed two stately homes today, and if he knows today's no time to be stately David should know it's no time to be thinking."

Marion stifled a worry about that with some orange juice and Laurence apologized. "You were so early with your own proofs that you must have been up all night." The editor had asked her for four thousand witty words on cupboards ("Don't leave out the wit").

Somebody she didn't know drained his lager and raced out with a sheaf of proofs. She wanted to ask who he was, but silenced herself in the close-knit gang. She felt like a new girl. Brought to a first day at school in a chauffeur-driven car when she had pleaded to bike. Her expense account: the others hadn't got one. Laurence paid heed to the look in her eyes. "You were so ahead of deadlines you spent half an hour in the composing room," he said.

"I love watching people doing things," she said. "Doing things they're good at."

"Wait till you see David," said a thin man with a nose like a quill. "I'm Eric. I review twenty paperbacks on art and architecture an issue in eight hundred words. I heard the boss giving you another four thousand words yesterday. On space-saving ideas. Don't feel guilty." He did smile.

Rare Specimen

She withdrew to the back of the pub and waited for David. Something firm to hang on to. She pictured a giant rock of a man, a figure by Michelangelo.

The pub door banged open. "David!" said Eric, who admired the man so hungrily that he had even asked to inherit a pair of spectacles that David had thrown away for a stronger prescription. The hero, who staggered in laden with glossy books on architecture that were marked with slips of paper, looked a little wild.

The door opener came immediately to Marion and successfully shifted his armful of books to shake her hand. "You're Marion Hodgkins, aren't you? Do you know everybody? I'm called David FitzDrummond. I'm afraid I'm late."

"You got interested."

"Yes, but that doesn't count. I held people up. After all these years, I still think a bank-holiday deadline must mean more time, not less."

"Bank-holiday strawberries and lazing about in punts," she said. "That would be why."

"Well, I should know by now. The odd thing is that I find there's more time as I get older. I'm probably the least hard worker on the magazine."

"Why is it called *The Rocket?*"

"After the Wellington Monument in Somerset. It's shaped like a skyrocket. Built in 1818. In constant need of repair, like us."

"The editor told me this edifice is made of rock."

"He's given to metaphors. He described you to me as a restoration fund. He said the style section's going to bring in a load of advertising. Do you happen to be keen on gazebos? The publishers made a mistake and sent me two copies."

"Not all gazebos," she said, David being a man to be exact to.

"Nor me," he said, finding her the spare copy. Then he reconsidered and made a feasible stool out of the books. "They'll be safe here. Until my train."

FitzDrummond was a treasured essayist and man of letters. He worked such long hours at his house in Yorkshire that on the day once a month when he braved London for office company and corrected his proofs with balloon insertions in his own version of printer's correction marks he tended to get benignly drunk. A decorous man, bold of mind. He was divorced, from a childhood friend who had suddenly started yelling at the din of country birds and then yelled without cease at the sounds of their own children. Liking the birds, loving the children, still loving his wife, he saw nothing but combat ahead and sorrowfully provided her with a divorce. His younger friends on the staff cherished his character as much as his scholarship and put him up by turn. He had always booked himself a room at the Royal Court Hotel but no one ever had the heart to let him use it after he had spent himself in a long evening of gregariousness.

"A bottle of Château Lafite to start with," said David, leaving Marion to stand guard over the pile of books and speaking to the owner of the pub.

"Your piece on the Brighton Pavilion is still running over," said Laurence, coming back from a telephone that was hooked through to the composing room.

"I cut it, didn't I?" said David. "The balloons with the delta sign for delete?"

Marion left her post and came up to the bar to David's side.

"Yes, but there was a balloon on the back of the second proof that you added," said Laurence.

"Oh my. Yes, I thought of Sydney Smith, that would be the trouble. His remark that the Pavilion looked as if the Dome of St. Paul's had come to Brighton and pupped."

"Who's Sydney Smith?" said Marion, trying to catch the tone of familial ease and feeling hefty. "He sounds a good subject for an interview."

"He's not here," said David.

"I can go to him. Anywhere, the editor says." Marion heard the boom of another gaffe. "Or do you mean he's a recluse? Even for a truly serious interview about changes in the way we look at architecture?"

David ordered another bottle of Château Lafite for them all. "He'd certainly have been wonderful company. Great talker. But he died in 1845, you see. Would you rather have white wine? I expect Sydney Smith would have been a teetotaller, being a clergyman. But perhaps not, being a pamphleteer. I'll read it up." He drank some more wine and said to Laurence, "How many lines over am I?"

"Seven."

He pulled a proof out of his duffel coat. The fastening was askew by one toggle. He went to the pub telephone and spoke, running his big left hand through his hair.

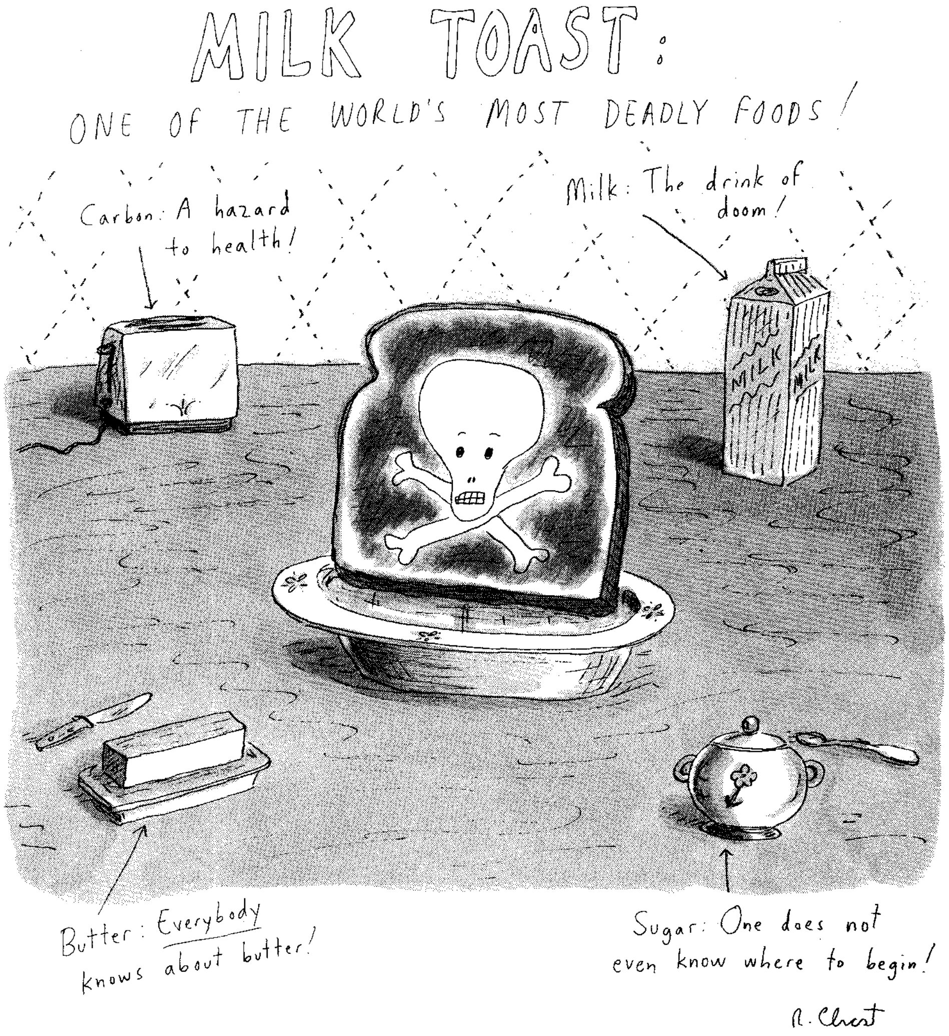
"Done," he said, back at the bar having another glass.

"You didn't cut Mr. Smith?"

"No. I bought seven lines of classified advertising and put the overmatter there. Only fifty pence a line. I expect people will find the thing."

Marion looked for sustenance at a potato crisp, didn't care to lean through the busy men clustered over the bowl, and said to David, "I'd look for it at once, so I know other people will. It's you."

Laurence said, "Then we'll need a continuation line up front. Have you got a delete up your sleeve?"


MILK TOAST:
ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST DEADLY FOODS!
Carbon: A hazard to health!
Milk: The drink of doom!
MILK
MILK
Butter: Everybody knows about butter!
Sugar: One does not even know where to begin!
R. Chast

• •

"We can cut this," said David, pointing to his proof, "it being an adverb and one I don't like anyway. I can't think why I put it in. The telephone must have rung."

AFTER a short time, the others went back into the office and David was left alone with Marion. He asked the pubkeeper, an old friend to be depended upon, "Do you happen to have any parsley?"

"Full of vitamins," said Marion, eager to grasp. "And minerals? I'm supposed to write a long piece about food values in *haute cuisine* next week. Is there potassium in parsley?" Respite in being alone with potato crisps and with this man instead of a clan.

"Where did you go to school?" said David.

"I didn't."

"I didn't either. Nominally I went to Harrow, but I didn't learn a thing except in the holidays."

"My father had me tutored because we lived in the country, miles from anywhere. And I had the run of his library. Of the bottom shelves, at least."

"The ones you could reach," he said.

"The complete Oxford and 'Chitty on Contracts' and the bound volumes of the *Children's Newspaper* of 1919."

He looked at her, had a vision of her at five swallowing the O.E.D. whole, and said to the five-foot-four present Marion, "So with that intake you decided to fine down and wrote short stories." He imagined the passing of time until she was six, say. Noticed that she had a pencil stuck behind her ear only half hidden by her red beret. And said, "I think we might both have some nuts. While the parsley's in the offing." He got them both a bowl of cashews. "What do you think of the stories now?"

"I don't really remember them much except the titles, and one awful mistake I made. I sent the story to *Tit-*

bits, because pocket money had got forgotten, and the editor wrote back himself about the howler. I thought it was good of him."

"I'm not sure I do. What was the howler?"

"I'd written 'arduous' lover instead of 'ardent.' "

David didn't laugh, but said, "Well, you may have hit on something, to my mind," thinking of his ex-wife.

The pub owner produced some parsley that he had gone to a greengrocer to buy. David gave him a pound and shook hands and said to Marion, "The usefulness of parsley to me today is that I'm invited to tea with Constance Bruce-Adam and she wouldn't approve of wine. Parsley's a well-known wine antidote." He munched a bouquet of it for confidence.

"Tea's over, isn't it?" said Marion. "It's past six."

David's watch had stopped. He looked at it critically, as though it had failed in responsibility to wind itself. This is a master of large matters, thought Marion, entranced, but pretty hopeless at what he thinks of as trivia already given enough time.

"How long have you had that watch?" she said.

"Decades. It was supposed to work. I spent a fortune on it." His clothes, too, bore a look of having happened to him in a time of attention sufficiently accorded to them long ago.

"We must race, then," he said, sweeping her up for company, support, courtesy, whatever. Her first time alone with him.

They fled for a taxi. She asked who Constance Bruce-Adam was.

"The great architect of the century, as I see it. She lives in South Kensington. She doesn't see people usually. Not strangers. An old friend at the Victoria and Albert set this up. To meet her! Wonderful!" He sat on the edge of the taxi seat in hope of hastening the drive and said, "Spin a prayer wheel that I haven't messed up a chance like this."

"You won't have done."

"It's unforgivable."

"No, it's all right. You mend things," said Marion, surprised at herself.

David asked, "How late are we?"

MARION kept him talking till they arrived at the South Kensington mansion flat. A forbidding bell rope jangling a bell, a forbidding wait until a dormouse-shaped old woman opened the door.

"You'll be David FitzDrummond. You're late, aren't you? Though do come in." And to Marion, "We haven't met, have we?"

"I work with Mr. FitzDrummond. My name's Marion."

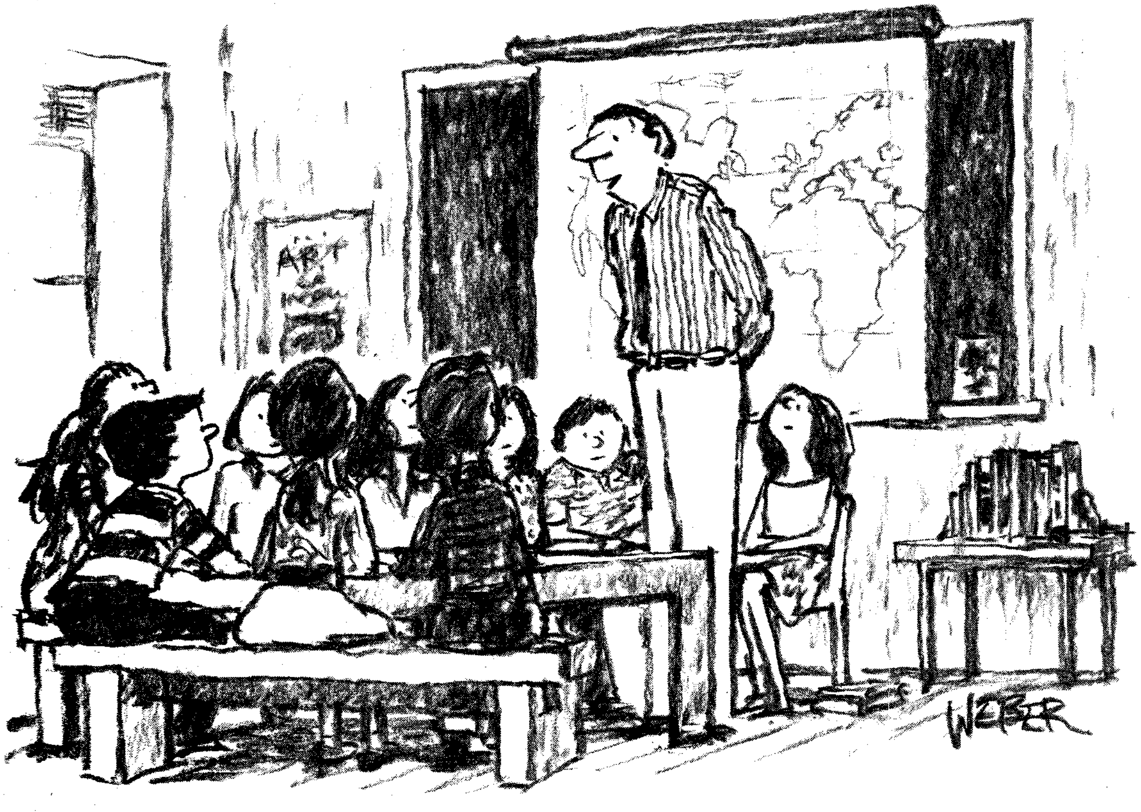
"Pretty. No surname? Did you begin your career as an ice skater?"

"Marion Hodgkins."

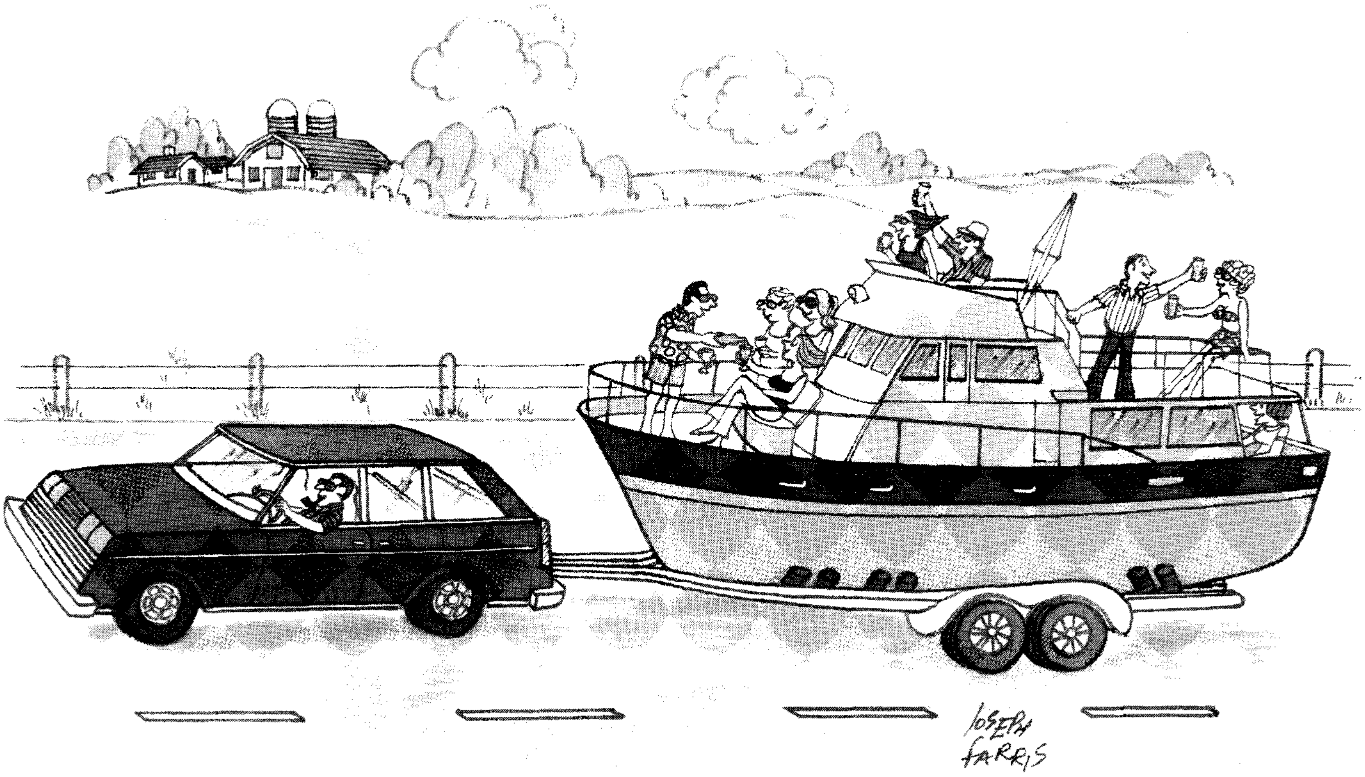
Constance Bruce-Adam shook hands with the two of them over the threshold. Marion led them in. Mrs. Bruce-Adam, smelling of lavender water, cleared away a laid mahogany cake stand and a silver tea tray with a Georgian tea set and a plate of thin lettuce sandwiches.

"Our friend at the Victoria and Albert said that lettuce sandwiches were a forte here," said David FitzDrummond, standing, forgetfully hanging on to Marion's shoulder as if she were a lamppost on icy pavement. Constance Bruce-Adam's drawing-room floor was made of highly polished slate. Six Sheraton chairs without arms were set at eight or ten feet from each other against the white walls of the very large room. Another Sheraton chair without arms, Mrs. Bruce-Adam's own, was at an angle to the cantilevered slate hearth, from which rose a towering slate chimney in the shape of an ice-cream cone. After clearing away the tea she reëntered with a tray of sherry.

They all had some sherry, seated at a distance from each other. Conversation lurched. The silences between exchanges were marked with thought. Mrs. Bruce-Adam's own clipped sentences stopped at punctuation points with the exactness of a polo pony's halts. David felt that he must be overflowing his chair. Marion chiefly watched. She wanted to voice admiration of the fireplace and of the shape of the sherry glass, but felt herself trivial. David asked about a concert hall, never built, that he knew Constance Bruce-Adam had designed in the fifties for a noble musical family.



"I'd like each of you to share with us what you felt when we were at the Cloisters."



“The family money ran out,” said Mrs. Bruce-Adam.

“The design usable somewhere else? Or elsewhere, should I say?”

“My dear, you’re the writer. The choice is yours.” Pause. She went on, “I was also about to say that no one can speak for others, and then of course I realized that a writer is the one person who can. Especially a writer of a non-autobiographical bent, which I find in your work. A poetic bent.”

Marion watched David’s expression. He held his silence, awed by more to come, and tilted his chair toward the words. Marion feared for the thin legs of the Sheraton, but all was well.

Constance Bruce-Adam dabbed some drops of eau de cologne mixed with witch hazel into the fire, where it flamed with a scent of forests. She went on to David, “And I should add, if I may, that I find this bent at its most distinct in your poetry written for a woman’s voice. I think especially of the series you call ‘Laura.’ I see it as an arcade that beckons one into its recesses.” She drew a shape in the air and marked narrowing lines of columns along it with the spreads of her thumbs and fifth fingers.

David was beyond speech for excitement and blew his nose, which Marion detected to be a cover for weeping. “How fine that you’ve read ‘Laura,’ ” she said for him. “It’s out of print. My father left it to me when I was sixteen.”

David collected himself and got up to shake Mrs. Bruce-Adam’s hand, though forgetting to release it for a while. It didn’t matter. “I must do some remembering after that. Where were we? Hang on. Oh yes. Your concert-hall design. Did you ever use it somewhere else?”

“No and alas. The acoustics were specific to the site. The indoor use of the tree surround was a necessity.”

She poured more sherry for David. Marion still had a half-full glass. As their hostess walked the distances with the decanter, a little bag filled with rose potpourri swung from her left wrist and left a trail of summer.

With the second glass of sherry, David was able to say, “I must tell you that this meeting is one of the most glorious occasions of my life.”

Constance Bruce-Adam said, “Indeed so. One readily forgets lateness in a happy assembly of interests.”

Yes, it was happy, thought Marion. And I am a happy bystander. So perhaps I could even bring off a decent interview with someone.

Constance Bruce-Adam said to David, drawing her chair right up to his, “Fitz indicates illegitimacy. Lateness can often be due to the sorry lack of a known father.”

David, indeed unrecognized by a father, smiled his thanks for aplomb. “You designed the fireplace, didn’t you? The scale is exhilarating. It’s an astonishment that timid old South Ken can hazard it. I remember a working drawing for one like it for a house by you in Northumberland.”

“Northumberland was the major architect in that. A memory of such order is to be saluted. As to the primness of South Kensington, my experience of this space is that it is more lenient than it appears.”

There were cushions on the cantilevered slate hearth. David looked at Mrs. Bruce-Adam for assent to sit on them. She smiled and said, “Yes, they’re working cushions, as they say in the theatre about working lamps. You may care to know that the slate here is a deeper gray than the Northumberland original’s. In Northumberland a gray with a good deal of blue in it was available. I should have liked it with the auburn of the Sheraton wood.”

David had felt himself to be at a considerable list on the Sheraton chair. On

FROST

Trapped in the wrong dream, you turn
Out of an alley into a wide, weak street.
                                        Mirrors
Fall from trees, and it could be time
To refinance the mess of starting
And staying put. But rumors feed this.
The distant passage is then always sublime
And well lit for some, a curious picture
Of longing and distress for others.

Meanwhile the only tall thing
Of importance dismantles himself,
Transparent in places, sometimes opaque
And more beautiful for the scenes
That might be projected on him. The secret
Chamber is one, where only the king
Could come, and now two or three young people
Can sit, uneasy and comfortable, discussing
Bicycles, the bone: any of the smaller anythings.
Which is quite nice, but darkness
Seems to fall more quickly, to accrue more in this sudden
Place, made of a name cut out of a map.

One gets closer to nervousness then.
It needn't be so. Things are stranger elsewhere.
Here in the dark the keeping of secrets
Is dense, that's all. There are still a few common
Names for things around; even they don't have to be
Used. Only I wish
There was some way of not getting more thoughtful,
Of not bruising the obvious shadow for which
There is a reason. Am I poor?
Have I worn out God's welcome?
There is enough dark green to cover us,
Yet will we always be speechless to the end,
Unable to say the familiar things?

—John Ashbery

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the hearth, though he still suffered a sliding symptom, the floor was nearer if he were to keel over. Marion braced herself to move without asking and sat on a cushion beside him, holding herself in position with thoughts of gimbals in heavy seas.

Putting his hand on Marion's, the struggling mariner asked Constance Bruce-Adam about the private houses she had designed in Northumberland. He asked what her thoughts were in drawing up plans for a theatre. She was responsive and detailed. He understood that she would have thought explanation self-evident and interpretation a clutter. True of any master, he thought as he listened. All the same, he should collect himself to dare it for her as she had done it for him. "In all your work," he said, "I suppose the thing I wonder at the most is that you design on a monumental scale and yet everything is in measure to the human figure."

"Now, there is an enterprise."

"You see, I believe you achieve it because you have a sense that is very rare in modern architecture and very close to what you were saying about poetry. Your capacity to enter into the temperaments of other people."

She got up. Perhaps things were over. But she poured sherry and went back to her seat to ponder what he had said. It came to a quarter to eight. Sitting upright with grace, away from the back of her chair as she had been taught, the old lady announced that dinner would shortly be ready and disappeared into another room. David, shaking with excitement at the prospect, poured himself another small sherry. In ten minutes Mrs. Bruce-Adam was back and led them to the dining room. A gentle Victorian portrait of a small schoolgirl sitting alone in a train with her hands in a muff was on the wall behind the head of the refectory table. David was seated at the head, Marion to his right, Mrs. Bruce-Adam at the foot. The clear soup had Madeira in it. David accepted two servings of it for stamina, causing Mrs. Bruce-Adam to beam. She went out with the tureen to refill it for even more. David's head fell into his soup plate. Marion pulled him upright and tried to dry his hair with a Kleenex so as not to spoil the starched linen napkins. The only possible thing was to leave quickly. Marion wrote a swift note of apology, saying that David had an attack of migraine. She half carried him out, because he was staggering, and found a taxi to take him home to her little flat in Soho.

"OH, I am having a wonderful time," David kept saying in the taxi. "I'm not drunk any longer. I think I was overexcited. Anticipation. Should we stop for some coffee?"

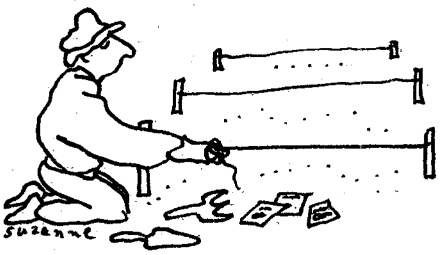
"I think we both need sleep."

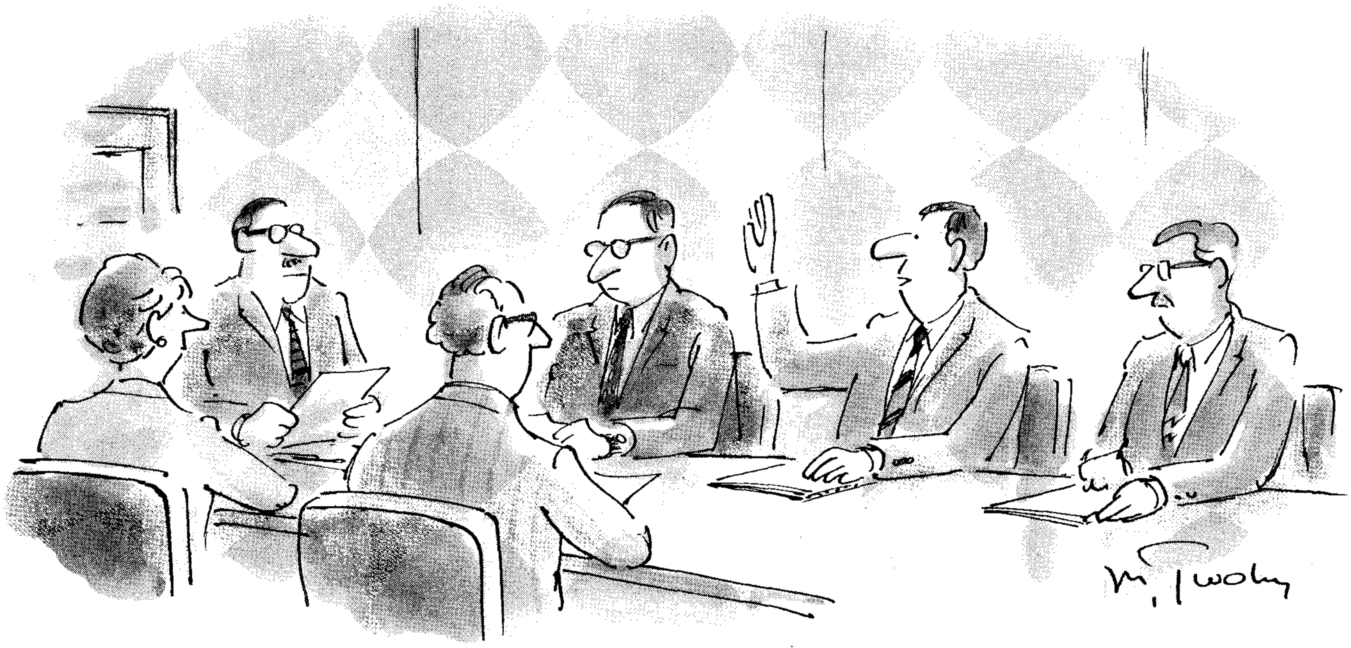
David peered out of the cab window. "My room's at the Royal Court Hotel. We'd better turn here on your way." He was ready enough for the stop to have pressed five pounds into her hands. She put the coins back into the pocket of his duffel coat and said, "I'd very much like us to go back together to my flat." A smile from him as warming as Mrs. Bruce-Adam's efficient heating system, built by her to be independent of the other flats in her mansion block. In memory, the place was not at all chill.

Nor was Marion's little two-floor flat, remade inside with the help of a carpenter friend. It was over a caterer's outfitting shop. She put David to sleep on a sofa that opened out into a bed in the tiny drawing room, after sitting with him for a while to hear him out in his joyful random memories of being twenty. "The girls then. They were like flowers. Faces like flowers. And frocks. Girls, frocks, that's what we called them."

"There are a lot of lost words," she said. "No reason not to restore."

"You're a rare one, aren't you? A





"Sir, I have a question that's lunch-related."

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restorer in the age of instant wreckage. You really do belong on *The Rocket*. Do you know there are clauses for demolition estimates now in a lot of new building plans put out to tender? No one's proposing anything to last any longer. We're ditching the past as if we didn't owe a thing. Living on debit, that's our trouble. Truisms untrue as usual. How old are you, by the way? Inefficient way of calculating, of course."

"Twenty-two."

"By gum, what a good age. I'm fifty something."

"It doesn't matter."

"Suppose we were to fall for each other. Then where would we be?"

"With each other."

"You haven't got a bottle of champagne on you, by any chance?" He shut his eyes. "Nothing symbolic. A small Scotch would do. There's nothing metaphorical about a Scotch, is there?"

She reassured. He kept his eyes shut and she didn't care to shake him back to alertness. "You're playing dead, aren't you? Don't, David." All right all right all right, I know it's lights-out, but life has its points. " 'Go to sleep,' I'm supposed to say now, but blast regimen. Do you hate injunctions?"

"Haven't got much time for them if they're stupid." He turned over to her to make the point and said, "Stchewpid. 'Fly safely,' for instance. As if one wouldn't if one could."

"Yes." But there was no fear in the air now, none at all. "Couldn't we go on staying awake?" she said with longing. There was a pause. He played a scale on her hand to show that he hadn't left her. "This is the point in the night when people say 'Onward,' isn't it? People trying to put the world in order," she said.

"I suppose it is. But the question is, in what direction?"

"I'd rather stay still."

"Good of you to wear frocks." He slid into sleep under her big red blanket. She crept up her spiral staircase and fell lightly asleep in her little bedroom opposite the workroom. The sleep was closer to happy consciousness than any of the near-comas she had too often had in grownup life. She hated deep sleep. Yes, indeed, she had much wanted David to come back with her here. Not only because it made her one with the old colleagues who took it in turns to preserve him from that hotel room booked for every foray when he might even wake up not knowing where he was, how he got there. And also they seemed to get on. Simple, she said to herself, and went softly to sleep for half an hour. "Don't look ahead," she woke herself by saying out loud, thinking as often of the glib adage "Don't look back" that her generation lived by. No aid to junk the past. She read some Jane Austen and ate four caramels from her bedside-table drawer. To hell with teeth, put them on hold till morning. A piece of caramel lodged painlessly somewhere a wisdom tooth might appear.

HOURS later, she heard a hesitant lumbering up the stairs. Pause. Then water being run for a long time in the bathroom. Then the brushing of teeth. A tumbler seemed to have been broken in the process. She could hear him picking up the pieces, chink by chink, and wrapping them in some paper before there was a rattle in the wastepaper basket. It seemed best to let him find his own way without disturbance. Then she heard a light knock at the door of her little workroom opposite. And then the knock at her bedroom door.

"Yes, I'm here," she was in the middle of calling.

David stood in the doorway. A figure on the heroic scale silhouetted against the dawn light from her window. "Oh my dear girl, I am glad it's you."

She remembered the missing sense of time and place that hangover induces.

He went on, "You see, I didn't know. I looked in all the books you've got downstairs and your name isn't in a single one of them."

—Penelope Gilliatt

A REPORTER AT LARGE

VEHEMENT FIRE—II

IN the United States, the retail price of a case of medium-strength dynamite is about a hundred dollars. A box of electric blasting caps costs about sixty dollars. A small battery-powered detonator is a couple of hundred dollars, and electrical connecting lines are—depending on length—from fifty to seventy-five dollars. In some states, it is easier to buy these supplies than it is to get a driver's license. If you have the money and a vehicle with some safety equipment, the explosives are yours; there is no blasting equivalent of demonstrating that you know how to parallel park. In other states—generally those in the Eastern half of the country—explosives purchases are considerably more difficult.

In my home state of Montana, and in other sparsely populated Western states, explosives are sold on faith. A customer must prove to the explosives distributor that he is twenty-one years old, and he must present a valid driver's license. In addition, he must fill out Form 5400.4 of the federal Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms. This form asks a buyer's name, address, height, weight, race, Social Security number, date and place of birth, the use to be made of the explosives, the site of the intended blasting, the date of the intended blasting, and the type of storage magazine to be used. If the buyer is a corporation or other business entity and the customer is acting on its behalf, the business address and the buyer's employee-identification number are also required. Then the customer checks off a few boxes: Are you a fugitive from justice? Are you an unlawful user of or addicted to marijuana, or any depressant, stimulant, or narcotic? Have you or your business been convicted of a crime punishable by imprisonment for a term exceeding one year? Are you or your business under indictment for such a crime? Have you ever been adjudged mentally defective, or committed to a mental institution? None of the answers need to be verified by the seller; truth is the responsibility of the buyer. The seller then records the type of identification shown and the type of explosives sold. The entire process takes about ten minutes.

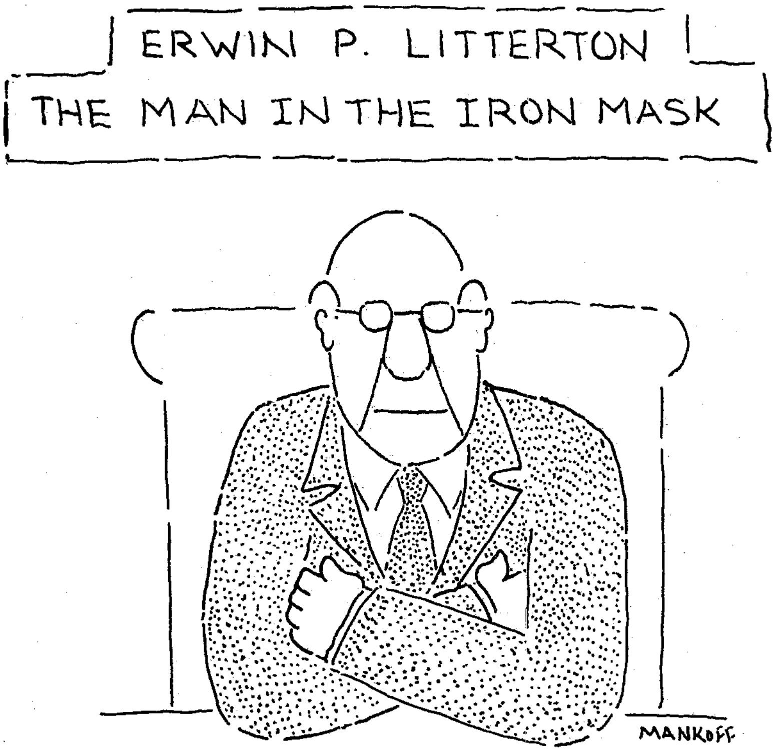
The seller must do one more thing: he must approve the customer's method of transportation. A vehicle must be properly licensed, and equipped with approved storage magazines; fire extinguishers; spare fuses for its electrical systems; triangular road-hazard markers, in case of breakdown; and proper D.O.T. placards—bright paper diamonds that say "Explosives" followed by a D.O.T. classification letter: A, B, or C. Explosives and detonating caps must be stored in separate boxes of steel lined with non-sparking materials—usually three inches of hardwood. Finally, the driver must have vehicle insurance and must designate the route to his destination.

Although all this begins to sound more complicated than getting a driver's license, it is not: the seller is not required to determine whether, for example, the buyer can even light a fuse. Some distributors apply unofficial standards of good judgment. "If I have any doubt about a buyer's expertise, or about his purpose for the explosives, I won't sell to him even if everything else is legal," one explosives dealer told me. "The company will back me up on that. The rule of thumb is 'Better safe than sorry,' and if some guy is the least bit flaky, no deal. But I know most of the customers here—they've been coming in for years. We probably sell less than five per cent of our products to individuals. All the rest go to mining operations and road and construction crews."

Until 1985, there was no licensing system in Montana for blasters. Now, in order to receive a license, one has to have a year's experience in explosives use, attend twenty-four hours of blasting training given by a certified instructor, and pass a two-hour exam. But these requirements apply only to one narrow class of users. Farmers don't need a license; open-pit mining operations don't require a license; and loggers don't need a license. Only construction workers are licensed, and if a construction crew is blasting without a license the state probably won't know about it unless it receives a complaint.

On the tight end of the regulatory scale is Pennsylvania. To buy explosives there, one must possess a purchase permit, which includes the name and blasting-license number of the state-certified blaster who will actually be using the explosives. A Pennsylvania blaster's license requires a blaster to attend a comprehensive training course and pass an extremely rigorous four-hour exam that includes, in addition to safety questions, many highly technical field-application problems. Everyone who handles explosives has to be licensed, and the tests are directed toward specific applications.

Beyond the widely divergent state regulations are stacks of federal rules specifying how blasting is supposed to be conducted—rules from the Office of Surface Mining Reclamation and En-



"Please, dear. It's the Age of Reason."

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forcement, the Mine Safety and Health Administration, the Occupational Safety and Health Administration, the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms, and the Department of Transportation. These regulations cover everything imaginable, from two-way radio transmissions (which theoretically can set off electrical blasting caps) and the construction of storage magazines to the minimum allowable distances between stored explosives and railways, highways, and inhabited buildings. Few within the explosives industry ever complain that the regulations—most of them specific and time-tested—are superfluous. Nor are there many complaints about obtrusive amounts of governmental red tape. In fact, the industry consensus seems to be that more controls are necessary. Albert Teller, the president of Explosives Services, a private blasting and consulting firm near Seattle, is among those who advocate a strict federal licensing law.

Teller, a man of sixty-two with a salt-and-pepper beard, dark curly hair, and a rapid-fire, emphatic manner of speaking, is an industry gadfly. Over the years—in the brusque, snappy prose of his "Shooting Box" columns in various construction and engineering magazines, and in court—he has waged a running battle with explosives manufacturers, whom he accuses of price-fixing and of making misleading and vague product-capability claims, and with the Institute of Makers of Explosives, the industry's Washington-based trade organization. A commonly voiced criticism of the I.M.E. is that it wears two hats: not only does it represent manufacturers' interests but it is a de-facto regulatory agency. Since its formation in 1913, the I.M.E. has developed a wide range of technical information through its member companies—information and suggestions which form a significant part of state and federal regulations concerning explosives use. In effect, I.M.E. recommendations have been adopted wholesale. When economics' push comes to safety's shove, which will prove stronger? ("All of I.M.E.'s prating about explosives safety is eyewash," one blaster told me. "It looks good to the public, maintains the image, and helps to sell explosives. It's a service organization only insofar as it services its own members.")

Teller has also taken on the federal government. In a 1979 article in the magazine *Construction Contracting*, he asserted that the most important aspect of explosives safety is neither blast-site inspections nor more I.M.E.-imposed rules but better blaster-training programs. He pointed out that, over a two-year period in the mid-seventies, seventy-six per cent of the citations issued by the Mine Safety and Health Administration were given out for explosives-storage violations, though these accounted for less than two per cent of all explosives-related accidents. In addition, blast-site security violations, such as inadequate precautions against excessive flyrock, produced only three-tenths of one per cent of all citations but accounted for nearly forty-eight per cent of recorded accidents. "Instead of inspecting things, they need to be inspecting people," Teller wrote. "Blasting safety is not a matter of which dynamite is used. Nor is it a matter of where it is stored, how it is transported, or what kind of vehicle transports it. These are important, but not nearly so important as the individual who *uses* it." He cited a survey conducted by the Office of Surface Mining which showed that accidents decreased where licensing was required, and that states requiring written examinations had "remarkably fewer" accidents than states that did not.

There are hundreds of different ways to be injured or killed when working with explosives—as many, perhaps, as there are stories told by workers about misses, near-misses, and not-misses-at-all. Yet despite the incredible complexity of some blasting jobs (in quarries, a shot may involve several hundred boreholes wired together over acres of ground and set off in complicated patterns by computer-intricate blasting machines called sequential timers), and despite the lace-like precision demanded by other shots (Teller's company, for example, has demolished multistory buildings in the middle of large cities, and excavated rock in a trench four inches from high-pressure gas mains)—and despite a small but unsettling number of illegal manufacturers and users of explosives—the evidence strongly suggests that the emphasis in explosives regulation has been misplaced: dynamite doesn't kill people; people kill people.

For a safe, successful, economical shot, a blaster must match the velocity of the explosive with the strength of the rock to be blasted. Too weak an explosive, or too little explosive used, and the rock isn't broken; too strong an explosive, or too much used, and the rock flies everywhere. Although occasional pockets of weak rock hidden within what blasters call the burden may cause unexpected flyrock, the problem is more often one of overloading—or, more tragically, not waiting long enough under protective barriers for whatever does go up to come down. The problem of misfires—when all or part of the explosive charge fails to detonate—is relatively simple if a shot is initiated electrically: for some reason, the circuit has not been completed. The situation becomes more ominous when a shot is initiated with detonating cord—a plastic- or fabric-covered line of high explosive—or with old-fashioned cap and fuse. Though a detonating-cord explosion travels at four miles a second, there is the chance, in a multihole detonation, that earth moved by the first few exploding boreholes will shear the remaining, unexploded detonating cord, leaving live explosives under the rubble—explosives that could detonate when heavy equipment comes to clear the muck pile, or when drilling resumes for the next shot. Black-powder fuses (favored by cinema cowboys and miners), which burn at the rate of only a yard every two minutes or so, obviously magnify the problem of rock-sheared misfires. Moreover, as anyone who has ever set off a firecracker knows, fuses can burn erratically. Even if the fuse stops spitting flame, its core may still be live, slowly making its sputtery way toward the explosive. If the estimated time of a fuse-initiated detonation passes without the shot firing—a situation called hangfire—experts suggest waiting anywhere from half an hour to a full day before approaching the blast zone.

Human error drastically compounds the risk: detonating cord used as a belt or shoelaces, or to tie equipment onto the back of a truck; blasters scrimping on fuse and getting caught too close to the blast (the old saw here is "The only fast fuse is a short fuse"); caps being pounded into dynamite sticks with metal tools; failing to secure all entrances to a blasting zone; continuing to work under threat of lightning storms; and, perhaps saddest and strangest of all, not giving sufficient warning that a shot is about to be fired.

When I told Al Teller the story I had heard about detonating cord being used as a belt, he shook his head, rubbed his eyes, and uttered a short, choppy laugh. He hadn't heard of that particular incident, but he doubted whether anything he heard about blasting stupidity could surprise him anymore. He was dismayed, and though his dismay was resigned, it was not weary. Nothing about Teller is remotely weary, neither his staccato speech patterns nor his bouncy, athletic gait. In between blasting jobs, he and Jack Dasef, the vice-president of Explosives Services, conduct explosives seminars around the country, and have produced a lively, informative, detailed training manual for blasters. "For me, at least, blasters are divided into those who are taking it on as a science and a way of life and those who simply do it because they get paid to do it," he said. "There are idiots and Ph.D.s—I guess I'm in the middle. All that the idiots know how to do is put holes in the ground and pour explosives in and hope for the best. That's a blaster? You want one of those? I'll get you one: give me the key to the monkey house, some dynamite, and a cattle prod. Keep it simple. If he starts to make a mistake, I'll jab him. If he does things right, I'll give him a banana. In a year or two, we've got a powder rat; he can get a license in Washington State, and some other places. Blasting takes a great deal of work. You've got to think about it a lot. You've got logistics involved. You've got safety factors involved, vi-

GRANDMOTHER'S RUG

32″x43″ rug of useful size, hooked c. 1911 by mountain women from a design by the artist Mary Evelyn Kirk. First phase Cubism of significant original vision. Last completed work. 750.00—*Insurance appraisal.*

On days I'm not listening,
when the words escape rebellious as steam
from the snap-bean pot, hustle, answering
only to me, into lines and stanzas,
I kneel on Grandmother's hooked rug, come to rest
on a herringbone floor four flights over Manhattan,
and cup my hand around the precise green lobe,
the blood rim of an ear full of yarn sky
floating detached in a divided eternity
since 1911—two years ahead of the Armory Show—and I whisper
"Grandmom, by heavens, I'm doing it." She was so good,

so good: in 1912, she came home, Mary Evelyn Kirk,
married Mr. Hammond, who, ever after, called her
Miz Hammond, even in her dreams, she,
who bore him five live children, went to the dances
and Hot Springs, wore blue lace and gardenias,
and never painted again. And yet the artist

traded poems with me like secrets—sonnets, couplets,
villanelles tucked in with birthday checks, saying
hers were not so good—and filled the ballroom attic
with flower containers, collecting hundreds, thousands,
from all the accessible countries, England to China,
in all formalities, earthenware to Lalique,
leaping centuries, Etruscan to Steuben,
mustering them on long rows of tables
like an army of women, their necks and mouths
open in a howl to the eaves. Every morning

she tied a straw hat under her chin,
slipped an ancient egg basket on her arm,
and browsed in the gardens, selecting her palette:
roses and moonwort, dahlias and peonies,
snippets of ivy, boxwood, sorghum—even

• •

kale and eggplant had beauty. Then
she'd climb to the attic, walk up and down
between the tables, studying the containers,
choosing which mouths to give voice to. By eleven,

still-lifes supported by frogs and chicken wire,
hidden inside Delft and Limoges and Gallé,
posed on flat lacquer stands in all the rooms,
or waited in a line by the front door for judging,
a few so good, to me they're as committed
as oil to canvas, as Manet's "Pinks and Clematis,"
van Gogh's "Oleanders," the rest
captured in a steamer trunk of Blue Ribbons,
the way the meadow and the garden
reside in potpourri. Even so, the unused

cerulean blues, the cadmium yellows
entered her bones, crippling her with nagging,
complaints, hypochondria, real arthritis dwarfing her
like the bonsai trees of her Late Period;
she sculpted, pruning the roots, pinching
back and wiring shoots and branches until
they were pictures of the wind. So

on the best days, when my ear is full of sky
and the words come so good it feels the way 1911
must have felt to her, I give her a tickle.
Dancing barefoot on her rug, I planted red,
harlot toenails first in the scarlet, bourrée,
bourrée, into the beige, lopsided earth, holding
on demi-point in the eye that looks like an egg
sunny-side up and fertilized, a couple of tendus
over the ear in the windowpane dividing eternity,
and, in the field where color and line connect,
two feet off the frontal plane, the mirage
enters my legs, travels into my hips
and trunk, keeping my bones straight
and supple, and I sing loud enough to be heard in Roanoke.

—MARY STEWART HAMMOND

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bration problems. All rock is different. All buildings are different. Everything is different all the time. Blasting is a system. The best drill pattern in the world won't get you the best results unless you have a delay system that's matched to the drill pattern. The best delay system and drill pattern won't do you all that much good if you have the wrong explosive. You have to match the burden, the spacing, the delay system in the blasting caps, the shape of the thing, the geometry of it, the type of explosive, the type of rock. It all has to match."

Teller began blasting in 1959. His office at Explosives Services is a large room whose walls are covered with photographs of spectacular demolition jobs (bridges toppling into rivers, multistory buildings collapsing in on themselves), racks of technical books, and several hundred hotel- and motel-room keys from the forty-five states and half-dozen foreign countries where Al and his crew have worked: the New Stanley hotel, in Nairobi; the Hotel Colón Internacional, in Quito; the Rice Paddy Motel, in Gillett, Arkansas.

"This is a dangerous occupation," he went on. "That stuff will kill you, and, what's worse, it will kill somebody else, and that's what really scares me. We've had only one serious injury in all these years. One. And that guy did something he was told three times not to do: 'Do not leave where we tell you to stay until we come and get you.' He got curious and walked right into the shot. Fortunately, my daughter was on the job, and she yelled 'Fire in the hole!' a couple of times, and he heard her and started to run. If he hadn't, he'd have been dead. The possibility that somebody will get hurt or something will get hit keeps me in constant terror. I wouldn't want it any other way. We tell these people at the seminars that you've got to understand that you're dealing with a dangerous substance—you can kill somebody. So you've got to take no chances. No grandstanding, no gambles. Do your homework. I get on a job and I'm not all that pleasant to be around. I don't want a lot of side chatter. Just get at it and do it, and keep your mind on what you're doing. As long as everybody understands who's in charge and nobody starts not paying attention, we'll have all the horseplay you want. Later."

THE day before speaking with Teller, I had dogged Jack Dasef and Quentin Rhoton, a part-time employee of Explosives Services, for eight hours while they blasted several dozen eight-foot-diameter concrete pilings that were no longer needed on a massive construction project at the western terminus of Interstate 90, in Seattle. The pilings were inside either entrance to a tunnel that had been drilled under an abrupt rise called the Mt. Baker Ridge. When the tunnel, a third of a mile long, is finished, it will be the largest tunnel in the world built entirely in soft earth. While most tunnels are dug through hard rock, with the rock's integrity supplying its own support, the Mt. Baker Ridge tunnel, built in dark clay, requires twenty-four interlocking horizontal concrete pilings, or "drifts," for support. Each drift is nine and three-quarters feet in diameter, and they extend the length of the tunnel, forming a cylinder large enough to accommodate three levels of traffic.

On a dreary, wet, windy April day, with dirty whitecaps scudding across Lake Washington and snow thick on the mountain passes, I found myself stuck in the mud, extremely pleased that I had worn my heavy waffle-soled boots, so that I could know firsthand, thanks to the sucking ground, what it was like to walk around with a pair of concrete drifts attached to my legs. I was scraping my soles with a stick, standing on one leg, like some overweight stork, when Jack Dasef rolled up in a small green English sports car. Dasef is forty-six and has long, swept-back graying hair, bushy eyebrows, and a bank of white teeth. He came over to me with a pounding, ground-eating walk and crushed my hand in greeting. "That won't do any good," he said, pointing to my excavating efforts. "You'll just fill up again. We're sitting on a giant terminal moraine." He dug a clot of the dark-gray earth from the ground with the toe of his boot. "This is damn near pottery grade. There's Quentin. Introduce yourself, and we'll get going in a minute."

I waited for a purple-and-white dump truck and a Caterpillar 977 bulldozer to pass (construction workers are always yelling things like "Hey, Joe, bring that 977 over here," referring to two dozen tons of growling steel as casually as the rest of us might ask someone to pass the salt), and walked toward a battered Dodge Power Wagon pickup truck emblazoned with explosives placards and decals (National Rifle Association, Operation Deep Freeze, U.S. Antarctic Research Program–National Science Foundation) to shake hands with Quentin Rhoton, a former lighting technician for the country-rock band Country Joe and the Fish and now, in addition to his work with Dasef and Teller, a carpenter and fireworks-display technician. Quentin, forty-two, with a gray beard and mustache, wore a single garnet ear stud. "I got it on my way to Antarctica, where I did some blasting work for the National Science Foundation," he said. "Bought it in New Zealand. That whole country is a half-price sale."

PLAYED MY CARDS WRONG

The first of the five shots Jack and Quentin would set off that day was just inside the eastern end of the tunnel. They would be using eight-inch sticks of dynamite. "We could use ammonium-nitrate prills if we wanted, with sticks as a detonator," Jack said. "On this concrete, you could use almost anything. We just don't want to carry fifty-pound sacks of blasting agent around."

The boreholes—a dozen of them—had already been drilled into the pilings and their mouths stuffed with paper and plastic to keep loose dirt from falling in. Working from a previously diagrammed drill pattern, Jack and Quentin began loading. Jack squatted by a borehole, while Quentin stood next to separate boxes of dynamite and blasting caps. Each blasting cap has a number that refers to the specific millisecond delay the cap is engineered to produce when the electrical charge passes through a circuit. The electricity reaches all the caps virtually simultaneously, and these delays allow for great precision in aiming the shattered rock. If the blaster, for example, wants most of the debris from a rectangular burden to fall toward a certain area—say, the north edge of a rectangle—he places the caps with the shortest millisecond delay in the explosives along that edge. As he moves south, he uses caps with longer and longer delays. The later blasts push rock toward the rock already broken. Although these patterns can become extremely intricate, the pattern in the tunnel was relatively simple, involving only three or four different delays.

"Give me a zero, Quent."

Quentin reached for a stick of dynamite, then found the correct cap in his neatly laid out accessories. He handed both to Jack, who inserted the cap in the dynamite using a non-sparking punch. He further secured the cap by tying its leg wires around the stick with a couple of half hitches, before slowly fishing the stick down the hole. "The dynamite protects the cap. The cap is the thing you have to be careful with," Jack said.

"O.K., Quent. Give me—oh, three."

"A No. 3?"

"No. Three sticks." Quentin handed the sticks over, and Jack lowered them down the hole. On to the next.

"Quent, give me a 2."

"Comin' up."

"Now give me two more sticks."

"You got 'em."

After each hole was loaded, it was stemmed with available dirt. The protruding leg wires were connected in a circuit, red to red, yellow to yellow, and attached to the shot line, which extended fifty yards east of the tunnel mouth. A huge Caterpillar bulldozer approached, holding aloft a fifteen-by-twenty-foot blasting mat made of industrial conveyor belts and truck-tire strips woven into lengths of three-sixteenths-inch cable. The mat, swaying as the Cat rumbled over the uneven ground, was draped over the loaded boreholes, while Jack, Quentin, a half-dozen workers, and I gathered behind a pickup truck, where Jack would set off the blast. The tunnel was cleared of workers and construction vehicles, and Jack checked the circuit.

"We hot?" Quentin asked.

"Yeah, we're hot," Jack replied.

We crouched behind the truck.

"Get real low, boys," a foreman said. "We got the New York *Tribune* here taking all *kinds* of notes."

"Are you going to yell 'Fire in the hole'?" I asked Jack.

Everyone looked a little embarrassed by the question.

"It's a little, uh, old-fashioned," Jack said. "Like yelling 'Timber!' I mean, you hardly ever hear anyone yelling 'Timber!' anymore. We yell 'Fire!' on occasion. And I guess this is an occasion.

"Fire in the hole!"

The blasting mat,

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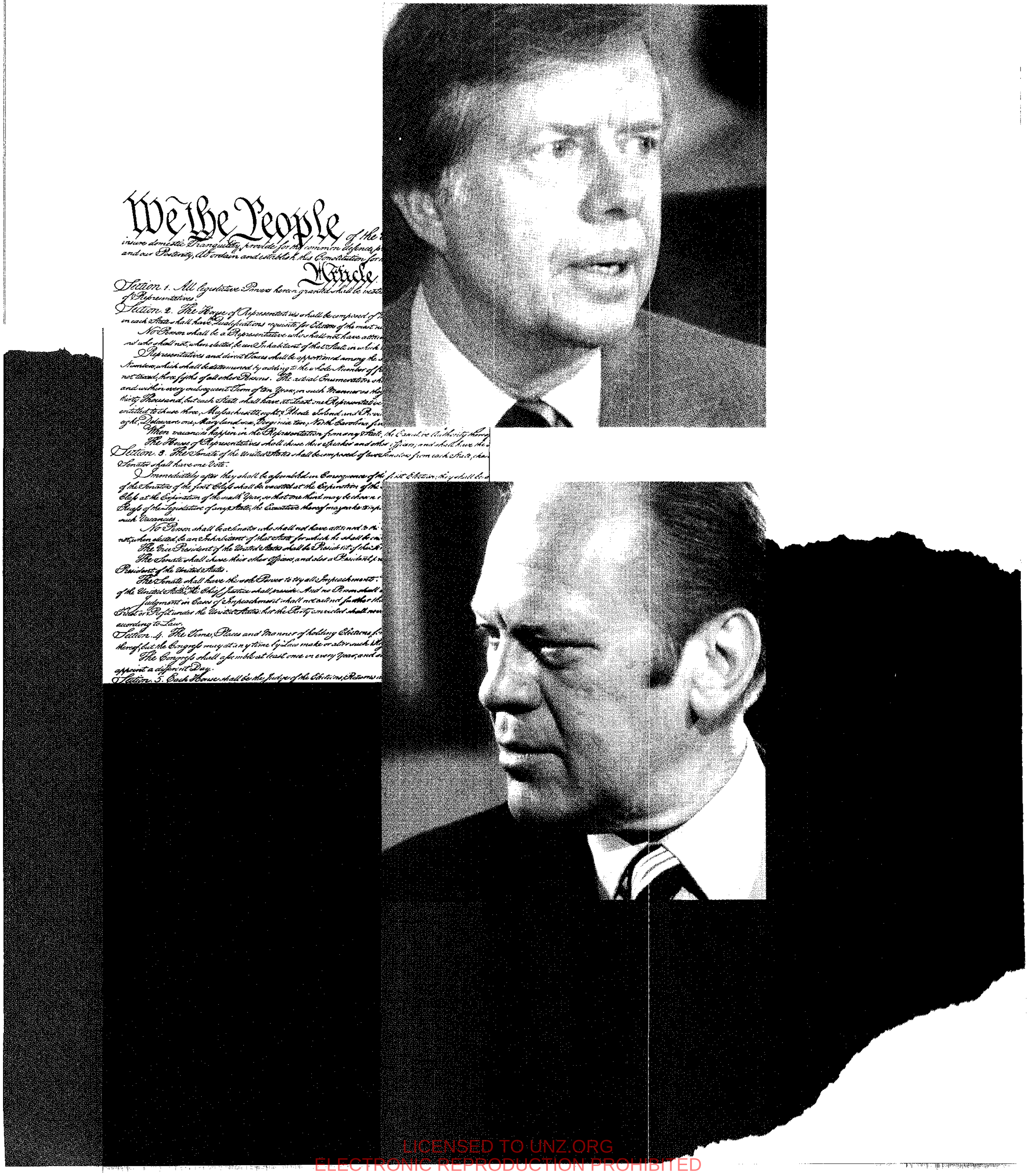

We the People of the
insure domestic Tranquility, provide for the common defence, p
and our Posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for

Article

Section. 1. All legislative Powers herein granted shall be veste
of Representatives.
Section. 2. The House of Representatives shall be composed of
in each State shall have the Qualifications requisite for Electors of the most nu
No Person shall be a Representative who shall not have attai
and who shall not, when elected, be an Inhabitant of that State in which
Representatives and direct Taxes shall be apportioned among the
Numbers, which shall be determined by adding to the whole Number of f
not taxed, three fifths of all other Persons. The actual Enumeration sh
and within every subsequent Term of ten Years, in such Manner as they
thirty Thousand, but each State shall have at Least one Representative
entitled to chuse three, Maſsachusetts eight, Rhode Island and Provi
eight, Delaware one, Maryland six, Virginia ten, North Carolina fi
When vacancies happen in the Representation from any State, the Executive Authority there
The House of Representatives shall chuse their Speaker and other Officers; and shall have the
Section. 3. The Senate of the United States shall be composed of two Senators from each State, cha
Senator shall have one Vote.
Immediately after they shall be aſsembled in Consequence of the first Election, they shall be
of the Senators of the first Claſs shall be vacated at the Expiration of the
Claſs at the Expiration of the sixth Year, so that one third may be chosen
Receſs of the Legislature of any State, the Executive thereof may make temp
such Vacancies.
No Person shall be a Senator who shall not have attained to the
not, when elected, be an Inhabitant of that State for which he shall be c
The Vice President of the United States shall be President of the
The Senate shall chuse their other Officers, and also a President p
President of the United States.
The Senate shall have the sole Power to try all Impeachments.
of the United States is tried, the Chief Justice shall preside: And no Person shall
Judgment in Cases of Impeachment shall not extend further th
Trust or Profit under the United States: but the Party convicted shall nev
according to Law.
Section. 4. The Times, Places and Manner of holding Elections f
thereof but the Congreſs may at any time by Law make or alter such Re
The Congreſs shall aſsemble at least once in every Year, and s
appoint a different Day.
Section. 5. Each House shall be the Judge of the Elections, Returns a

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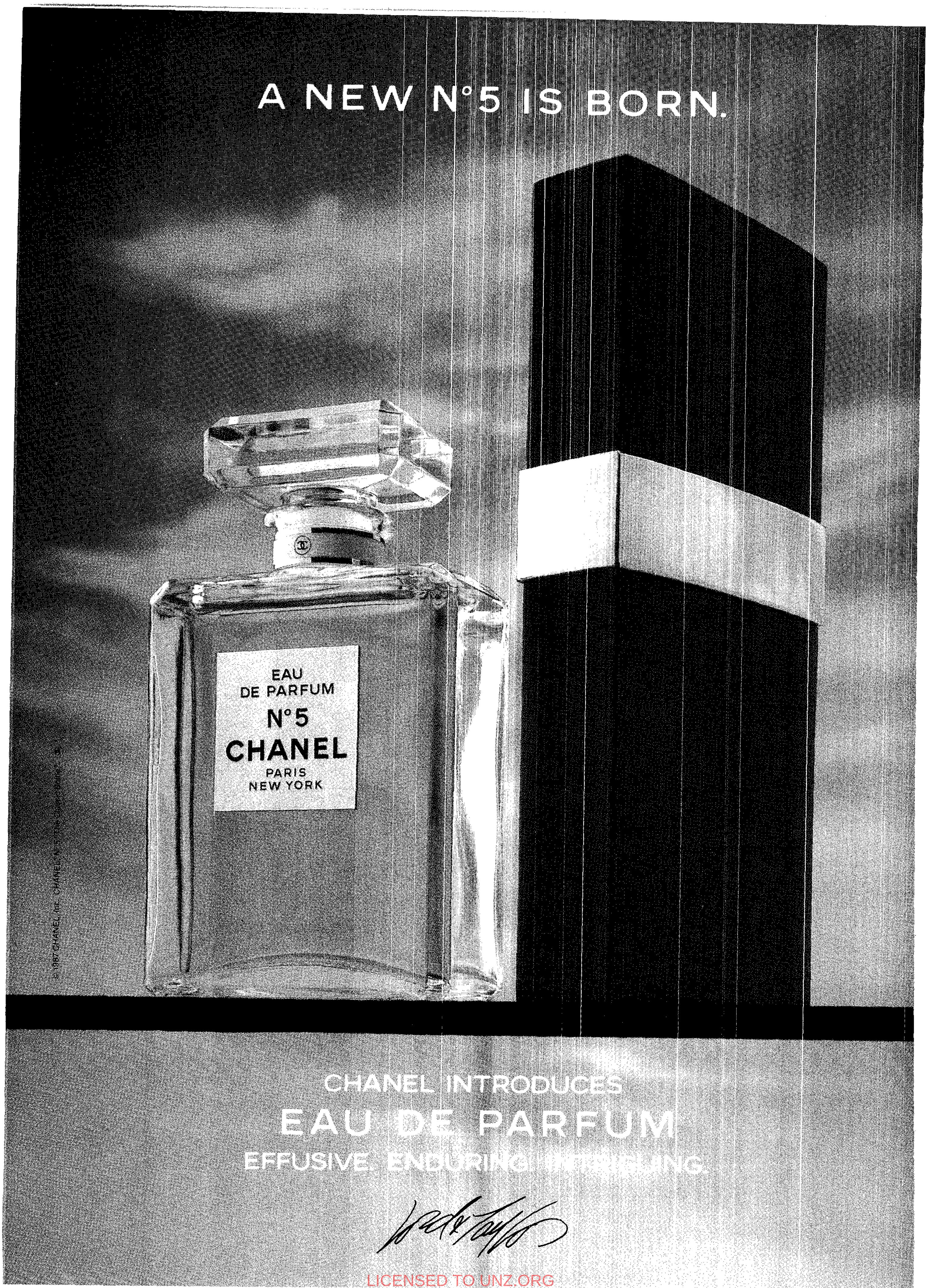
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“*Goodbye, Howard. I’m returning to the business sector.*”

which weighed at least a ton, lifted and flopped like a hooked fish, then settled back down as a few bits of flyrock shot against the tunnel wall. The sound of the blast began with a crack and turned into a bloated boom, which caromed off the walls to the far end of the tunnel. The thick concrete walls seemed to vibrate like drumskins. I made a move toward the tunnel; then I felt Jack’s hand on my shoulder. “We better wait a bit. The fumes are still in there.”

Smoke and dust had drifted about halfway to the tunnel’s ceiling. Then, like a genie coming out of a lamp, the cloud moved toward us, and was swept up into the sky at the tunnel’s mouth.

“That broke real good,” Jack said, as we inspected the blast site.

“Yep,” Quentin said. “It’s pretty. Damn, we do good work.”

We headed back to the pickup, where I brought out a pack of cigarettes and reached for some matches.

“I’d rather you didn’t light that,” Quentin said softly, nodding toward the two hundred pounds of dynamite in the truck bed. “It isn’t this powder that I’m worried about so much as those caps in the cab.”

“Of course, there’s one thing,” Jack said. “If it went, you’d never hear it.”

“No, but they sure as hell would in Bellevue,” Quentin said, pointing toward the Seattle suburb a few miles to the east, across Lake Washington.

By day’s end, Jack and Quentin had set off all five shots, at both ends of the tunnel, while the wind and rain funnelled through from the west. They had loaded fifty holes with two hundred and fifty-four sticks of dynamite, directing each other in a verbal shorthand so minimal that it bordered on the telepathic. There was a deliberate, ready concentration about the work. They were like surgeons in an operating room. Call for a cap; insert it into a stick; slide the stick down the hole; load the rest of the sticks; stem; tie in the circuit; keep shooing Bear, a huge dog adopted by the construction crew; pay no attention to the near-constant stream of trucks and other heavy equipment lumbering through the tunnel; clear the tunnel; find shelter; CRACK! BOOM! BOOm! BOom! Boom! boom!; “Give me a one, Quent;” red leg wire to red leg wire; yellow leg wire to yellow leg wire; “We hot?” With every shot, Jack made notes on paper attached to a clipboard, recording the number of holes, the charge in each hole, the design of the shot.

“People think this is dangerous,” he had said as we broke, briefly, for coffee. “It is. But one time I’m up in the Aleutians on a job, and some guy asks me what I do. I tell him, and he shakes his head—‘Geez, that’s dangerous.’ I ask him what he does. ‘I’m a crab fisherman,’ he says. Ever seen that ocean up there? It’s all in your definition of ‘dangerous,’ I guess.”

At the end of the day, Jack and Quentin, who were as cold and tired and hungry as I was, methodically made an inventory of their remaining caps and dynamite.

“It’s too bad you couldn’t be around when we do some building demolition,” Jack said. “That structural work—it’s something to watch. The trouble with this”—his hand swept in the direction of the tunnel—“is that, well, rock just doesn’t swing.”

THERE are blasters and there are blasters. A couple of months before the day I spent with Jack and Quentin, I attended a two-day blasting seminar in Butte, Montana, held to satisfy part of the state’s newly instituted blasters’-licensing requirements. At the end of the first day—eight hours of no-nonsense sessions on techniques, safety, and explosives innovations—I spoke with two blasters, each of whom had been in the business a dozen years or so. No two-day seminar would ever help them. A two-week, or a two-year, seminar might not even be enough.

I asked them what they had learned from the day.

“Hell, you know what you know,” one said. “If I have a shot to make, I just go up to the son of a bitch, throw some sticks in the son of a bitch, and blow the son of a bitch up.”

The other was a bit more thoughtful. “Well,” he said, “I think that you do enjoy your job more if you know a little bit about what it is you’re doing.”

STORY goes something like this. An old boy brings his boat up to his favorite lake, and just as he’s about to head out for a day of angling a fellow comes up to him and asks if he wants a little company. That's fine, and the two of them find themselves soon enough in some kind of Heaven—sun's warm, water's clear, there's a decent rise. In the stern, the old boy is casting, waiting, casting, waiting, generally lost in the contentment of pure pursuit. Suddenly, there's a loud crack, a high spray of water off starboard, followed by a huge bubble, widening ripples, and, before long, hundreds of trout floating awkwardly on the water's surface.

"What the . . .!" the old boy says, and he turns to see the other fellow reaching out with a big net for the fish, a couple of sticks of dynamite at his feet.

"You can't do that!"

The fellow continues his scooping.

"It's unsportsmanlike!"

The fellow continues scooping.

"You're wrecking the lake!"

The fellow continues scooping.

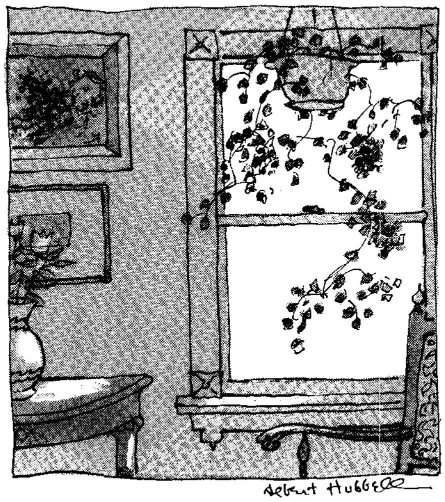
"It's against the law!"

The fellow stops his scooping, brings his net into the boat, reaches down to light the fuse on another stick of dynamite. He hands the spitting stick to the old boy and says, "Look, buddy, you want to talk or you want to fish?"

Dynamite fishing, or fishing with "Atlas spinners" or "Hercules night crawlers" (references to two large explosives companies), was already being deplored in newspaper editorials a century ago. Still a problem in the Philippines, in Nigerian lakes, and off the Tanzanian coast, it is not the only criminal use to which dynamite and its fellow-explosives have been put. If dynamite is capable of breaking the rock needed to build a dam, it is obviously just as capable of reducing that dam to broken rock. Over the years, dynamite has seen action as a superspecial firecracker on the Fourth of July ("We'd been drinking a little too much brave-up," a geologist told me. "We had a stick we'd swiped from a railroad shack, and we set it off in a vacant lot in the middle of this little town. Nobody got hurt, but the cops got pretty stern about firecrackers in general after that"); as a booby trap for troublesome bears (a couple of pounds of raw hamburger packed around a dynamite stick, leg wires buried, and the blaster hiding nearby); and as a handy way of preserving racial separation. (In the late nineteen-fifties and early sixties, some fifty dynamite bombs exploded in a white residential neighborhood in Birmingham, Alabama, where blacks were trying to buy homes. The area became known as Dynamite Hill, Birmingham became known as Bombingham, and in 1977, fourteen years after a bomb killed four black girls in a Birmingham church, a Ku Klux Klan member named Dynamite Bob Chambliss was convicted of their murder.)

When Butch Cassidy and his Wild Bunch held up the Overland Flyer in Wilcox, Wyoming, in 1899 and encountered a defiant express-car clerk, they simply lit some dynamite and blew a good part of the car from under him. The car's strongbox proved just as defiant, and they tackled it in the same manner. It was a half-smart move at best. Their overloaded charge created a terrific amount of flyrock, in the form of thirty thousand dollars' worth of bonds and paper currency.

Dynamite also found favor with mine salters. A single stick, laid over with a few pinches of gold dust and detonated, would pepper mine-shaft walls with such a random sprinkling of the shiny stuff that a prospective buyer might think that only God could be responsible. Other outlaws were more forthright. The first bank robber to use explosives was Langdon Moore, who, in 1866, frustrated by intricate locking systems and safes with impossibly thick walls, drilled a hole in the strongbox of a Staten Island factory and blew the door off its hinges with five ounces of black powder. Other "puff-and-rod men" began using "soup"—straight nitroglycerin—for the same purpose. The oil was obtained by the dicey practice of boiling sticks of dynamite and gathering the explosive skim into vials. A teaspoonful or so was poured into a small funnel stuffed into the crack between a safe's door and its sill; the pooled oil was then detonated with a cap and fuse. Safemakers eventually responded with extremely tight-fitting doors, which made it impossible to insert even the narrowest funnel.



Dynamite was recognized early as a bluntly effective and, in some circles, heroic equalizer. Charles Munroe, an eminent American chemist of the first decades of this century, wrote in an introduction to Arthur Van Gelder and Hugo Schlatter's "History of Industrial Explosives in America":

> While it is true that explosives . . . were seized upon by, and have served, tyrants, despots, desperadoes and ruffians . . . they have proved essentially democratizing agents, for they have given assurance to the timid; they have armed the weak with strength; they have tended, for defensive and offensive purposes, to bring men of the most widely different physical prowess to a condition of equality. Through them the voice of the people is heard.

One who would have agreed was Albert Parsons, an editor of the anarchist journal *Alarm*. Parsons was eventually hanged for involvement in the Haymarket bombing of 1886; in an article the year before, he had written:

> DYNAMITE! Of all the good stuff, that is the stuff! Stuff several pounds of this sublime stuff into an inch pipe . . . plug up both ends, insert a cap with a fuse attached, place this in the immediate vicinity of a lot of rich loafers who live by the sweat of other people's brows, and light the fuse. A most cheerful and gratifying result will follow. In giving dynamite to the downtrodden millions of the globe, science has done its best work.

Dynamite has played a central part in some of the more conspicuous political battles in America over the years. Besides being used in the Haymarket bombing, dynamite was evidently what blew up the building of the anti-union Los Angeles *Times* in 1910, killing twenty of the newspaper's employees and derailing the Socialist Job Harriman's campaign for mayor. Dynamiting was a common strategy in American labor warfare. In Western mining towns, the explosive was available by the trainload. In Butte, Montana, miners from various factions engaged in tunnel warfare, exploding dynamite in shafts far below the surface. At least a hundred and fifty dynamite bombings occurred between 1905 and 1910, in an extended firefight between American ironworkers and the National Erectors' Association. In 1912, fifty-four members of several American Federation of Labor ironworking affiliates were indicted in Indianapolis in what was known as the Dynamite Conspiracy. Thirty-eight of them were convicted, on assorted charges,

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and the ironworkers' union responded by reëlecting its president, who was in prison at the time. One editorial called the reëlection a "direct incitement to dynamiting." Louis Adamic, in his book "Dynamite: The Story of Class Violence in America," estimated that there were hundreds, perhaps thousands, of dynamite specialists in union and racketeering ranks in the early years of this century. No one knew quite how to refer to these types. Robert Louis Stevenson, in "The Superfluous Mansion," a tale about a woebegone anarchist, declared: "Any writard who writes dynamitard shall find in me a never-resting fightard." He could understand "dynamitist," he added, but his preference was "dynamiter."

Dynamite's democratic qualities—its cheapness, compactness, availability, and essential simplicity—have also made it attractive to various apolitical kooks. In January, 1918, one W. W. Quinn, of Queenstown, Maryland, addressed a postcard to the Du Pont powder works. "Dear Sir," the card began,

> I am writing to know if you have or can make dinamite bums to explode in a second or to by a hammer exploding a cap my chickens have been stolen I would like to rig a string to a hammer on the barn I can rig the hammer the dinamite will explode in a second or to.

Another trap for thieves involves hollowing out a piece of firewood and putting a dynamite stick in it. When the wood thief burns the log, it explodes. And recently, a victim of several thefts in Anaconda, Montana, rigged his vacuum cleaner, a green Hoover upright, with sticks of dynamite wired to detonate when the machine was switched on by a thief. Sure enough, the Hoover was stolen. Despite such alarming headlines as "POLICE ON LOOKOUT FOR KILLER VACUUM," the infernal machine is still missing.

When dynamite first appeared on the scene, it seemed a natural for every variety of bomber, mad or otherwise. Its limitations have emerged over the years. Black powder, though both less powerful and less water-resistant than dynamite, is easy to buy, and homemade black-powder contraptions like pipe bombs are cheaper than dynamite. Thomas Keane, a retired agent of the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms, told me, "A pipe bomb is the cheapest device you can make. You can go out to the local hardware store and buy everything—the pipe, the end caps, the black powder itself, probably, and something to make the fuse with—in about twenty minutes. If you have to buy something, you go for what is available and what is cheapest. I suppose that terrorists have budgets like the rest of us." But lack of availability is probably the main factor in dynamite's declining use in bombing incidents. In 1985, black powder accounted for twenty-three per cent of all explosives incidents, according to A.T.F. figures, while dynamite was used in only nine per cent. Whether dynamite remains available or not, however, bombings will go on. Another A.T.F. official observed, "Dynamite use in illegal incidents will decrease as dynamite is used less in legal activities. There will be less chance to steal it. In Northern Ireland, for example, where dynamite is very difficult to obtain, they have experienced an increased use of ammonium-nitrate blasting-agent explosions."

IT does not take long for an inquiring outsider to realize that through every level of the explosives business—whether it is a trade organization, the

East meets best. Roya

F.B.I., the A.T.F., manufacturers, representatives and technical advisers for manufacturers, distributors, or individual blasters—runs a wide seam of caution. There is no good reason, for example, for anyone but a blaster and his foreman to know the site of an explosives storage magazine. At a demolition job on Montana State Highway 200 at Rainbow Bend, I asked one of the blasters the whereabouts of the magazine, and he quietly changed the subject. When I asked a distributor the same question, he said only, "There's a few of them out of town." On a visit to the IRECO dynamite plant outside Bessemer, Alabama, I asked a staff engineer what was down a certain well-used dirt road; he shook the question off. "Garages, some sheds, nothing much. We're spread all over here," he said. Theoretical questions—Why would a certain explosive work better in a certain situation than another explosive? Can nitroglycerin be neutralized chemically? How much damage would a single stick of dynamite cause if it were detonated in a typical living room? Would a stick of dynamite detonate in a campfire? Or if a car ran over it?—are also left unanswered, because of the industry's reluctance to loose information on the non-expert world, where anyone at all might make use of it.

The governmental standard-bearers of such Hamiltonian attitudes are the F.B.I. and the A.T.F. They not only distrust the explosives-using public, they distrust each other. Basically, the F.B.I. investigates explosives incidents occurring on federal property (including national forests and Indian reservations) and those involving federal employees or terrorist groups. The A.T.F., which became formally involved in explosives investigations about seventeen years ago, has jurisdiction over all other incidents. The F.B.I. dealt with nearly a thousand explosives incidents in the United States during 1985, as well as a couple of hundred firebombings, which together resulted in thirty-three deaths and nearly eight million dollars' worth of property damage. In the same year, the A.T.F. investigated over twenty-two hundred incidents (including attempted bombings); these incidents resulted in a hundred and four deaths and twenty-six million dollars' worth of property damage. In addition, the A.T.F. estimated that over sixteen tons of explosives were stolen in 1985, most of which were not recovered. The total number of incidents cannot be found by simply adding the two sets of figures, because in some of the incidents—especially those involving suspected terrorist activities—jurisdiction was not immediately apparent, and preliminary investigations were made by both organizations. Coöperation would seem beneficial in these activities, but though there is a good amount of information sharing, particularly in the area of laboratory analysis, I could not quite shake the suspicion, after talking to several members of both organizations, that in many instances competition takes precedence over concert.

No one at the F.B.I. ever mentioned the existence of the A.T.F. unless comment was solicited, nor did anyone there give me any reason to doubt that the F.B.I.'s Hazardous Devices School, in Huntsville, Alabama, was the only bomb-education center in the country. The A.T.F., as it turns out, runs an extensive facility near Glynco, Georgia, which deals primarily with post-explosion investigation techniques. The A.T.F. suffers from a severe inferiority complex because of

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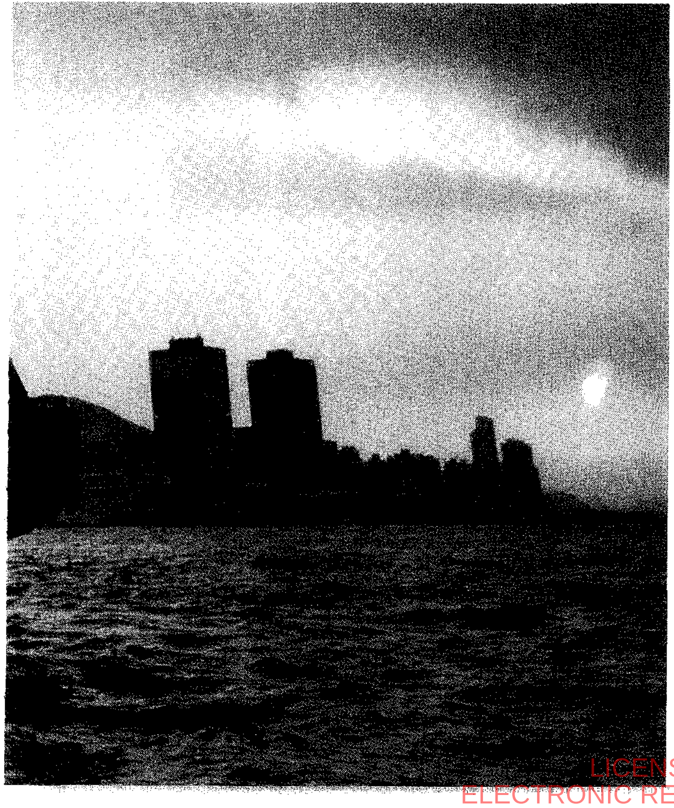

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its bigger and better-publicized brother, whom A.T.F. employees refer to as "the feebs." They take great pains to point out that the A.T.F.'s roots extend from the Whiskey Rebellion through Eliot Ness, of "The Untouchables." ("You probably thought he was an F.B.I. guy," Tom Hill, of the A.T.F.'s public-affairs branch, told me, with some exasperation.)

Most bomb-disposal work in the United States is done by local law-enforcement officers trained at the Huntsville facility. Before I visited the school, which is on the grounds of the Army's Redstone Arsenal, Robert Quigley, the chief of the F.B.I.'s Bomb Data Center, in Washington, warned me that I might be disappointed in the amount of information I got. "I can talk about the Huntsville school in a historical context, but we have to be careful speaking of our methods, our render-safe procedures," he said. "We can assume that someone using an I.E.D."—an improvised explosive device—"can read, so we are touchy on techniques, but not as touchy on the fact that the school exists."

George Warren, the school's director, proved a bit touchier on that fact. I told him, upon my arrival, that the school was a tough place to track down. The guards at the arsenal gates professed to have no idea where it was, and three requests for directions from people standing within a few hundred yards of it had drawn blanks. Warren, a gray-haired man wearing metal-framed glasses and an F.B.I. tie clasp, took a sip of coffee from a large white mug with "GEORGE WARREN" inscribed on it in block blue letters, and smiled. "We're a low-profile organization," he said. "Ninety per cent of Huntsville doesn't even know we're here, and that's the way we'd like to keep it. The technical aspects of our operation we regard as sensitive. If the students tell someone on television how they defused a bomb, or found it in the first place, then the next time they try to do it, it won't work. They keep quiet as a matter of survival." Warren was not in a very good mood. A few months earlier, two graduates of the school had been killed by a bomb in Los Angeles, and the Los Angeles *Times* had written a story about the bomb school which Warren, for unspecified reasons, had thought unfair.

Being the director of a near-invisible school with closemouthed graduates has other public-relations headaches, too. "If we do our job right, no one ever hears about it," he said. "If we do our job right, then no one thinks there's reason for concern, and it's hard to get equipment and funding. You never hear about the bombs that don't go off because we get to them."

"I wouldn't know, I guess."

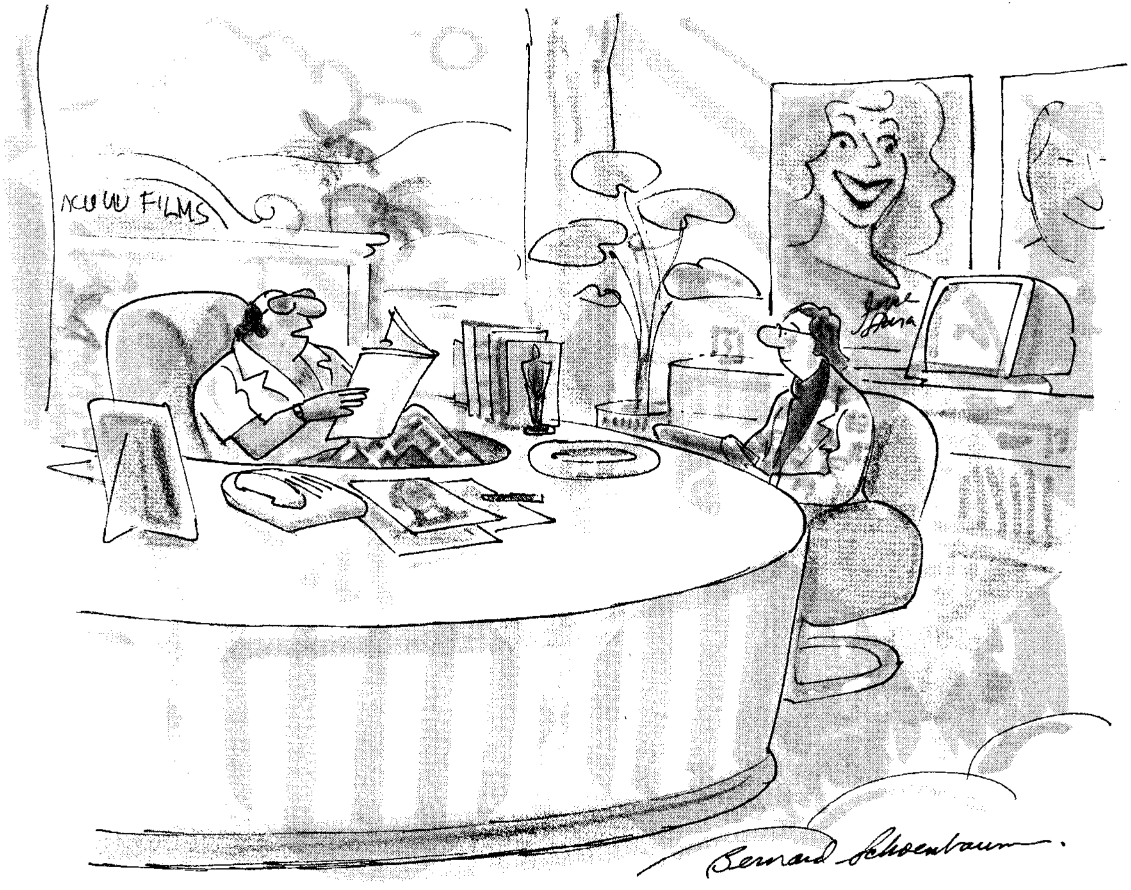
"Well, did you ever hear about the Gulf Oil extortion business?"

"No."

"Well, there," he said.

"No one aspect of explosives training here has precedence over any other," Warren continued. "But the type of work the students do after they leave the school depends on where they live. In an urban area, they might be running across three or four devices a day to defuse. We are finding more and more booby-trapped marijuana fields and narcotics labs in rural areas these days, though. If a person builds more than one I.E.D., there is a good chance he will die doing it. Our people are school-trained. Bombers are amateurs."

When the subject of books containing recipes for I.E.D.s comes up—literature referred to as "burn and blow" books—experts like Warren generally sigh, shake their heads, and march forward in a sort of constitutional lockstep, saying that while they would prefer that these books didn't exist, the First Amendment guarantees their right to be published. Books such as Kurt Saxon's "The Poor Man's James Bond" or William Powell's "The Anarchist Cookbook" or Tim Lewis's "Kitchen Improvised Plastic Explosives" or Johann Most's 1884 primer "Science of Revolutionary Warfare—A Manual of Instruction in the Use and Preparation of Nitroglycerine, Dynamite, Gun-Cotton, Fulminating Mercury, Bombs, Fuses, Poisons, Etc." are frighteningly explicit. Powell's book, for example, says, "The next recipe is for nitroglycerin. . . . (1) Fill a 75-milliliter beaker, to the 13-ml level, with fuming red nitric acid," and con-

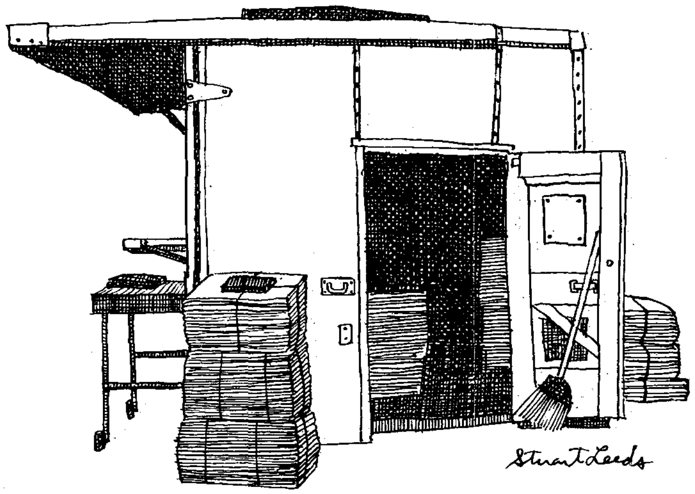


"I'm afraid we can't chance it, Barry. It's never been done."

tinues, with warnings all the way, to describe a very crude nitration process, concluding with the italicized caveat "*Know what you are doing before you do it.*" Good advice, it seems, considering the rough-hewn nature of the information provided.

During a brief and reluctantly given tour of the school grounds, I felt I was on a rapidly moving sidewalk. Warren and I peeked into a room storing some robot bomb-disposal devices, paused for a few seconds near a bomb-disposal truck used for hauling explosive devices to safe areas (it looked like a six-wheel flatbed truck with a diving bell on the back), and rushed through a classroom with green cinder-block walls and an extensive collection of explosives paraphernalia. (I was not allowed to meet with any students, though Warren told me I might catch them in the evenings at a local motel watering spot.) The one place where I was allowed to linger was a hallway decorated with what Warren described as "the best police-patch collection in the country." Several hundred patches from various law-enforcement agencies were displayed in a long line of glass cases. There were patches from every state in the Union (a San Francisco bomb-squad patch read "Veni, Vidi, Verri": "I came, I saw, I swept out") and from Belgium, Germany, Australia, Indonesia, Israel, South Africa, and Canada. A Canadian patch bore a caped anarchist, with the words "Le Bombe Squad" underneath. Warren also directed my attention, with some relish, to a color photograph of the corpse of a young man who, showing off for his girlfriend, had lit an M-80 firecracker (four grams of explosive) in his mouth and neglected to remove it.

My tour completed, Warren became quite insistent that I show him my notes once they were typed. I refused just as adamantly, and left, heading back to the center of town. Maybe it was the oppressive heat of the afternoon, the sight of one run-over animal after another along the highway, or the half hour I spent trying to maneuver through Huntsville—an uncoördinated sprawl of fast-food restaurants, motor lodges, and muffler shops—that had put me off my feed. Or perhaps it was the quasi-military atmosphere of the Hazardous Devices School (Warren had not asked for my notes so much as ordered me to show them), or the fact that I had spent an entire morning talking to someone who felt he had to put his first *and* last name on his coffee cup, but I was an hour and a half down the road before I began to relax, before I stopped looking in the rearview mirror convinced that someone was following me.



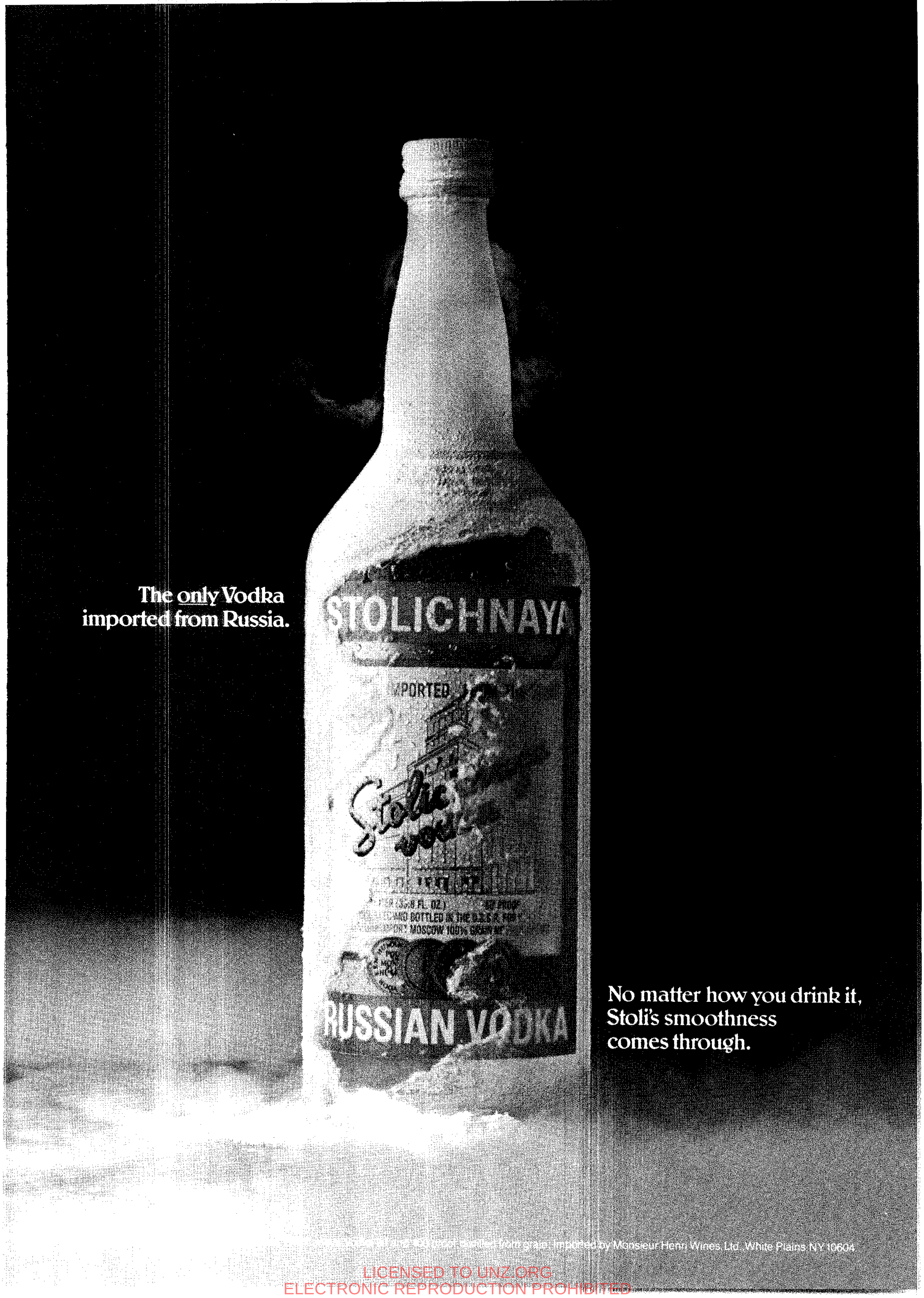
ON April 16, 1947, stevedores in Texas City, Texas, near Galveston, had loaded the freighter Grandcamp with bags of a dry fertilizer made of ammonium nitrate when they discovered smoke in one of the holds. Unable to locate the fire itself, they decided to close the hatches and pump steam into the hold, hoping to smother the fire. It was entirely the wrong thing to do. Not only does ammonium nitrate contain more than enough oxygen to perpetuate its own combustion but the steam increased the thermal instability of the fertilizer, which, bagged hot, had begun feeding on carbonaceous fuels—the heavy paper-bag containers and a paraffin coating used to prevent caking.

The fire burned for an hour before it zoomed from deflagration to detonation, in an explosion that demolished the Grandcamp and set off explosions in a Monsanto chemical plant onshore. The eruption—a "pluperfect hell," as one eyewitness described it—knocked two small planes from the air, shook the earth two hundred miles away, killed more than five hundred and fifty people, injured three thousand, and was estimated to have caused at least fifty million dollars' worth of damage. In addition, by drawing the attention of American chemists to the tremendous potential of ammonium-nitrate explosives it altered the very foundation of modern blasting.

Dynamite, which had dominated the industry for nearly eighty years, would do so for just a few years longer. By 1960, ammonium-nitrate-based explosives had outpaced dynamite in the market, and the gap has continued to widen. Ammonium nitrate, the impressive newcomer, had actually been lingering on the sidelines for years. In fact, the first blasting agent, Ammoniakkrut (eighty per cent ammonium nitrate and twenty per cent charcoal), was patented by two Swedes in 1867, the same year that Nobel patented dynamite. But the mixture was difficult to detonate with the primitive blasting caps then in use, and ammonium nitrate became one of the many active dopes used to boost Nobel's original blend of kieselguhr and nitroglycerin. Later, ammonium nitrate was combined with TNT (trinitrotoluene) to create the important First World War munition called amatol.

In 1935, Du Pont introduced Nitramon, the first commercially significant blasting agent. Nitramon—ammonium nitrate mixed with paraffin and DNT (dinitrotoluene)—was sold in metal cylinders that could be fastened together and placed in boreholes. Du Pont was onto something. Blasting agents are not only much less expensive than dynamite but also less sensitive to detonation by shock, friction, or heat, and therefore much safer to manufacture, transport, and store. Blasting agents are generally not cap-sensitive; a blasting agent needs a high explosive to initiate it. That high explosive might be a stick of dynamite (as in the job at Rainbow Bend), or a cast military explosive with a simple blasting cap embedded in it. In addition, blasting agents do not have the vasodilatory effect of dynamite: they do not cause fierce, debilitating headaches, as nitroglycerin-based explosives do.

The Texas City disaster suggested another possibility. Perhaps neither DNT nor rigid containers were necessary for ammonium-nitrate explosives. Both were expensive, and the containers weakened the force of a blast if they didn't conform perfectly to the size of the borehole. If the right combination of ammonium nitrate and carbon could be found, blasters would have not only a safe, economical explosive but one that could be poured, like sand, to fill the borehole com-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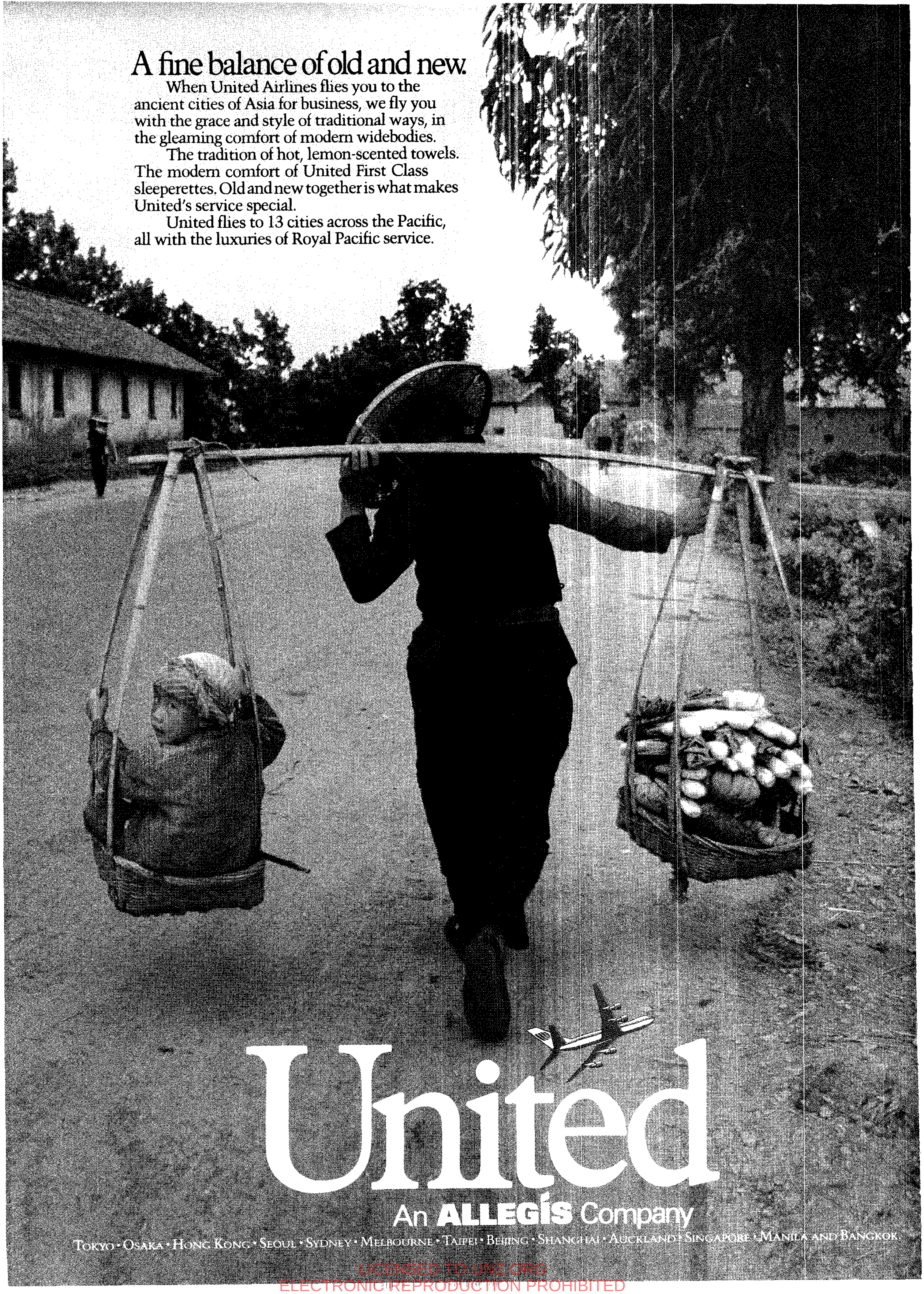

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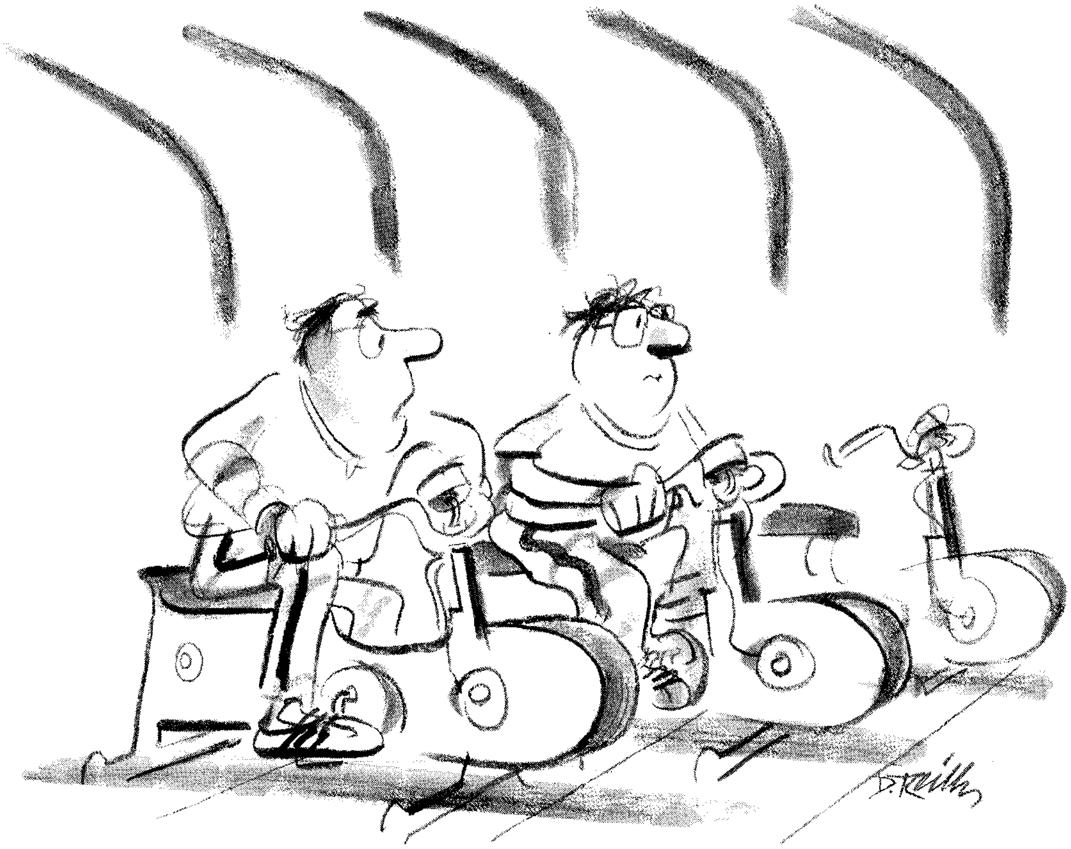

"Over the years together, we've worked out who we are. She's wonderful, and I'm difficult."

• •

pletely. The first candidates for carbonaceous matter—ground coal, coal dust, coal dust and a little crankcase oil to keep the dust settled—worked well enough, but produced inefficient, very smoky detonations. The answer—porous BB-size ammonium-nitrate prills sprayed with fuel oil—ushered in a new era in commercial blasting.

The greatest disadvantage of these so-called dry blasting agents—known collectively as ANFO (for ammonium nitrate/fuel oil)—is their extremely poor water resistance. Since much industrial blasting is done in wet boreholes—"wet" refers to anything from dampness to pooled, seeping, or even running water—and since open-pit mines, for instance, often get wetter as they go deeper, this is no small problem. In the mid nineteen-fifties, the idea of wet blasting agents arose. The concept was startling—to take something that doesn't detonate when it becomes wet and, by making it wet to begin with, create a reliably water-resistant explosive. Ammonium nitrate and various sensitizers were mixed with water, then thickened with a gum, and cross-linked to make them water-impervious, usually with a boron compound. Wet blasting agents, or slurries, have consistencies ranging from free-flowing liquids to cohesive wet-dough gels. They have all the advantages of dry blasting agents—economy, safety, convenience—and are also both water-resistant and denser: more pounds of explosives can be placed in the borehole. Dry blasting agents are still excellent for big dry-ground jobs—strip-mining coal on arid prairies, for instance—but in harder, wetter ground, such as iron-ore fields in northern Minnesota, slurries are preferable.

In 1974, Du Pont, then the largest American producer of dynamite, startled the explosives industry by announcing a two-year phase-out of its entire line of nitroglycerin-based commercial explosives. The company's replacement for dynamite was a slurry called Tovex, available in sausagelike packages or in bulk. In one of Tovex's first large-scale applications, the construction of the Alaska pipeline, it did not fare well—in part because of the intense cold. Instead, millions of pounds of dynamite, delivered by the planeload, did the job. Since then, slurries have been developed which detonate reliably in temperatures well below zero, but these are still relatively costly; slurries are beginning to be used in underground coal mines as well, and new products, including dense oil-and-water slurries, are being developed. State-of-the-art slurry-delivery systems are safer than anything that has gone before. They consist of large tank trucks with separate hoppers containing nonexplosive ingredients, which are pumped from the truck into the borehole. The essential cross-linking and gelling ingredients are added at the last minute; the mixture slides down the borehole as a liquid and turns into a gooey explosive paste only after it is in the ground.

In 1957, dynamite accounted for nearly ninety-five per cent of all explosives sold in the United States. By 1985, its share of the market had dropped to less than four per cent, while that of dry blasting agents had risen to eighty-seven per cent. In less than thirty years, the use of explosives has quadrupled, but dynamite sales have dropped from about a billion pounds per year to just under a hundred and fifty million. Although any reference to the "death" of dynamite elicits vehement denials from many in the explosives industry, the consensus is that while dynamite may not be dead, and may never die, it most definitely has been checked into some geriatric ward. It is primarily used now to initiate the less sensitive blasting agents; in underground coal mines (where specifically formulated dynamites prevent gas and coal-dust ignition); in blasting extremely hard rock; in severely cold conditions; in construction work where small boreholes are the norm; and by farmers, logging crews, small contractors, and others familiar with dynamite and reluctant to change their ways.

If any one man is responsible for the new direction in modern blasting, it is Melvin Cook. Cook, the founder of IRECO, the company often mentioned as the pack leader in slurry technology, received his doctorate in chemistry from Yale in 1937. For the next

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ten years, he worked at Du Pont, where he helped develop improvements in the original Nitramon products. He is now the head of his own small slurry company in Salt Lake City. He is regarded by most explosives chemists as the primary developer of slurries, though a mean-spirited controversy over that honor persists. Cook's aim was to make explosives safer than nitroglycerin-based technology allowed, and the kind of slurries he had in mind required separate initiation systems. Recently, however, slurries have been developed that are cap-sensitive, just as dynamite is. In Cook's eyes, this is a terribly unsafe step backward.

"You look up the history of explosives," he says. "Now, black powder was extremely sensitive. They could ignite it with a match. And they were able to get away with that. I mean, they knew they had to handle it carefully. But do you know the number of accidents they had with it throughout the world? Millions of accidents. O.K., here comes Nobel, and he tames nitroglycerin a bit by inventing dynamite, which isn't a very tame thing, either. It's a step in the right direction, but there were many accidents in the age of dynamite—many, many accidents. When Du Pont got out of the dynamite business, the other companies took up the market. You can handle dynamite if you use your brains and recognize its propensities. But the point is that it's not foolproof. Well, I saw that when I went to Du Pont. I wanted an even safer line than Nitramon. And that's why I eventually developed slurries. Water's the best phlegmatizer there is. I didn't ever plan to go to a cap-sensitive product again. I made the slurries to get rid of dynamite, but now we're approaching dynamite again. Cap-sensitive slurries won't leak and they won't give you a headache, but a single little cap will set them off. They'll kill you just as easily as dynamite. In other words, you try to turn things around and they just keep coming back."

It is probable that economics, rather than safety considerations, will determine the future of dynamite use (though safety and economics, especially in relation to explosives users' insurance policies, are not altogether separate factors). As slurries and dry blasting agents are more finely tuned, better adapted to every sort of blasting situation, more blasters will use them. With less demand for dynamite, its production costs will rise. As costs rise, more blasters will abandon it. Dynamite will become rare, and even more highly specific in its applications. Its ancestor, black powder, is now used in this country only in fuses, in some pyrotechnic displays, and for the blasting of large slab rock, such as slate. Its share of the explosives market in 1971—the last year the federal Bureau of Mines listed it in its annual consumption report—was four-thousandths of one per cent.

IN May of 1986, two months after my visit to the IRECO dynamite plant in Bessemer, the workers there were told that the plant was going to shut down. The move was not entirely unexpected; the plant had been operating at only thirty per cent capacity for the previous few years. The land was put up for sale. All the equipment was removed. Some of it was sold; some of it was burned; some of it was shipped to IRECO's one remaining dynamite plant, in Carthage, Missouri. The plant buildings—the dope house, the acid works, the nitrating house, the mix house, the packing houses—are currently being dismantled. On the grounds where, over the years, any nitroglycerin might have seeped, small charges will be set to insure that any remaining oil is destroyed. By this fall, the plant will no longer exist.

—BRYAN DI SALVATORE

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

•

Heather McHugh (1948) was born and raised on both coasts and attended Radcliffe College.—*"New American Poets of the 80's," edited by Jack Myers and Roger Weingarten.*

For final assembly?

•

WE DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT IT DEPARTMENT

[*From the Atlanta Journal & Constitution*]

Borrowing the mystique of the Bermuda Triangle, White Water park in Marietta has created a new ride for people who want togetherness with family or friends.

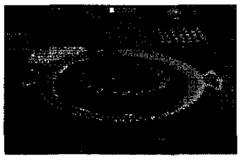
•

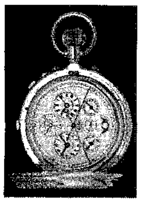
As the printed schedule formally proclaimed, "Ladies of the Rye Women's Club Read From Edith Wharton"—and they did so on the dot of 4 P.M. Of course, tea was served. The Pajama Story Hour at 7 P.M. drew a capacity crowd of 150 parents and their pajama-clad children, teddy bears in tow. E. E. Milne, obviously, was read.—*The Times.*

And A. A. Cummings, of course, was pooh-poohed.

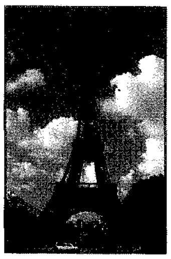
DESTINATION EUROPE

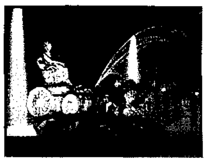
A SHOPPER'S PASSPORT TO BOULEVARDS AND BYWAYS





The rites of a European springtime are well regulated by historic precedent, every sportive itinerary being prescribed by the footprints of prior generations. The more patrician families of Europe and America referred to this ivy-clad ritual as “following the strawberries.” The first ripenings in this age-old ceremony sent the Old Guard scurrying to Le Touquet for Easter followed by racing at Deauville for Whitsuntide. The Dublin Horse Show was an August fixture. The squirearchy religiously attended the official opening of the grouse season in Scotland in mid-August (“The Glorious Twelfth”), and Race Week at Baden-Baden in early September. If there were no villas to visit in the Aegean, the strawberry trail ended in London or New York with curtains rising for first-nighters at the theatre.





British Tourist Authority

Strawberries remain the fruit of choice at the boxes at Wimbledon.

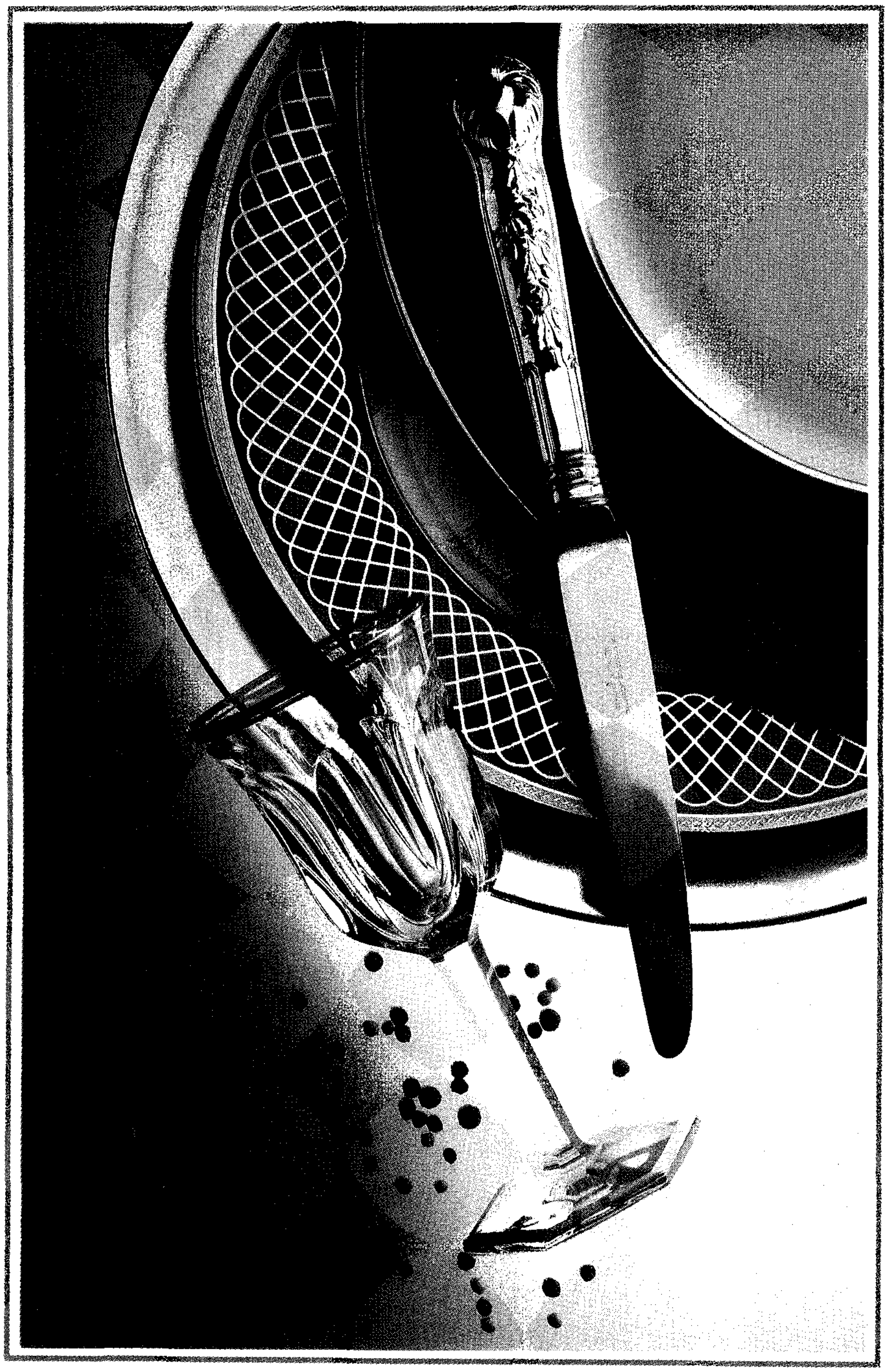
LONDON. As times change so do tastes. Strawberries, to be sure, remain the fruit of choice at the boxes at Wimbledon (June 22–July 5), even if the tournament isn't quite the gentleman's pastime it was, its civility colored by the gutsy competition and the behavior of some of its top (if not bad) seeds. But big-time tennis has become such a mania that Wimbledon scalpers seriously consider early retirement if the windup to the finals involves Becker, Lendl, Navratilova, or Lloyd.

The Henley Regatta (July 1–5) used to suffer a certain scorn from those who considered this popular media event too down-market for their rarefied tastes. Nevertheless, it is an engaging sight along the Thames. Many estates at Henley now offer their gardens (for a small fee) to allow the public to watch. Some even provide marquees and sumptuous picnic lunches. For both Wimbledon and Henley, rainwear is pretty much *de rigueur*—in that respect English weather is highly reliable. (And what better place to purchase an umbrella or trenchcoat than in London?) A different sort of apparel is correct for Ascot (June 16–19), particularly if you expect to swan around in the Royal Enclosure. For the latter, write to the U.S. Ambassador a year in advance or request help from an influential Briton. A morning coat, topper, walking stick, and a few other antiquated accessories are the necessary accoutrements for this outing. Since Americans don't travel with Ascot festoonery, several emporiums in London can provide for a one-off occasion. Moss Brothers (pronounced Moss Bross by the Brits who relish mocking their own conventions) almost has become a cliché in the hiring of gear for sporting as well as formal events.

British Information Services

For buying (as opposed to renting, or hiring), England is a wonderland. Great Britain applies its system of royal warrants on many items. This somewhat resembles our own Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval, but in their case the good house is Buckingham Palace (shortened to Buck House by English wags). These select manufacturers or purveyors may use the monarch's endorsement. Garrard of Regent Street is one such example in the areas of silver and jewelry. It has created crowns as well as crown jewels for many heads of state, but being "Appointed" by Queen Elizabeth II is the highest of honors. One does not necessarily pay more for products bearing an escutcheon, but it is considered a guarantee of quality.

At the other end of the inducement ladder where price is the chief consideration, London's multitudinous markets offer a kingdom of bargains. The district



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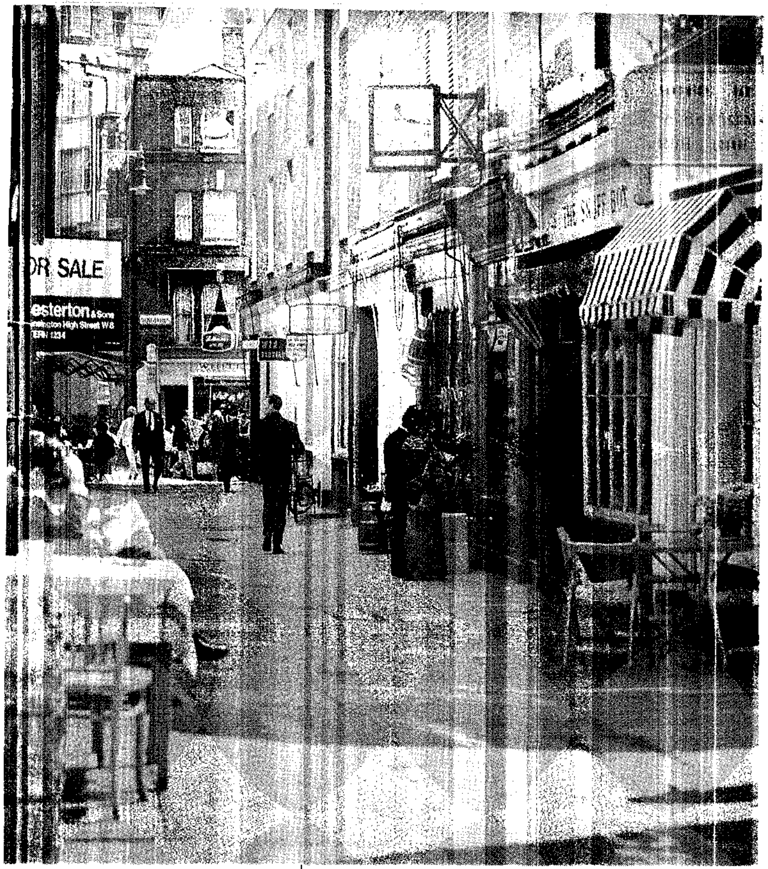


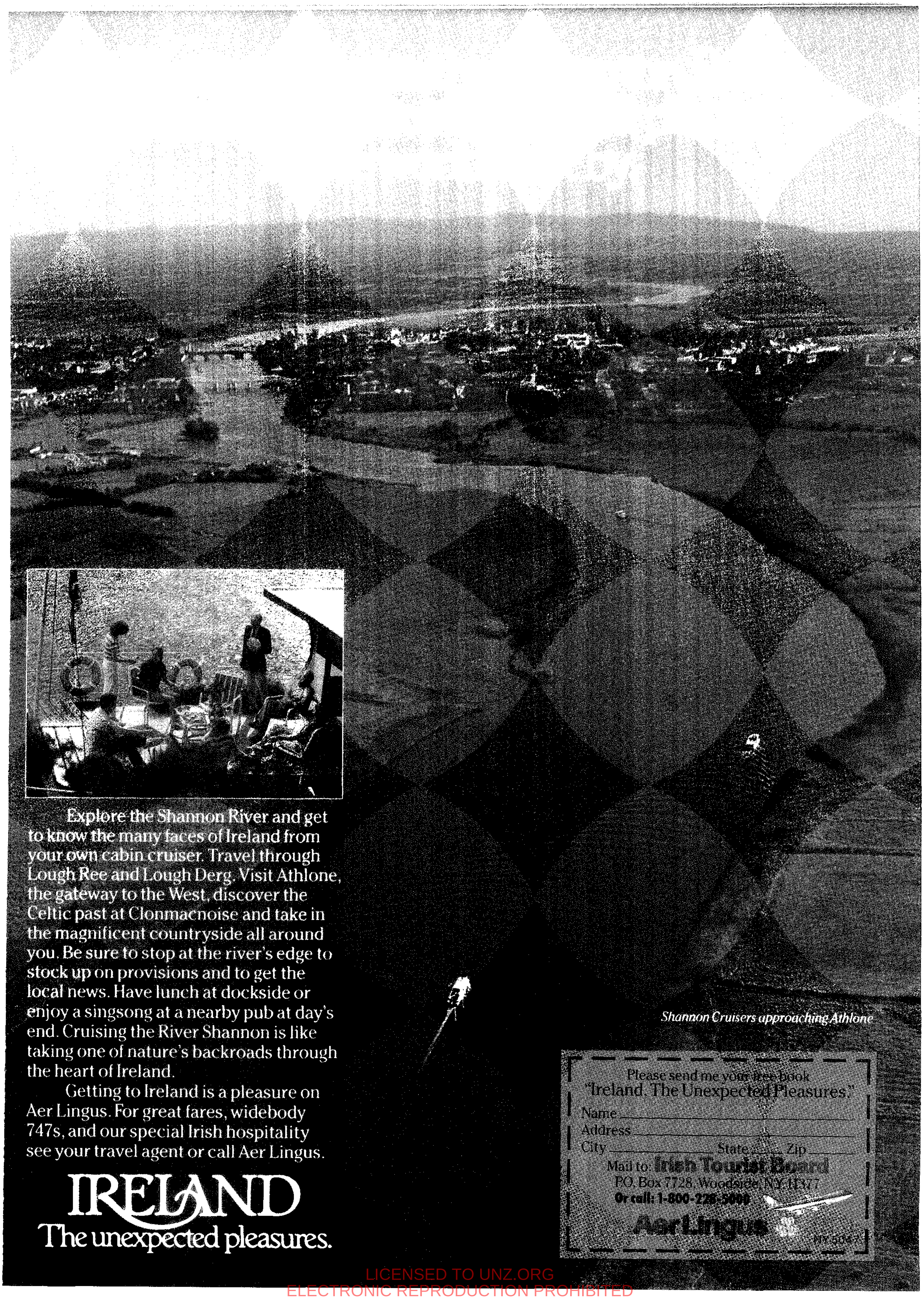
London's multitudinous markets offer a kingdom of bargains.

known as Mayfair usurped its name from this very month of the year when English rustics traditionally came to town to buy at the *feire*. Under open (and sometimes moist) skies, the custom has spread further afield. It would be a pity for any visitor to miss a shopping stroll through The Angel, an intriguing antique quarter in Islington. The time to do it is Saturday morning. In the warren of stalls lining Camden Passage you can chat with the tradespeople, find the silver piece you have been hunting, and probably come away with its full genealogy. (Today many shoppers have foresaken sterling collectibles and have moved over to lesser metals. The first step was to pewter, and when that skyrocketed, foresighted buyers looked to Britannia Ware, and then to brass and bronze.) Covent Garden is a rejuvenated playground. The former food stands were imaginatively converted into a whimsical colony for casual shoppers. Buskers (a cockney term for street entertainers) are usually seen dancing, juggling, or otherwise cavorting in the plazas. Wine bars are abuzz with artists, and wares (mostly clothing) are on sale by the progeny of an empire upon which the sun never set.

For higher–priced goods of notable British standard such as cashmere, tweeds, and leather, boutiques beckon along Old and New Bond Streets (feeding into each other), the Burlington Arcade, Knightsbridge, Sloan Square (which gave birth to the term Sloane Rangers to describe the preppy-chic of those who regularly shop nearby), Regent (better), and Oxford (popular) Streets, the punk zone of King's Road, and the somewhat more tony Fulham Road. Finally, there are the more specialized quarters which have retained their lock on product identity for generations. Piccadilly Circus, in fact, took its name from a collar and ruff called picadils. It has outgrown its haberdashery label of the 17th century; today Jermyn Street is unquestionably the lane for shirtmakers. And while not all the most fashionable bespoke tailors still stitch strictly on Savile Row, they haven't strayed far from those hallowed precincts either.

Those Frustrating Scots

A distinctive part of Scottish tradition, tartans are not Scotland's only colorful feature. The language has its own hue and cry. From *ruadh tigne* for



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a "red house" to *cunzie neuk* for a "cozy nook," there's a flavor to enjoy—even in looking at road signs that point to the *baile* (township), a *ben* (mountain), a *borg* (fortress), or a *strath* (valley). But a sight that may rivet your shopper's eye is the rainbow selection of ultra-low-cost cashmeres, Shetlands, and Fair Isle knits piled onto the warehouse tables of the St. Andrews Woollen Mills overlooking that town's legendary golf course. (Cashmeres in the U.K. cost about half the U.S. tally.) Here, fronting the Old Course, a visitor can wander through an acre (approximately) of tantalizing textiles, tartans, tams, tweeds, cardigans, kilts, Argyles, or whichever garment appeals. The reason for the bargains? These canny merchants are specialists in what a Scot would call *frustrated exports* or "cancelled orders."

All That Glittered Was Not Silver

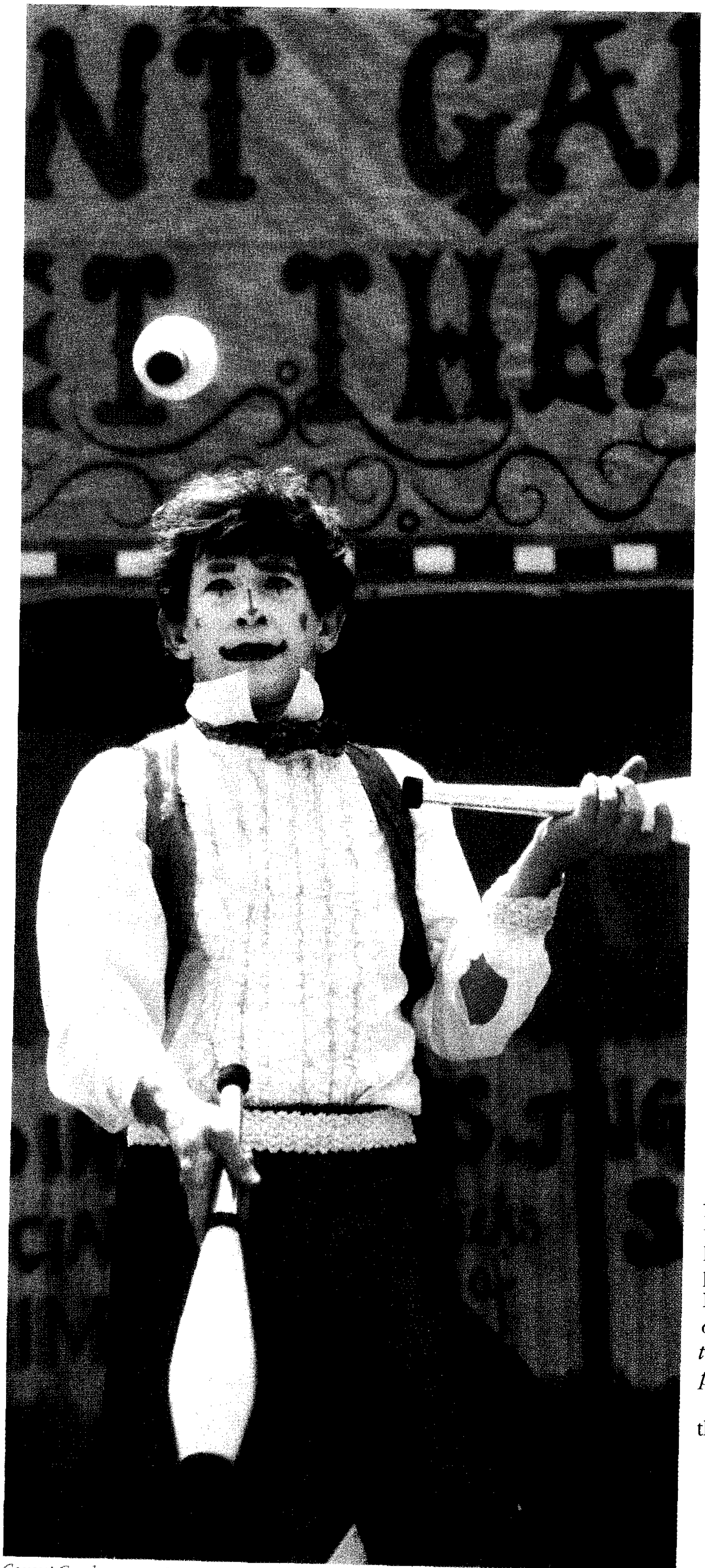
While the word "sterling" seems to apply only to silver and British coins today, the original term referred to a gold sovereign. After the Saxons invaded England in the 5th century A.D., and conquered North German merchants known as Easterlings, were integrated into the culture. They were so precise in weighing coinage that their tribal homeland affixed itself to the currency which was universally judged to be the most accurate.

Origins of the "pound sterling" go back to around 775 A.D. when a pound of silver was coined into 240 "sterlings" or "pennies." Large payments were reckoned in pounds of sterlings, shortened to the term "pounds sterling." After the Norman Conquest, the pound was divided into 20 shillings. The Latin terms *libra*, *solidus*, and *denaris* were used to denote the pound, shilling, and penny, respectively, which were shortened to the notations "£", s., and d., as we know them today.

Gold and silver both circulated in the 14th to the 18th centuries—their relative prices changing according to the market. During the 18th century, however, silver was undervalued and disappeared from circulation (proving Sir Thomas Gresham's law once again—that bad money drives out good) until the situation was corrected. Today, neither gold nor silver trades hands very often in the shops of London, where the currency of choice is plastic.

Considerations: Teas, floral scents and soaps, enamel bibelots, rare books, china, silver, raincoats, cashmere, tweeds, maritime prints, handmade shirts, shotguns, a Jaguar or Rolls, or both. And don't forget the auctions.

VAT rebate: 15% and very well administered; ask your merchant for the documents.



Covent Garden street theatre, one vivid detail from the tapestry of London village life.

DESTINATION LONDON

The Londoners' Guide to Village Life

> *"The man who is tired of London is tired of life. For there is in London all that life can afford"*
>
> Dr. Samuel Johnson (1709-1784)

The stately stucco mansions of Belgravia...the wild, royal parkland of haunted Hampstead Heath...the Covent Garden cobblestones that rang to the footsteps of Dickens...the Soho street that swung to the 'sixties beat.

This is London as Londoners know it. Not as a city, but as a series of villages. Each one with its own individual character and rhythms, its own historic story to tell, and its own pleasures to bring.

Now, with this guide, discover village London. Come with us through chaotically friendly sidestreets, down half-hidden flower filled mews, across broad regal thoroughfares.

Then take up this joint invitation from American Express and Trusthouse Forte Hotels to explore Londoners' London in person. Use the American Express Card to pay for accommodation at a Trusthouse Forte Hotel and *bring a friend or loved one to stay in the luxury of a double or twin-bedded room whilst paying only the price of a single room.*

For details of how you can take up this invitation, please see inside.

COVENT GARDEN TO REGENT STREET
BOHEMIAN LONDON

* * *

“The two great national theatres on one side, a churchyard full of undying celebrities on the other, a fringe of houses studded in every part with anecdote and history: a place beyond all other places one would choose to hear the chimes of midnight, a place where the very latest suppers and the earliest breakfasts jostle each other on the footways – such is Covent Garden.”

William Makepiece Thackeray (1811-1863)

* * *

The Waldorf Hotel stands on the sweep of the Aldwych where the City meets the West End. The streets radiating north and west lead into Covent Garden, for three centuries the favourite meeting place of London’s café society.

For theatre-goers, opera and ballet buffs, Covent Garden is synonymous with the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane and the Royal Opera House. For those with an eye for architecture, it means The Piazza, Inigo Jones’s magnificent arcaded square.

The Piazza from St. Paul’s Church – where Professor Higgins first encountered Eliza Doolittle in Shaw’s “Pygmalion.”

BAR
Creperie
PERNOD!
PERNOD!
PERNOD!

Just four minutes walk away from this lively scene stands the Strand Palace Hotel. Take a window seat in its intimate Mask Bar, and imagine the illustrious men who once passed by...Dr. Johnson conversing with Boswell, W. S. Gilbert seeking inspiration for a new operetta, Casanova in search of something more tangible, Voltaire deep in thought, and Dickens hurrying home to finish *A Tale of Two Cities.*

Then stroll into the Square itself, that beguiling mix of crêperies and coffee houses, toyshops and wine bars, fashion stores and artists’ emporia.

The tinkling of porcelain announces the arrival of afternoon tea. Then the band begins its refrain and dancers glide across the floor. When it’s 4 pm on a Saturday in London, it’s 1925 in the Palm Court Lounge of The Waldorf Hotel.

1875
LIBERTY.

Liberty’s store, Regent Street – for 100 years an exotic chaos of oriental prints, silks, embroideries, carpets and curios.

Reminiscent of the Parisian Left Bank or Boston’s Quincy Market, Covent Garden remains, as in the days of Dr. Johnson, the fashionable heart of London.

* * *

Bordering Covent Garden beyond the book stores of the Charing Cross Road lies Soho, London’s most cosmopolitan and colourful quarter.

A Trusthouse Forte Hotel commands its southern and northern approaches. To the north, and standing next to the stately home of the BBC, the St. George’s Hotel. From its towering upper stories, enjoy a breathtaking panoramic view of London.

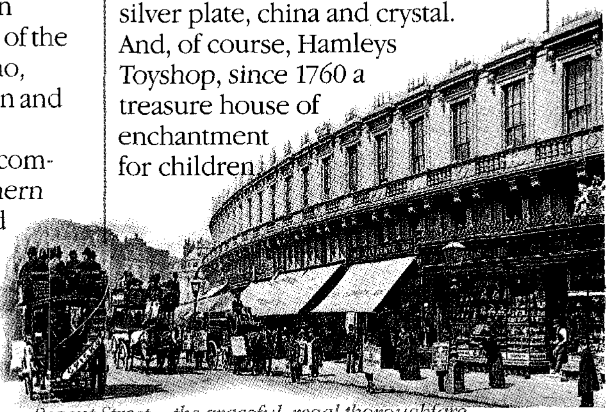
To the South, the Regent Palace Hotel – nestling close to the theatres of Shaftesbury Avenue, the bright lights of Piccadilly, and the fashionable shops of Regent Street, Soho’s western boundary.

Here, in the friendly pubs down Soho’s chaotic side streets, Dylan Thomas caroused ’til countless dawns drove him homeward.

Delicate pastries and sumptuous gâteaux are savoured in the renowned Patisserie Valerie. Serious diners can adjourn to that quintessential English restaurant Wheeler’s or the Grill Room at the Café Royal – once a rendezvous for artists Aubrey Beardsley and Augustus John. Whilst those seeking refreshment, before an evening at the theatre, head for the Criterion Brasserie with its marble walls, mosaics, and glittering gold ceiling.

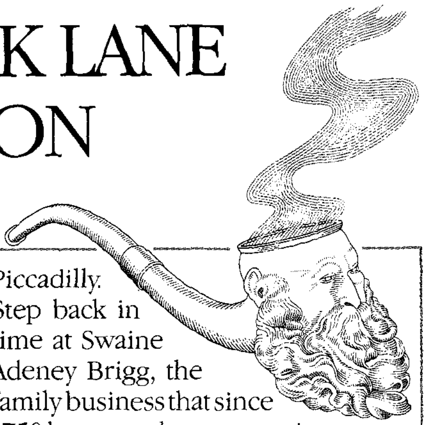
You can listen to the cockney banter of Berwick Street’s market traders, join the aficionados in Ronnie Scott’s – *the* jazz club, or escape to the garden sanctuary of Soho Square where Mozart once taught.

Westward lies Carnaby Street, where London swung in the ’sixties, and Regent Street. Here you will find Royal Silversmiths Mappin and Webb, internationally renowned for their exquisite English sterling silver, silver plate, china and crystal. And, of course, Hamleys Toyshop, since 1760 a treasure house of enchantment for children.



Regent Street – the graceful, regal thoroughfare linking the St. George’s Hotel with the Regent Palace Hotel.

BOND STREET TO PARK LANE
SHOPPERS' LONDON



"I believe the parallelogram between Oxford Street, Piccadilly, Bond Street and Hyde Park, encloses more intelligence and human celebrity, to say nothing of wealth and beauty than the world has ever collected in one space before."

Sydney Smith (1771-1845)

Sydney Smith, the 18th century essayist, was of course referring to that most chic of London districts, Mayfair.

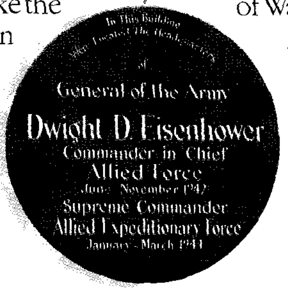
In the 18th and 19th centuries it was home to heads of state. Disraeli lived in Curzon Street, The Duke of Wellington on Park Lane, and the Earl of Shelbourne – who conceded independence to the United States – in Berkeley Square.

Brown's Hotel was founded by Lord Byron's valet in 1837. Two suites are named after frequent visitors: Theodore Roosevelt and Rudyard Kipling. Another, the Hellenic, acted as Court Room to King George of the Hellenes from 1924-1935.

The Cumberland Hotel overlooks both Oxford St. and Marble Arch. Experience the genteel atmosphere of a London Club over cocktails in the Duke's Bar, feast on traditional English roasts in the Carvery, or dine in the country house setting of the Wyvern Restaurant.

When the wealthy arrived, the finest shops followed. With them came luxurious hotels, like the stylish Cavendish Hotel on Jermyn Street, a shopping thoroughfare for connoisseurs.

Sample the best Stilton in England at specialist cheese mongers, Paxton and Whitfield. Order your shirts hand-made to measure at Turnbull and Asser, shirtmaker to Prince Charles. Or call at Dunhill for the finest aromatic tobaccos and smoking accessories. For more delicate fragrances go to Floris. Here essences of rose, and other flowers from the English garden are captured and bottled for your delectation.



Grosvenor Square – home to Ike's HQ in WWII, the FDR Memorial Garden, John Adam's House, and the imposing American Embassy.

Across Piccadilly is Bond Street. Laid out in 1686, it is today home to the intimate Westbury Hotel. To left and right are the finest jewellers, milliners, hatters, shoemakers, and antique galleries.

Here, too, are numerous excellent tailors. If, however, you demand the best, make the short detour to Gieves and Hawkes at No. 1, Savile Row. Their early customers included Admiral Nelson and Captain Bligh of HMS Bounty. Today they are tailors to both the Duke of Edinburgh and the Prince of Wales.

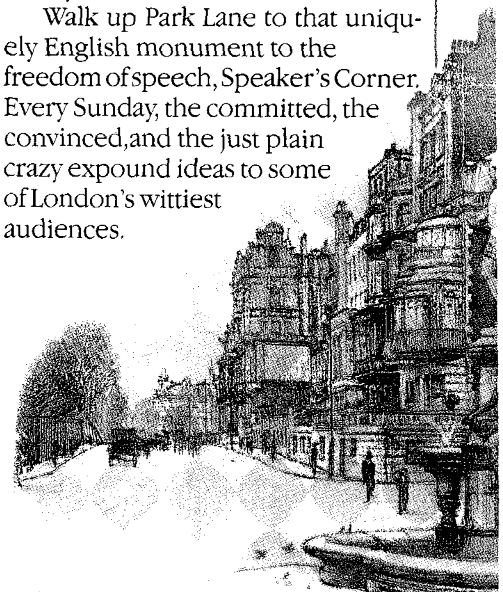
Just a minute away from Bond Street lies Brown's Hotel, founded in the year of Queen Victoria's accession, itself a part of Mayfair's elegant heritage.

From Brown's, take the short walk through the Burlington Arcade to Piccadilly. Step back in time at Swaine Adeney Brigg, the family business that since 1750 has served ten successive English monarchs. This monument to good taste is renowned for its saddles, suitcases, guns, rifles, and, of course, "the Brigg" – the finest umbrella in the world. Call next door to another English institution, Fortnum and Mason, the Royal Family's personal grocer. Or stroll down Piccadilly to Simpson – the home of DAKS clothing.

The modern Cumberland Hotel commands the northern boundary of Mayfair overlooking Oxford Street. Once the notorious haunt of cut-throats, Oxford Street is now London's busiest shopping thoroughfare. It is dominated by the cliff of columns that front Selfridges. Whether you're shopping for Irish linen, cashmere, or Wedgwood, you'll find a wide selection amidst the store's 550 departments.

Grosvenor House Hotel stands majestically upon Park Lane, the western boundary of Mayfair. Look out of a window across Hyde Park and imagine it as it was in the 16th century – wild and teeming with deer, the favourite hunting forest of Henry VIII.

Walk up Park Lane to that uniquely English monument to the freedom of speech, Speaker's Corner. Every Sunday, the committed, the convinced, and the just plain crazy expound ideas to some of London's wittiest audiences.



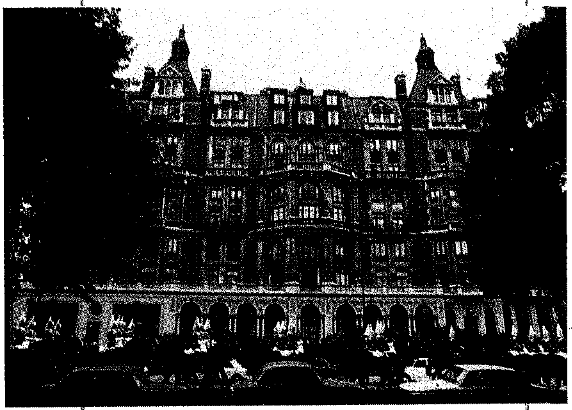
Park Lane – bordering Hyde Park and home to the stately Grosvenor House Hotel.

BELGRAVIA TO KENSINGTON
ROYAL LONDON

> *"Kensington, especially on a summer's afternoon, has seemed to me as delightful as any place can or ought to be."*
>
> Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804-1864)

* * *

Belgravia's origins lie in the caprice of a King. For, until George IV decided to move the Royal Household to nearby Buckingham Palace in 1824, it was a mist-shrouded marsh. Today, the property of the Duke of Westminster, it is the most majestic residential village in London.



The Hyde Park Hotel – in décor and ambiance, reminiscent of an Edwardian country mansion. The Queen brought her children here for afternoon tea. King Umberto and King Gustav have made it their London base. And during Ascot Week it plays host to the English gentry.

The Hyde Park Hotel dominates the Belgravia side of Hyde Park. A rendezvous for the wealthy and the titled, it stands opposite another London institution, Harvey Nichols, where Belgravia's fashion leaders shop.

Gracious crescents and spacious squares give Belgravia its grandeur. Pretty flower-filled mews invest it with its charming village ambiance.

Sample this atmosphere over a pint of ale in *The Grenadier* in Wilton Row. This pub once served as an officers' mess. Indeed, the bar and skittles used by Wellington's soldiers remain: as does something more sinister – the ghost of a young subaltern who, caught cheating at cards, was flogged to death.

Wilton Row leads into palatial Belgrave Square. From here, turn east until you reach the high walled gardens of Buckingham Palace. Or south to Kings Road, once Charles II's private coach road. Behind the trees on either side is Eaton Square, where the Bellamy family lived in television's *Upstairs Downstairs*.

Follow Kings Road to Sloane Square. In its wine bars you'll find the scions of the rich and titled. Fresh from the country in their Barbour jackets and Wellington boots, these Sloane Rangers are a world removed from the Square's other denizens – the peacock plumed Mohican punks.

The Scotch House, Knightsbridge – for generations, the shop for traditional tartans, tam o'shanters, tweeds and Shetland knitwear.

* * *

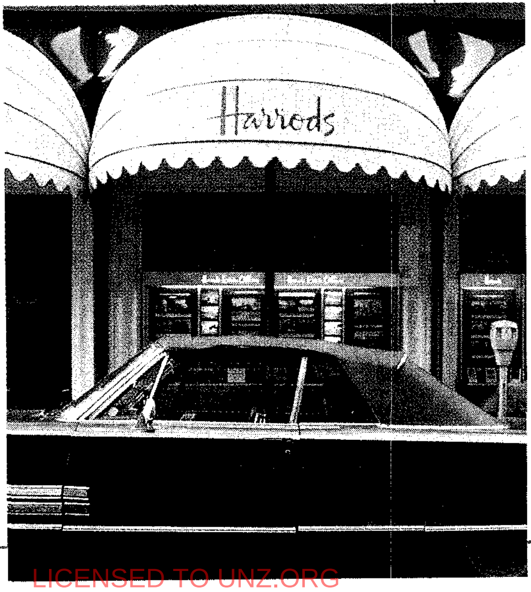
Like Belgravia, Kensington owes its historical development to the presence of royalty. For centuries a rural backwater, its future was assured in 1689 when William III made his home in Kensington Palace. Today this huge palace is the London address of Prince Charles and Princess Diana, Princess Margaret, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, and Prince and Princess Michael of Kent.

Just ten minutes away from this regal domain is the Kensington Close Hotel. Make this your base for exploring the royal borough, and be sure to sample that English speciality, finest Roast Beef and Yorkshire Pudding in the splendid Rendezvous Restaurant.

Around the corner from the Hotel are the fashionable shops of Kensington High Street. Further east, the buildings are redolent of a more imperial past. The Albert Memorial and the Royal Albert Hall, commissioned by Queen Victoria in memory of her beloved husband.

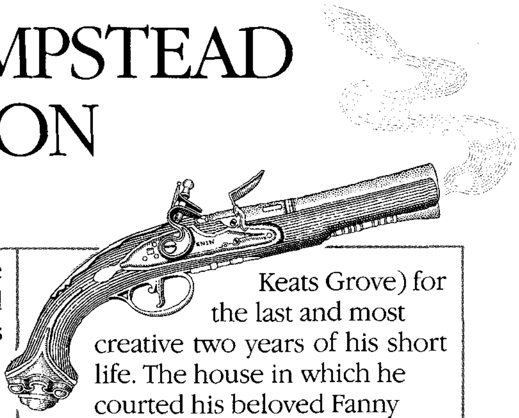
Also nearby is the densest concentration of museums in any city in the world...the Science Museum, the Natural History Museum, the Geological Museum, the Victoria and Albert...each one remarkably diverse and endlessly fascinating for visitors of all ages.

But perhaps the most awesome sight is found not in a museum, but in an emporium – the splendid Edwardian food hall at Harrods. Hams and salamis festoon the ceilings, the fish displays – created afresh each day – are masterpieces, and each counter is an opulent still-life.



That shopper's cornucopia, Harrods – the largest department store in Europe.

BLOOMSBURY TO HAMPSTEAD LITERARY LONDON

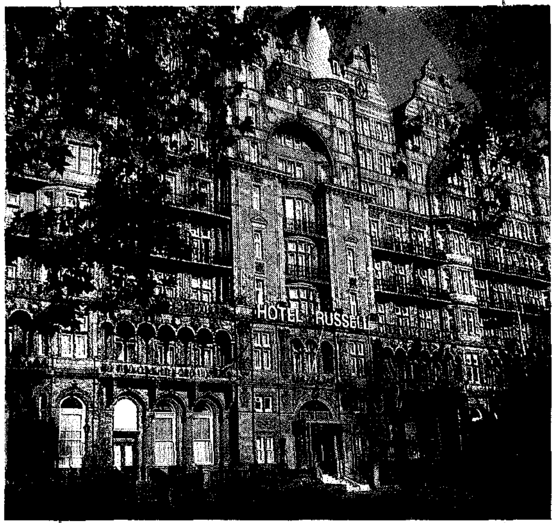


> *“I find Bloomsbury fierce and scornful and stony-hearted, but as I say, so adorably lovely that I look out of my window all day long.”*
>
> Virginia Woolf (1882-1941)

* * *

Who better than novelist Virginia Woolf, leader of that eccentric association of writers, painters and intellectuals known as “The Bloomsbury Group,” to sum up the atmosphere of this most scholarly of London backwaters?

Tucked away behind the bustle of Oxford Street and Covent Garden, the sombre fronts of Bloomsbury’s Georgian terraces, libraries, and university buildings are still mellowed by its profusion of green and beautiful garden squares.



Hotel Russell – overlooking the verdant gardens of Russell Square. The talk of London Society when it opened on Derby Day 1900, today an historical landmark and the epitome of imperial elegance and sumptuous style.

The largest of these is Russell Square, fictional home to the Osborne and Sedley families in Thackeray’s *Vanity Fair*. The square is dominated by one of the finest examples of late Victorian architecture, the Hotel Russell.

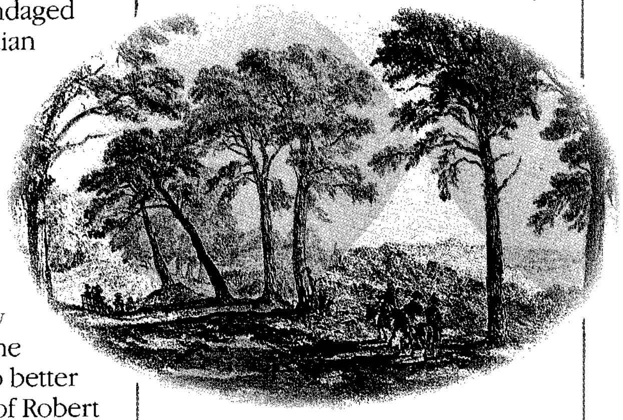
Now lovingly refurbished to provide every modern service, the Hotel still retains the marble and crystal grandeur of a vanished era.

Just a short stroll away from the Hotel Russell is the huge columned portico of the British Museum. It was here, in the great domed reading room, that Karl Marx wrote *Das Kapital*. And here too, in room after splendid room, is one of the richest collections of antiquities in the world, including the Elgin Marbles, the Rosetta Stone, and bandaged mummies from the Egyptian royal tombs.

Vying only with the mummies as children’s favourites are the residents of another celebrated Bloomsbury collection – the antique teddy bears, dolls, and puppets in Pollock’s Toy Museum, Scala Street. The modern tourist can do no better than heed the advice of Robert Louis Stevenson, “If you love art, folly or the bright eyes of children, speed to Pollock’s.”

* * *

Due north of Bloomsbury, past the lively craft markets and canal-side restaurants of Camden Town, is the beautiful village of Hampstead. Here, little winding streets of picturesque eighteenth-century cottages transport the visitor to a bygone age. John Constable, one of Britain’s best-loved painters, was a local resident and is buried in the churchyard of St. John’s, Hampstead. John Keats lived in nearby Wentworth Grove (now called Keats Grove) for the last and most creative two years of his short life. The house in which he courted his beloved Fanny Brawne and the garden in which he composed *Ode to a Nightingale* are essential viewing for modern-day romantics.



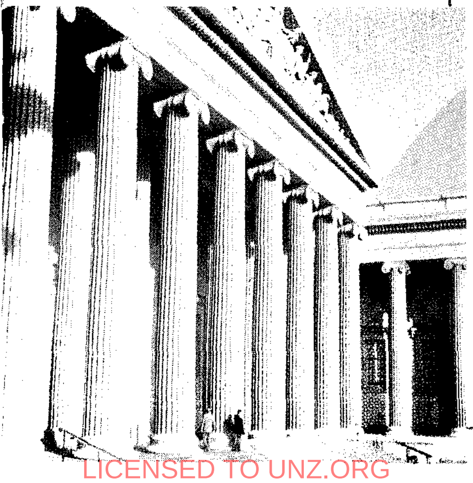
Hampstead Heath, hundreds of acres of wild, royal, haunted parkland.

Those who prefer roaming to rhyming will find 800 acres of hills, valleys, ponds, and pathways on glorious Hampstead Heath.

Notorious highwayman Dick Turpin once rode and robbed on these wild open spaces – and haunted most of the local inns. Indeed, the pounding hooves of his horse, Black Bess, have been heard by a succession of landlords at the sixteenth-century Spaniard’s Inn, where his pistols are still on display.

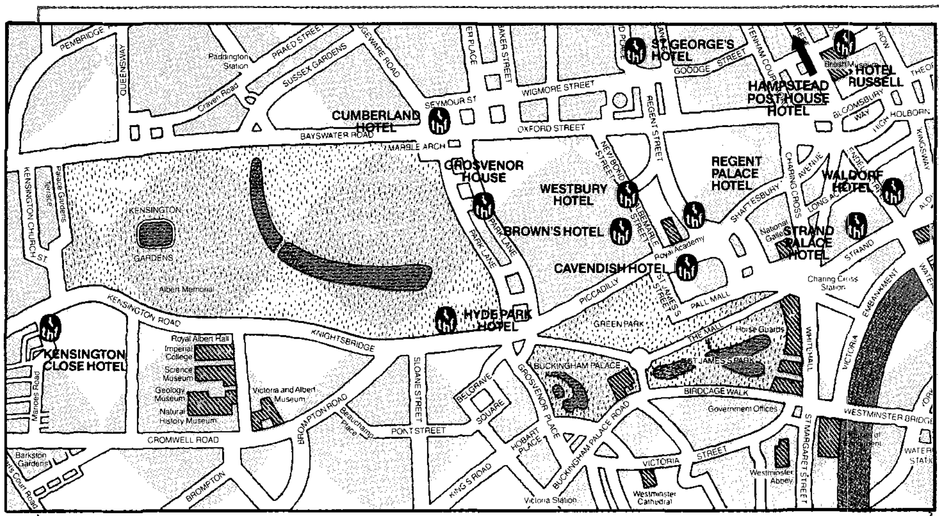
Charles Dickens, on the other hand, preferred to sup at Jack Straw’s Castle, the weatherboarded inn commemorated by Washington Irving in *Tales of a Traveller*.

Close to this haven of old world charm, yet just minutes by underground from the city centre, is the Post House Hotel at Hampstead. Modern yet friendly, quiet yet convenient, it provides the ideal base for either a family vacation or a business trip in this exhilarating city of contrasts and surprises, London.

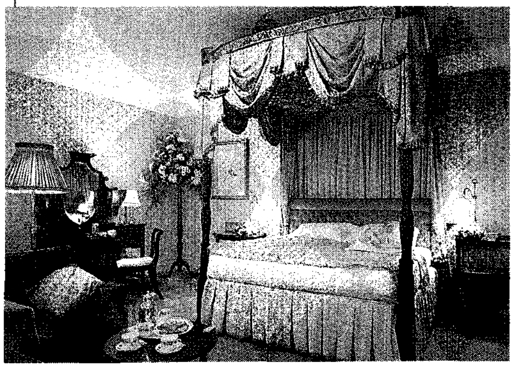


The British Museum – a treasure house of delight for young and old alike.

Trusthouse Forte Hotels and American Express invite you to make London your destination, and take advantage of this exclusive offer.


PEMBRIDGE
QUEENSWAY
Paddington Station
PRAED STREET
SUSSEX GARDENS
Craven Road
EDGWARE ROAD
BAKER STREET
ST GEORGE'S HOTEL
GOODGE STREET
HOTEL RUSSELL
HAMPSTEAD POST HOUSE HOTEL
BLOOMSBURY WAY
HIGH HOLBORN
KINGSWAY
CUMBERLAND HOTEL
SEYMOUR ST
WIGMORE STREET
OXFORD STREET
BAYSWATER ROAD
MARBLE ARCH
REGENT STREET
REGENT PALACE HOTEL
CHARING CROSS ROAD
WALDORF HOTEL
GROSVENOR HOUSE
WESTBURY HOTEL
BROWN'S HOTEL
SHAFTESBURY AVENUE
National Gallery
STRAND PALACE HOTEL
STRAND
KENSINGTON CHURCH ST
KENSINGTON GARDENS
Albert Memorial
KENSINGTON ROAD
PARK LANE
CAVENDISH HOTEL
Royal Academy
PICCADILLY
Charing Cross Station
EMBANKMENT
HYDE PARK HOTEL
GREEN PARK
PALL MALL
THE MALL
Horse Guards
WHITEHALL
KENSINGTON CLOSE HOTEL
Royal Albert Hall
Imperial College
Science Museum
Geology Museum
Natural History Museum
KNIGHTSBRIDGE
Victoria and Albert Museum
BROMPTON ROAD
SLOANE STREET
BELGRAVE SQUARE
GROSVENOR PLACE
BUCKINGHAM PALACE
ST JAMES'S PARK
BIRDCAGE WALK
Government Offices
WESTMINSTER BRIDGE
VICTORIA
CROMWELL ROAD
PONT STREET
HOBART PLACE
BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD
Victoria Station
VICTORIA STREET
Westminster Abbey
Westminster Cathedral
ST MARGARET'S STREET
Barkston Gardens
BROMPTON
KING'S ROAD

Look through the list of Trusthouse Forte Hotels and the wide range of tariffs available. Then check the map. There's a Trusthouse Forte Hotel strategically located to give you the ideal base for exploring village London.



Use the American Express Card to pay for your accommodation, and stay in a twin or double-bedded room for the price of a single room.

This summer, explore village London from the luxury of a Trusthouse Forte Hotel. Bring your family, use the American Express Card to pay for your accommodation, and *stay in a double or twin-bedded room for the price of a single room.*

Destination London Rates and Availability

Trusthouse Forte Hotels' Destination London rates offer double occupancy in standard twin/double rooms with private bathrooms for the normal price of a single room in the same hotel. All rates are quoted in pounds sterling.

These rates apply to bookings made after *May 1st 1987* for arrival in UK from *June 26th* through to *September 6th 1987.* No minimum or maximum stay is required and rooms are available from 2 pm on the day of arrival. Most hotels have superior rooms and suites which may be booked at extra cost.

American Express Assured Reservations

All Destination London bookings are accepted subject to availability and are confirmed using the American Express Card to assure your reservation at the time of booking.

Children Stay Free

Under 16s are accommodated FREE when sharing a twin-room with two adults. Single parent families with more than one child will be accommodated where possible in one room. Where more than one child under 16 accompanies two adults, each additional room be provided at 75% of the Destination London rate.

How to Book

To make your hotel reservation, contact your travel agent† or American Express Travel Office. Or call Trusthouse Forte reservations on **1 800 223 5672** or **New York 212 541 4400**, ask for "Destination London" and quote the American Express Card number to assure your reservation. Payment is due on your departure from the Hotel.

For further information on over 800 Hotels worldwide call Trusthouse Forte Hotels on **1 800 223 5672.**

Destination London Hotel Rates.

Stay in a double or twin-bedded room pay only the price of a single room.*

The Kensington Close	£52.00
The Strand Palace	£54.00
Hampstead Post House Hotel	£56.00
Hotel Russell	£57.00
Cumberland Hotel	£75.00
The Waldorf	£80.00
The Cavendish	£88.00
St. George's Hotel	£88.00
Brown's Hotel	£108.00
The Westbury	£108.00
Grosvenor House	£120.00
Hyde Park Hotel	£140.00

Trusthouse Forte's London Airport Hotels.

The Skyway, Heathrow	£50.00
The Ariel, Heathrow	£54.00
Post House Hotel, Heathrow	£56.00
The Excelsior, Heathrow	£65.00

** The above nightly room rates are inclusive of service and tax. The two for one offer is only available to those paying full tariff.*

†Note to Travel Agents. Destination London bookings are commissionable on the room tariff indicated on the price panel for the duration of booking. Please quote your agency name, address and number when making bookings.

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Trusthouse Forte Hotels

For American Express Cardmembers only. Shop from home in London's finest stores, call 1 800 544 4429 toll-free now.

When you explore village London, one of the great delights is chancing upon the specialist shops and stores that grace its sidestreets and thoroughfares. Now, as an exclusive benefit of American Express Cardmembership, you can anticipate this pleasure. Use the Card to shop from home in London's finest stores. Look below at the range of goods available. Select a luxury item for yourself, or an exquisite gift for a loved one. Then place your order direct by calling 1 800 544 4429 toll-free to England.

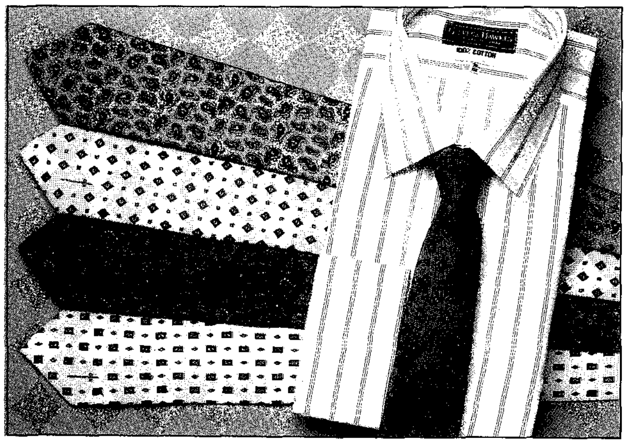
Mappin & Webb

170 REGENT STREET, LONDON W1.

Mappin and Webb, the Royal Silversmiths. Their craftsman-made Mappin Plate boasts an unchallenged reputation as the world's best silver plate. Take advantage of this offer: 8 settings of Mappin Plate, Kings Pattern, each comprising 6 pieces. Now only $675. Normal retail price $772. Price includes post, packing and insurance (excludes US customs duty).

Hamleys

Hamleys, since 1760, the finest toy shop in the world. Soon to open in New York, but you can sample its delights now with Hamleys famous Tower of London Bears. Dressed in traditional Beefeater costume, handmade in mohair and available in two sizes – 18″ at $65 and 36″ at $249. Price includes US customs duty and excludes shipping and handling.

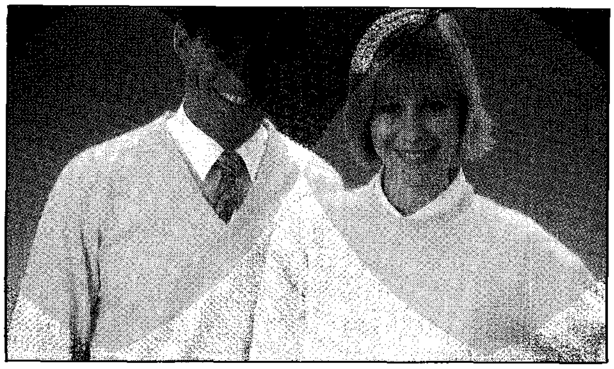


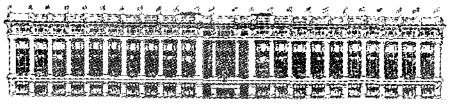
GIEVES & HAWKES

No.1 Savile Row, London

For two centuries Gieves and Hawkes have dressed the gentlemen of England; their reputation is only matched by the distinction of their clientele. They now present some of the world's finest handmade pure silk ties, of a weight and quality which is more reminiscent of an age long since past. Paisley design ties, colours: green or blue grounds. Neat geometric design ties, colours: pink, navy, red or cream grounds. Please note our price is $65 per tie. Includes US customs duty and excludes shipping and handling.

Shop from home in London's finest stores.





Selfridges

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE IT.

Behind its great sweep of Ionic columns you'll find the very best of British quality merchandise, exemplified here in these Pringle cashmere sweaters. Womens: sizes 34″-44″; colours pink, navy, natural; price $189. Mens: sizes 38″-46″; colours lemon, navy, natural; price $265. Price includes US customs duty and excludes shipping and handling.

Swaine Adeney Brigg

Established in 1750, Swaine Adeney Brigg have held Royal Appointments to ten successive English monarchs. Now you can choose from their range of craftsman-made merchandise.

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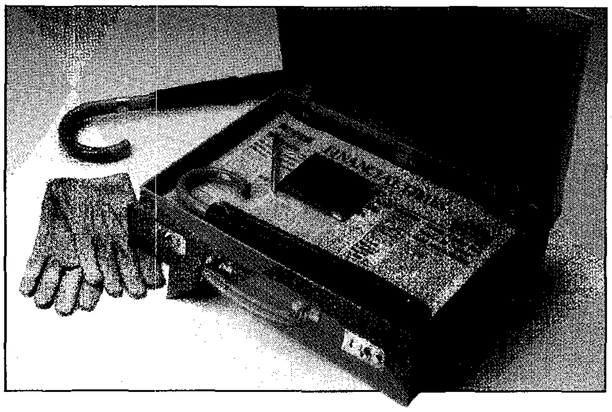

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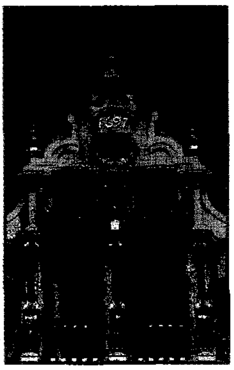
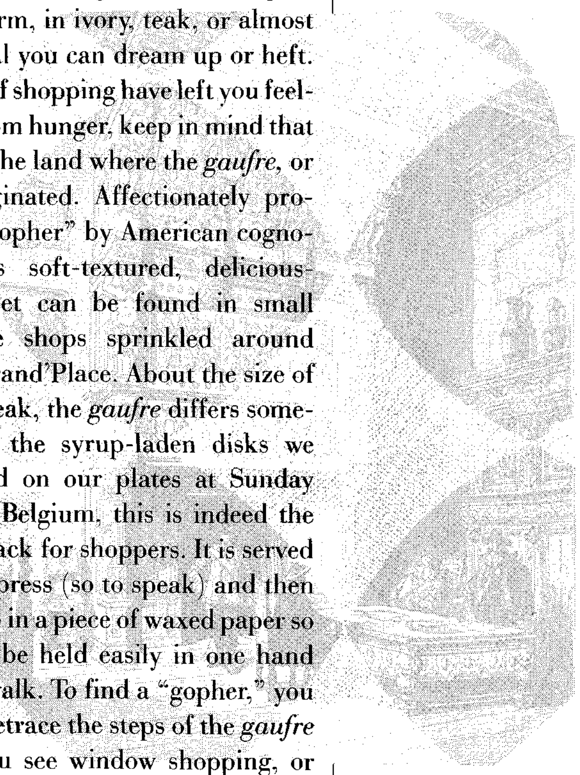


Brussels' Grand'Place is Europe's most dramatic market scene.

BRUSSELS. The Belgian capital is often called the "The Office of Europe," since so many international and Economic Community agencies have set up headquarters here. Hence, diplomatic legations, military representatives, and high-living expense accounters are frequent flyers in and out. As Belgium has few natural resources, this once-powerful trader has evolved into a realm of finishers and merchandisers. The duty-free installation at Brussels Airport is a clear reflection of this. It is a masterpiece of clever design and sagacious stocking. It is also tranquil, aesthetically attractive, and agreeably businesslike—quite different from the hurly-burly that exists in other blatantly-advertised airport facilities. This is certainly one of the best fishing holes for sophisticated photographic and electronic equipment. Automobile pricetags also are dramatically lower in Belgium than elsewhere in Europe, but if you plan such a purchase, be sure that the vehicle bought conforms to emission, illumination, and other fixed standards of the USA as well as of your particular state. All of this can be arranged in advance, of course, so you may drive your car in Europe before shipping it home.

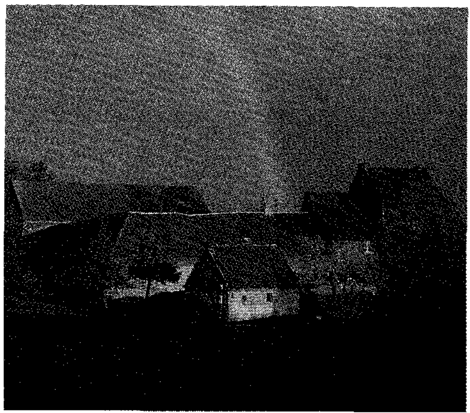
The usual products to look for in Brussels are the exquisite handmade chocolates, and the peerless intricate lace which has been a hallmark of the nation for centuries. The former are chiefly made for local consumption (since they contain no preservatives) and are usually savoured on Day One of their creation. Pop one (or more) in your mouth, and you'll immediately appreciate the difference between the fresh candies and those destined to sit for months on foreign shelves.

The unusual? Well, Belgium—if it didn't already have a king—probably would have been pleased to *fete* the indomitable Eddy Mercks with a coronation ceremony. The all-time cycling champion, a hero of monumental proportions in Europe, makes his own multispeed racing bicycles and sells them for close to $10,000 each. Still more bizarre? Brussels residents love bowling. Keglers gather here from all over the globe, so ball crafting has become a precision artform, in ivory, teak, or almost any material you can dream up or heft.



If hours of shopping have left you feeling faint from hunger, keep in mind that Belgium is the land where the *gaufre*, or waffle, originated. Affectionately pronounced "gopher" by American cognoscenti, this soft-textured, delicious-tasting sweet can be found in small kitchen-like shops sprinkled around Brussels' Grand'Place. About the size of a T-bone steak, the *gaufre* differs somewhat from the syrup-laden disks we usually find on our plates at Sunday brunch. In Belgium, this is indeed the ultimate snack for shoppers. It is served hot off the press (so to speak) and then wrapped up in a piece of waxed paper so that it can be held easily in one hand while you walk. To find a "gopher," you need only retrace the steps of the *gaufre* nibblers you see window shopping, or follow your own nose!

Whether searching for the commonplace or the rare, centering your time on the shops surrounding Brussels' Grand'Place is a magical experience in itself. The Middle Ages come alive in the colorful esplanade. By day, with its cheerful parasols, or by night, with its awesome illumination of finely gilded belfries, here unequivocally is Europe's most dramatic market scene.



Variety is the Spice of Belgium

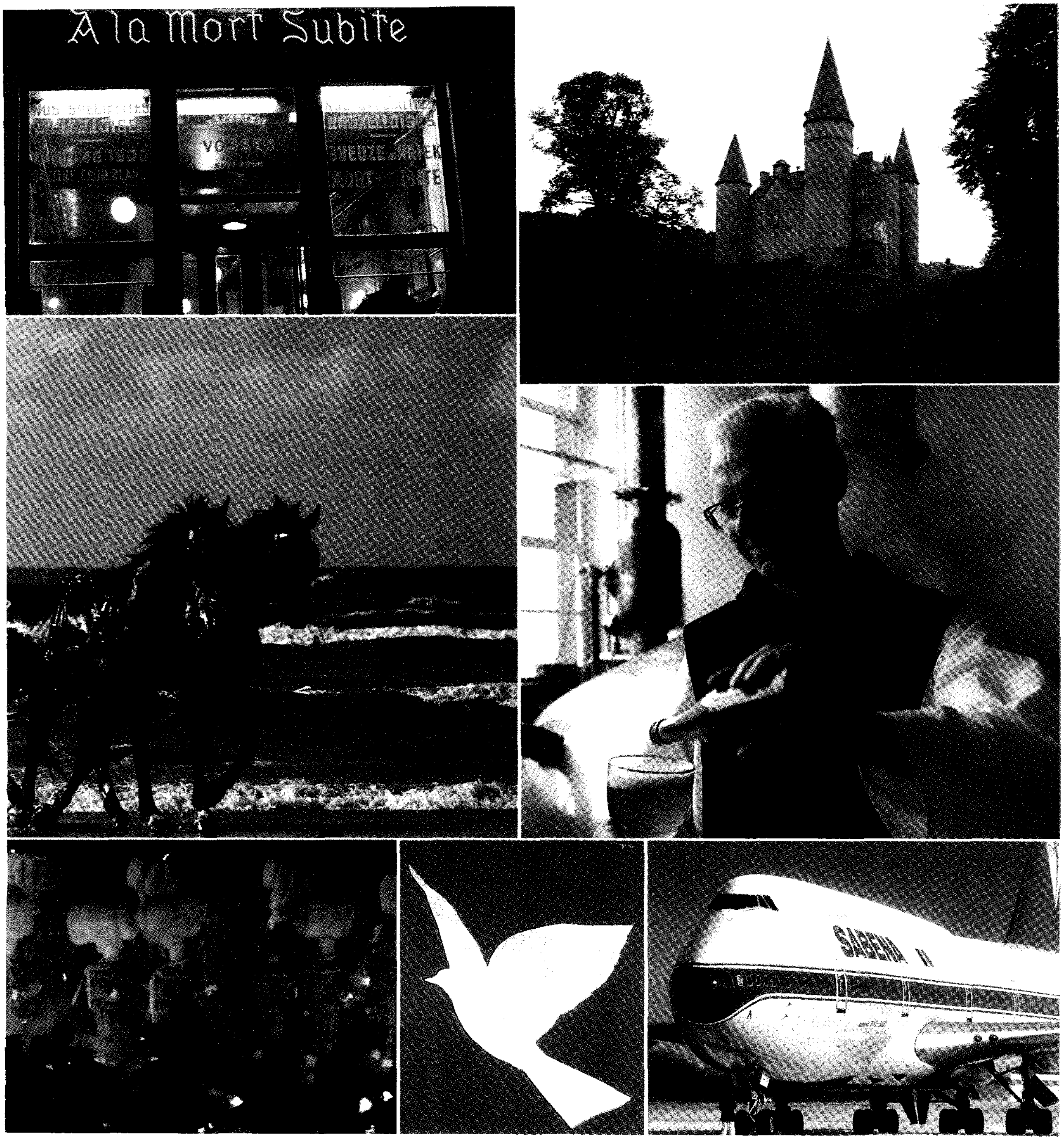
There's more to this varied and visitable Kingdom in the middle of Europe than meets the eye. Sightseeing isn't the half of it. The castles and cathedrals, the cities and villages, the Bruegels and Magrittes? Naturally. But you won't really get to know this complex country until you've looked and listened, tasted and touched and breathed in the life of the place.

First of all, there's the sheer music of it - the six-month-long Festivals of Flanders and of Wallonia, the famous biannual Queen Elisabeth competitions, and the soloists and symphony orchestras, folk, rock and jazz groups that fill concert halls and night spots somewhere in Belgium every day of the year.

And then it would be a shame to visit our cities without sampling at least a handful of our best restaurants. That's the only way to get the real taste of Belgium. And the chocolate and the cheese and the open-air fruit and vegetable markets. Between meals you can learn something about the art of beer-drinking from a people who have invented close to a thousand different brews.

As for the tang of Belgium, start with the North Sea coastline, the salt-flavored air and the freshly caught fish, then follow your nose to the elaborate flower festivals in Ghent and Brussels. And of course the forests of the Ardennes have an indelible fragrance all their own.

The feel of cobblestones underfoot



puts you in touch with the past - the historical streets that were here centuries ago when the land we call Belgium was a congregation of fortified towns, each with its international trade and its treasures of art and architecture. But if you think you need some extra luck, be sure to rub the smooth bronze arm of the dying 14th century patriot, Everard 't Serclaes, reclining under an arcade in the Grand'Place. The fingers of a million visitors keep it shining brightly.

Five senses are just about enough to give you the fullest experience of Belgium. But to understand why it's the way it is, what's so Flemish about Flanders, so Walloon about Wallonia and so Brussels about Brussels, the guidebooks won't help you. It takes time and the five senses plus one.

Belgium
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For further information write to the Belgian Tourist Office (745 Fifth Avenue, New York New York 10151) or ask Sabena for your free brochure and call toll-free 1 800-468 6666.

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Another Facet

Less than a half hour's drive from one of the most glittering cities in Europe, there is a small enclave even more dazzling—called Diamondland. This is within the city of Antwerp where a thriving colony of enterprising craftsmen has settled to cut 6 out of 10 of the diamonds you have ever seen in your lifetime. Within the edifice are polishing benches, design studios, and showrooms, all there for public inspection. Approximately 80 percent of the labor is devoted to industrial diamonds, 18 percent to ornamental work, and 2 percent to investment-grade stones. (Amsterdam's shops, incidentally, probably will impress you more with their sophistication and brilliant settings.) A caution: Buying without the advice of an expert is risky, so be wary of any such indulgences. And if your mouth becomes dry and your knees weaken from indecision, totter over to the nearby pub called Het Grote Ongenoegen where the publican can offer you a sampling of the mere 1200 beers he has on tap.

Acquisition list: Lace, fresh chocolates, glassware, duty-free French perfumes (airport), photo equipment, electronic goods, crisp, rich spice cookies called *speculoos*, shotguns, and hunting rifles.

VAT rebate: 19–25%; minimum purchase 3000 BF.

◆

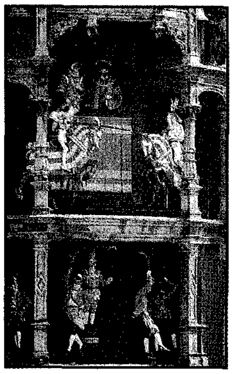
MUNICH is the reborn capital of Bavaria, once a powerful kingdom unto itself. As the midcity was so thoroughly rebuilt, it simultaneously offers the advantages of modern town planning in its pedestrian malls, plus the immaculate restoration of Gothic, Renaissance, and Baroque centerpieces. Its most engaging sectors radiate from the Marienplatz and are bordered by the great twin-dome Cathedral, the refashioned Opera, the flower-girt Town Hall, and the 14th century Isar Gate.

Here are the matrices for historic Nymphenburg porcelains and glorious Rosenthal china. Many local examples are so fine that the home market gobbles up much of the best craftsmanship. You'll readily notice the difference between U.S. offerings of the same hallmark and those products available to German buyers.

If you focus on a high-priced camera, inordinate time is spent discussing your needs and explaining in exacting Teutonic detail what you should purchase. Select one at the *start* of your trip, use up several rolls of film before you leave Munich, and consult with your dealer on the results of your picture taking. They don't merely sell photography in Germany, they advise, render aid, and at worst, provide solace if you and your camera don't get along with each other.

You'll probably notice that the streets of Munich are almost as green as the surrounding Alps. Müncheners (like Salzburgers) are disciples of loden; the wearing of the green is a Bavarian birthright. Today, however, fashion has added many new colors, weights, and styles. This time of year, the summer interpretations of "hunt" clothing include checked shirts and blouses, ruffled cuffs and fronts, open-weave jackets and skirts, the popular dirndl, and soft mix-and-match shades that have amazing flexibility (making this regional wear superb for travellers). Similarly, men will find full-length jackets, coats, or boleros in flattering styles, which still reflect a hunting heritage. (Don't think that the button on only *one* shoulder is an omission; it is meant as a brake to keep your rifle from sliding off your arm as you scramble through rough terrain.)

William Cross



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The home market gobbles up much of Munich's best craftsmanship.

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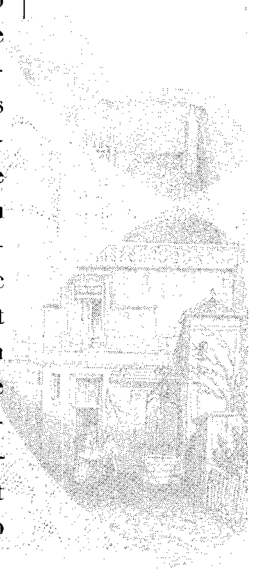
Müncheners are disciples of loden; the wearing of the green is a Bavarian birthright.

William Cross

Road To Romance

One of Europe's most enduring rewards of by-way travel is Germany's Romantic Road. It is named for the Latins who once controlled this bygone military route when a link between fortresses was necessary for survival. The "hofs" that are so charming today as coaching inns or even as great metropolitan hotels originally were walled fortifications where travellers could pause and not be exposed to bandits and enemy patrols. For warmth, they slept under their carriages or horses. Later food and drink became available for purchase, and finally some rude accommodation was provided.

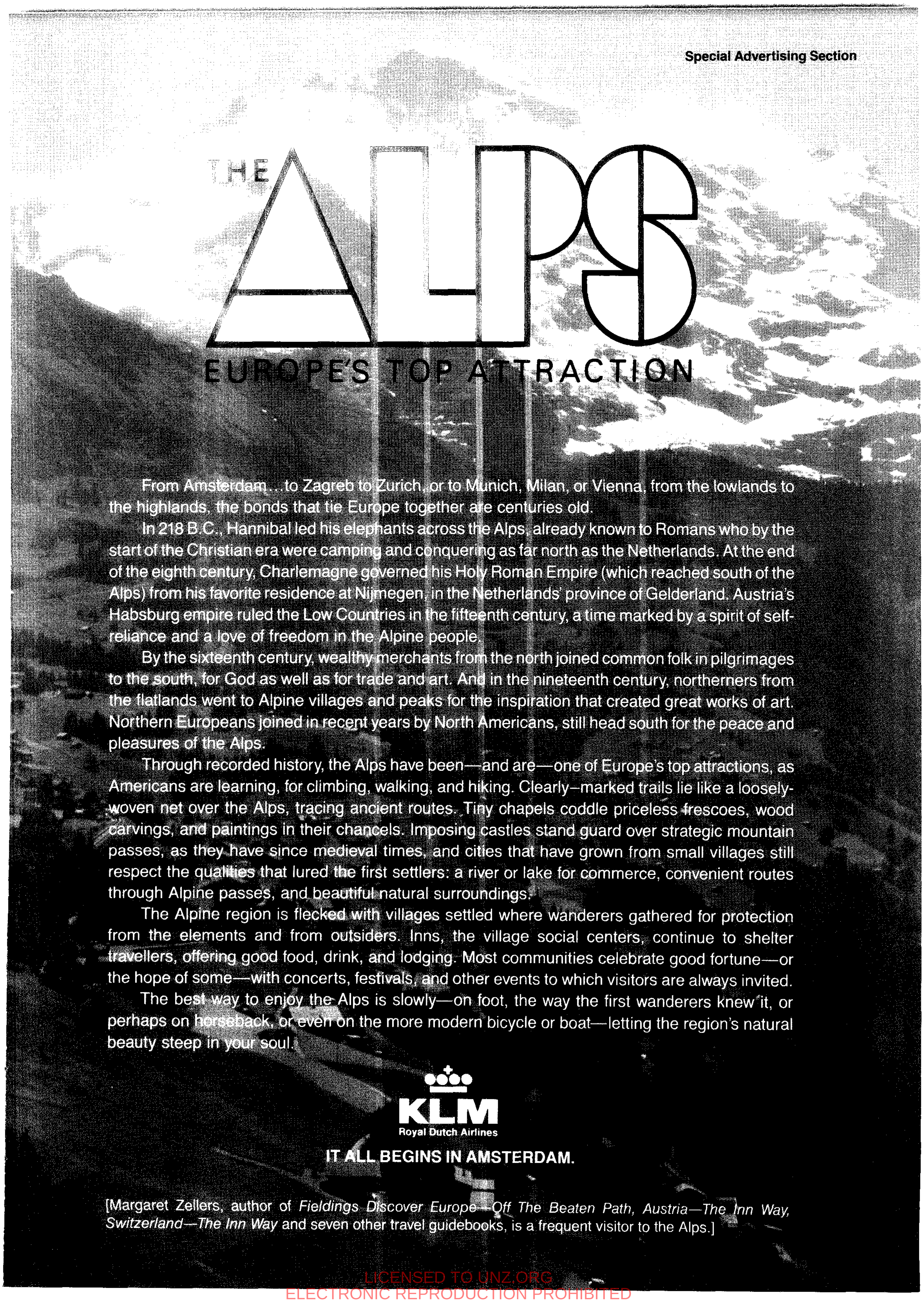
Begin at Schwangau (southwest of Munich), site of the fairytale palace of eccentric King Ludwig. Each hamlet and town along the path seems to feature its own *kuche* (cake), most based on the Nürnberg classic called *lebkuchen* so redolent of baked spices and herbs. They make splendid gifts, staying fresh from six to eight weeks, which allows plenty of time for airmailing. The climax of any romp along the Romantic Road is certainly enchanted Rothenburg ob der Tauber. It's a theater-set town with belltowers, tilting half-timbered houses, and master crafters plying their specialties in the windowpane frontages which line its twisting cobbled lanes. Strolling down the Untere Schmiedgasse you can buy delightful inexpensive wax creations for wall decorations: cherubs, plaques, musical themes, floral designs, and animals.



Surely the biggest single competitor to the toy factories of the North Pole can be found at Käthe Wohlfahrt's Christkindlmarkt. This unique emporium is entirely dedicated to celebrating Christmas twelve months a year. Step inside in July or August and immediately you are thrown into a time warp of mid-December. Tree ornaments, electric trains, marching soldiers, dolls that blink and curtsy, carols that waft upon the crystalline snow-buffed atmosphere conspire to make you remember the holidays. The road continues to meander—even romantically—on through a host of townlets to Wurzburg and finally to the spa of Wiesbaden.

Spoils: Cameras, fine porcelain, cutlery, antique furniture, etchings, candles and wax tableaux, crystal, sportswear.

VAT rebate varies from 6–14% depending on merchandise; minimum purchase 100 DM.



THE ALPS

EUROPE'S TOP ATTRACTION

From Amsterdam…to Zagreb to Zurich, or to Munich, Milan, or Vienna, from the lowlands to the highlands, the bonds that tie Europe together are centuries old.

In 218 B.C., Hannibal led his elephants across the Alps, already known to Romans who by the start of the Christian era were camping and conquering as far north as the Netherlands. At the end of the eighth century, Charlemagne governed his Holy Roman Empire (which reached south of the Alps) from his favorite residence at Nijmegen, in the Netherlands' province of Gelderland. Austria's Habsburg empire ruled the Low Countries in the fifteenth century, a time marked by a spirit of self-reliance and a love of freedom in the Alpine people.

By the sixteenth century, wealthy merchants from the north joined common folk in pilgrimages to the south, for God as well as for trade and art. And in the nineteenth century, northerners from the flatlands went to Alpine villages and peaks for the inspiration that created great works of art. Northern Europeans joined in recent years by North Americans, still head south for the peace and pleasures of the Alps.

Through recorded history, the Alps have been—and are—one of Europe's top attractions, as Americans are learning, for climbing, walking, and hiking. Clearly–marked trails lie like a loosely-woven net over the Alps, tracing ancient routes. Tiny chapels coddle priceless frescoes, wood carvings, and paintings in their chancels. Imposing castles stand guard over strategic mountain passes, as they have since medieval times, and cities that have grown from small villages still respect the qualities that lured the first settlers: a river or lake for commerce, convenient routes through Alpine passes, and beautiful natural surroundings.

The Alpine region is flecked with villages settled where wanderers gathered for protection from the elements and from outsiders. Inns, the village social centers, continue to shelter travellers, offering good food, drink, and lodging. Most communities celebrate good fortune—or the hope of some—with concerts, festivals, and other events to which visitors are always invited.

The best way to enjoy the Alps is slowly—on foot, the way the first wanderers knew it, or perhaps on horseback, or even on the more modern bicycle or boat—letting the region's natural beauty steep in your soul.

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IT ALL BEGINS IN AMSTERDAM.

[Margaret Zellers, author of *Fieldings Discover Europe—Off The Beaten Path, Austria—The Inn Way, Switzerland—The Inn Way* and seven other travel guidebooks, is a frequent visitor to the Alps.]

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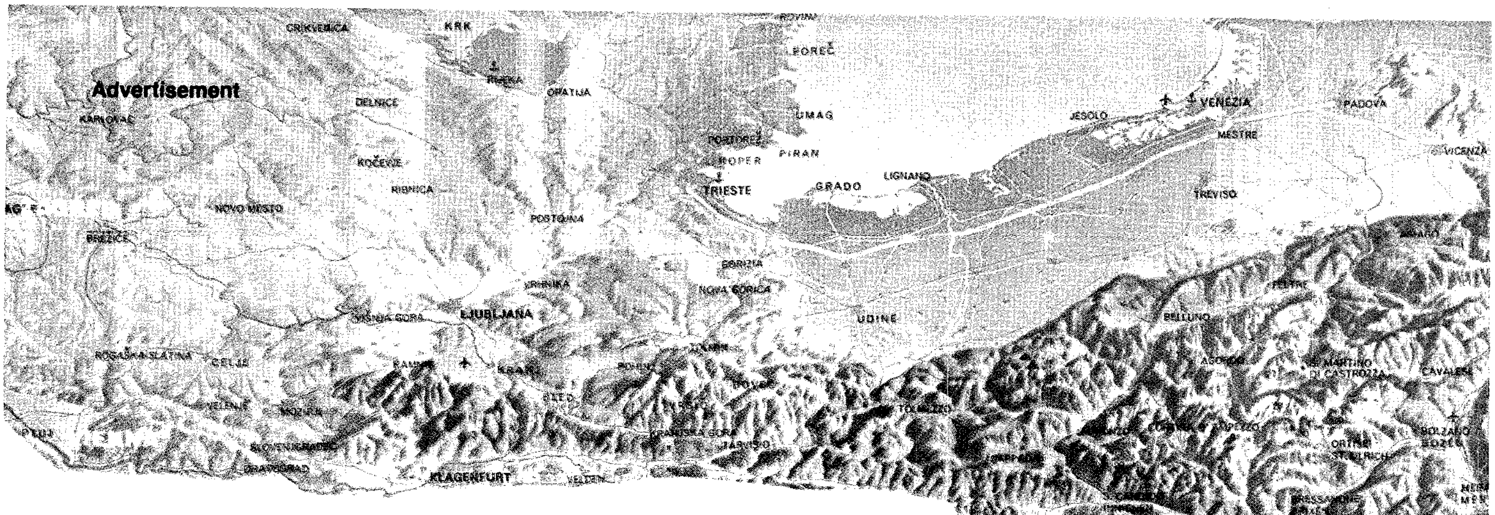
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LANDSBERG

Vienna, the cultural and cosmopolitan center of ***Austria,*** is about ninety minutes by KLM from Amsterdam.

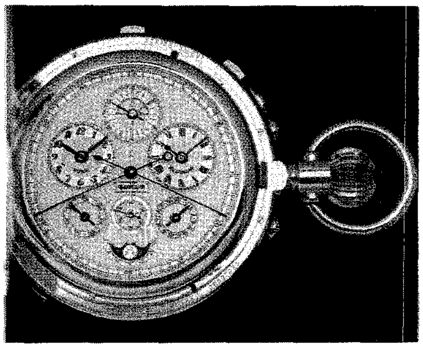
Eight carriages, five of them first-class, carried one hundred sixty-two passengers on the first Austrian train, on November 23, 1837, and trains of the Austrian Federal Railways still make travel convenient. In addition to point-to-point fares, their *Bundesnetzkarte* (network pass) is available for unlimited travel in first- or second-class, for nine or sixteen days or for one month, with a fifty percent discount on DDSG Danube boats. City-to-city trains tie in with Postal and Federal Railways buses to reach the rural towns and villages, while car rentals make meandering possible from many stations.

Photo identification and a few Austrian schillings are all that are needed to rent a bicycle at most stations, with the option to return it at another railroad rental outlet. Austria's most spectacular Alpine route is through *Heiligenblut,* between *Winklern* and *Bruck,* with the peak of *Grossglockner* in view.

Sailboats are "for rent" on many Austrian lakes, where ferryboats operate scheduled services. Near Klagenfurt, close to Yugoslavia, the Wörthersee lures many visitors, while others head to the Millstättersee and resort-studded Zell am See, slightly to the north. The Attersee and Mondsee line Austria's Alpine pockets near the West German border, while historic St. Wolfgangsee is a ***Salzburg*** neighbor. KLM

Both ***Geneva,*** in ***Switzerland's*** west, or ***Zurich,*** in its east, are just over an hour by KLM from Amsterdam and both are within minutes of rural settings. Path-laced hills rise from lakeside at these two sophisticated cities: French-speaking, international Geneva and German-speaking, financial Zurich.

From central railroad stations, fast trains reach most towns and cities, leaving the very rural places to be woven into the tapestry of public transportation by jaunty yellow postal buses. A Swiss Holiday Card is the country's key to carefree travel. Useful on most trains, boats, and buses, the card can be purchased for unlimited travel for four, eight, or fifteen days or one month, in either first or second class.



Excellent roads weave up to and over twenty-two Alpine passes, but Swiss enthusiasm for a slower pace shows in the multi-speed bicycles available in most railroad stations for easy rental. They can be checked as baggage on trains and postal buses, to be returned at another station along a chosen route.

Although the Swiss Alps lured visitors to viewful heights, the lake of Brienz and lake of Thun gave rise to trade, creating Interlaken. Through warm weather months, sail and ferry boats weave across thirteen lakes while walking paths lace the shores and stretch up to lofty mountain views. In the south, palm-studded Lago Maggiore and Lago di Lugano share shores with Italy. KLM

KLM and Amsterdam: Gateway to the Alps

[This Alpine visit is sponsored by the Alpine Tourist Commission and KLM-Royal Dutch Airlines. There's always been a natural link between the Netherlands and the Alps. (From Lake Toma, high in the Alps, the Rhine flows to Rotterdam.) Now KLM makes a practical one. "It All Begins in Amsterdam," with convenient KLM flights that reach Alpine gateway cities within an hour or two, or a leisurely Rhine River cruise from Rotterdam to Switzerland's Basel, or a Rhine Country Rail Pass for Holland, Germany, and Switzerland. From Schiphol Airport, Amsterdam's gateway to Europe, visitors with at least four hours' layover can enjoy "The Heart of Amsterdam," an excursion that begins and ends with a fifteen-minute train ride into the canal-crocheted city. A "Super Holland Bargain," purchased at modest cost, includes one night's lodging in a choice of four Dutch cities in addition to value vouchers.] KLM

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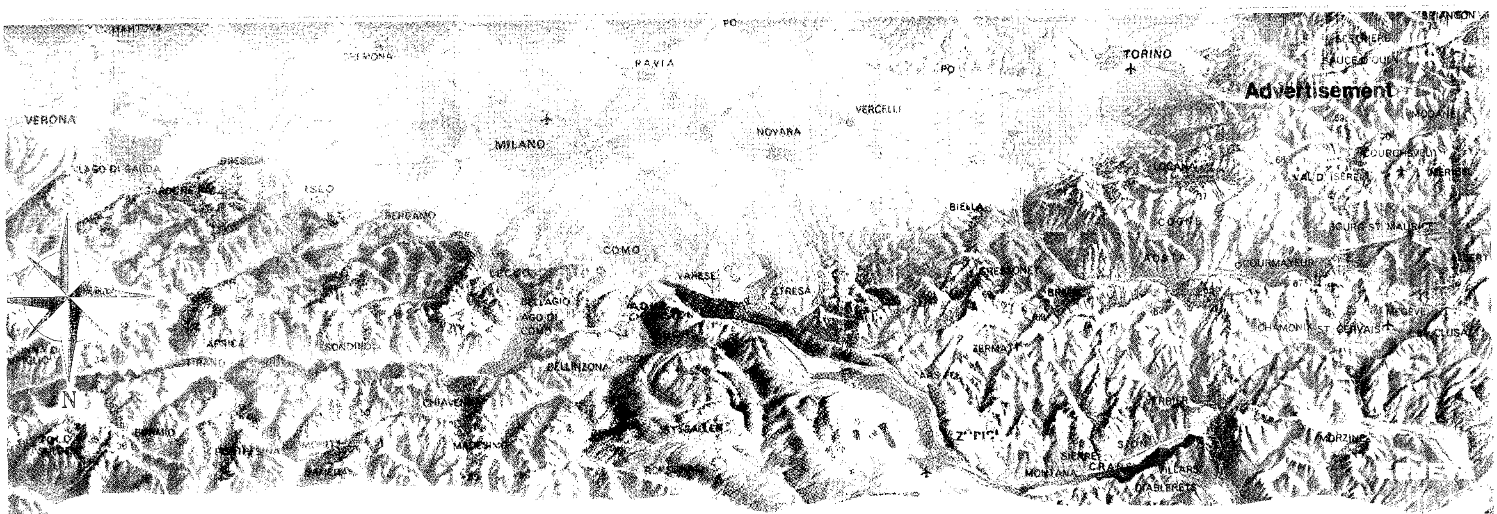
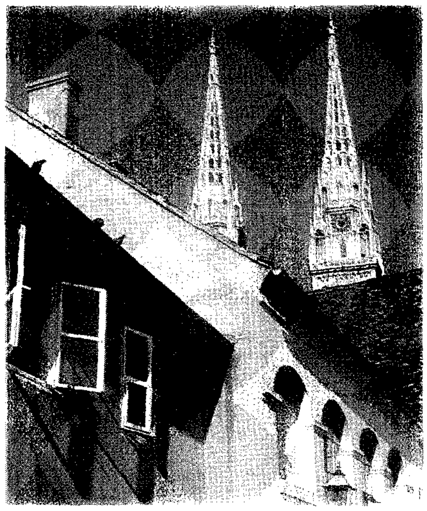




Yugoslavia is less than two hours' flight from Amsterdam. Trains, buses, and cars reach the highlights of the country's northernmost republic of Slovenia in less than an hour. (Dinar conversion makes a ticket on the comfortable trains between major towns very inexpensive and *Auto-Moto Savez Jugoslavije* (AMSJ), the Yugoslav automobile federation, provides helpful tips in English for visiting drivers.)

Second-century ruins from the Roman occupation of Yugoslavia can be found in Ljubljana, Slovenia's capital, as well as in the hill-capping medieval village of Ptuj.

One of Europe's first rail routes stretched to the lakeside spa resort of Bled, where twentieth-century visitors continue the time-honored tradition of strolling around the lake, or walking or bicycling to surrounding villages.

Nearby lake Bohinj, about fifteen minutes' drive from Bled and linked by public bus (or bike), remains in its natural state. Walks and hikes lead up Savica Falls where peace and calm close out a more commercial world.

The Alpine foothills stretch almost to the Adriatic Sea, where ferries shuttle between Yugoslavia's seaside towns of Piran and Portoroz and Italy's Venice and Trieste.

Milan, Italy's sophisticated center for fashion and the arts, is ninety minutes' KLM flight from Amsterdam.

The Italian State Railway system offers a BTLC Italian Tourist Ticket for unlimited travel for eight and fifteen days. Trains make a ribbon through the Po Valley—as do buses and rental cars—north to the sun-washed, lake-studded southern flanks of the Alps, where strolls to bosky settings yield villages whose chapels and homes hold unexpected art.

Foot travellers or cyclists (who travel with their own bikes or purchase an Italian *Bianchi* in its country of origin) are richly rewarded by pauses at trattoria or other family-owned restaurants, known for regional food and wine.

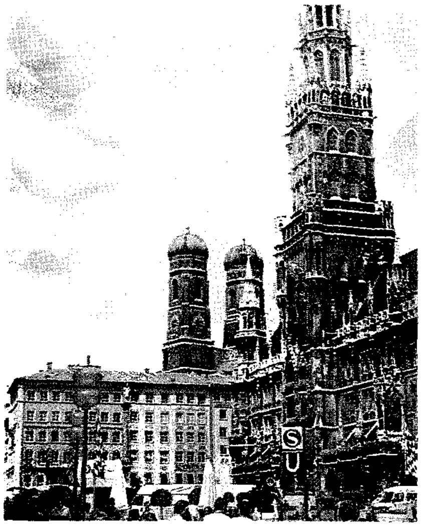
The saw-toothed Dolomites in the east are Italy's most dramatic Alps, but the many villages that dot the fingers of the Aosta Valley also claim some of the country's most spectacular settings.

Lago Maggiore ties Stresa and other Italian coastal villages to the Swiss towns of Locarno and Ascona, and on the small Lago di Lugano, boats cross the Swiss-Italian borders several times each day. Walks and hikes are popular around Lago di Como, the romantic villa-studded inverted Y that reaches from the Maloja Pass to Como and to the Lago di Lecco.

Munich, an hour and twenty minutes by KLM from Amsterdam, is **West Germany's** gateway to the Alps.

GermanRail's Tourist Card, for unlimited mileage on the *Deutsche Bundesbahn*, comes in four-, nine-, and sixteen-day versions, first- or coach-class. The pass also covers travel on Europabus or aboard several river steamers, and bicycle rental from railroad stations.

The *Verband Deutscher Gebirgs- und Wandervereine* (German Association of Mountain and Walking Groups) and the *Deutscher Alpenverein* (German Alpine Association) oversee Alpine hiking and walking paths. There are myriad idyllic scenes along the lakeside trails that blend with routes to higher slopes.



The town of Schwangau, nestled against the Bavarian Alps on the south shore of the Forggensee, is threaded to peaks by cable cars and hiking paths. It is also not far from the Alpsee and Bannwaldsee. (All three lakes have boats for rent.)

The Bodensee, also known as Lake Constance, is wrapped by Germany, Switzerland, and Austria; its shore villages are tied by ferryboats. Other lakes worth finding are the small Achensee or the Walchensee, south of Munich, and the Chiemsee, Bavaria's largest lake. The Eibsee, a gem in the Bavarian Alps (near Garmisch-Partenkirchen), lies below the border-sliced Zugspitze, Germany's highest peak.

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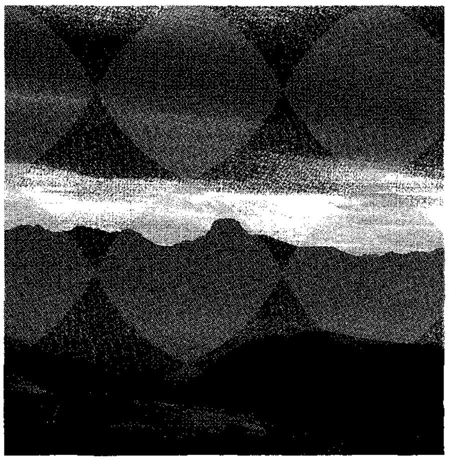

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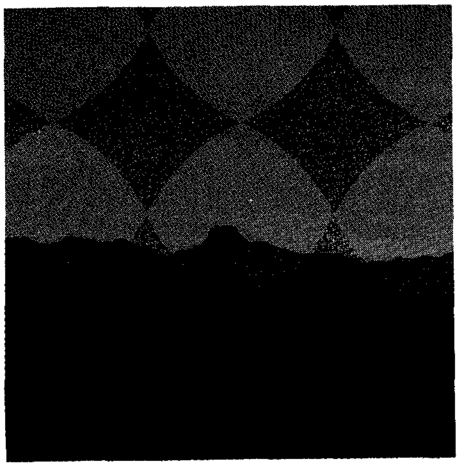
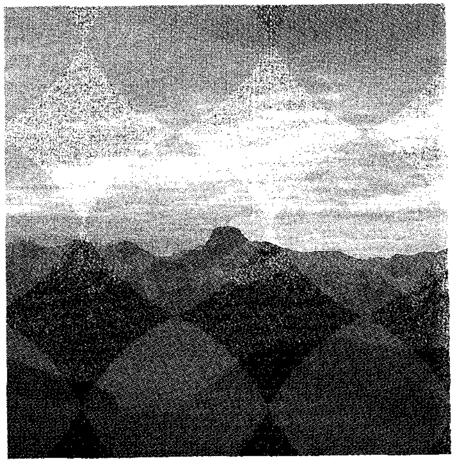
The museums. The music.
The meadows. The markets. The fall.



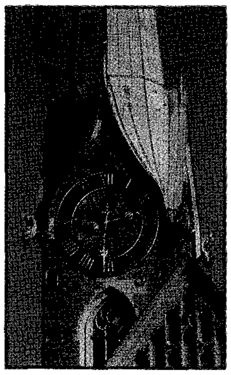
The sun. The snow. The shopping.
The sleigh rides. The winter.



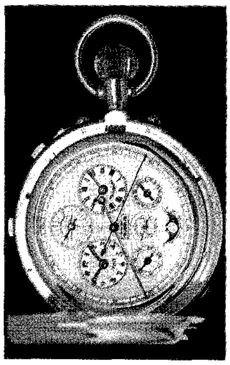
ZURICH. Helvetian watchmakers have long vied with gnomes, *chocolatiers*, and innkeepers for global prestige. That's hardly news to anyone living beyond the Gobi badlands. But few travellers realize that in Switzerland, the cost of a precision timepiece is a relative bargain. If you plan to acquire a lifetime treasure of this kind, the savings can pay for transatlantic transportation, even when today's currency differential between the dollar and the Swiss franc seems to favor patience and restraint. A shopkeeper in Zurich tells a story of a quarterly visitor from the Midwest who regularly purchased six men's watches every three months at *retail* value, smuggled them home, and profited from the resale by approximately $20,000 per journey. While bootlegging is not suggested, this account illustrates what startling variances in prices exist for top-of-the-line brands.

Thinking Swiss also means thinking about those famous multi-purpose Army knives. (Incidentally, the real ones used by enlisted men are metal-sided and rather crude looking, and only officers are privileged to carry the models with a corkscrew.) There are as many low-grade fakes as there are blades, so be sure to buy only the ones with the Victorinox stainless imprint, now produced with several colors of plastic handles.

Zurich offers amost anything a shopper could desire along its stunning Bahnhofstrasse: Shoes, jewelry, leather, and gold ingots from the hallowed halls of banking. (Numbered accounts remain a cottage industry in this city, of course.) There are other quaint holdovers from former times which are fading away in many other nations. Embroidery is a national specialty. The young girls who perform this delicate needlework must learn their skills from their mothers before they reach their teens (ideally from six to nine years of age); otherwise, they will never have the speed and dexterity to become true mistresses of the art.



William Cross



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Zurich offers almost anything a shopper could desire.

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Look for the exquisite products wherever Swiss *heimatwerk* (craft) is displayed and ask for handmade items not the machine-tooled imitations available elsewhere.

When you break from the rigors of shopping, stroll leisurely through Fraumunster Church. Its elaborate windows were designed by the surrealist artist Marc Chagall.

Home Within a Home

Not far from Zurich — about a morning's drive southeast—is the town of Pontresina. This resort town (smaller and less glittery than St. Moritz) has been popular with the English for centuries. (The novelist Elizabeth Gaskell wrote her famous "Wives and Daughters" here.) Today there resides a talented woodworker named Edy Rominger, who can create the interior of an of an Alpine chalet for you from baseboards to coffered ceilings. You can literally have carved out for yourself, whether it be for your office, your home, or your lodge.Take the measurements of any room you want remodeled—don't forget windows, doors, and electrical outlets—and he and his Swiss whittlers will make the chips fly. He can even supply chairs, stools, desks and, if you wish, milking pails—everything but a stunning view of snowcapped mountains.

Emptor's choices: Sweets (but not liqueur-filled bonbons since they won't pass U.S. Customs), jewelry, handworked textiles, sporting goods, fossils and minerals, wood carvings, shoes, high-grade photo equipment.

VAT rebate: Only 6.2% and you'll usually have to demand it; minimum purchase approximately $250.

Rome is replete with design, style, and luxury.

ROME. How can any shopper survive in a city brutalized by four rush hours per day? The trick for the visitor is not to travel across the metropolis at those times. Begin your forays mid-morning and have a lingering lunch in the district where you plan to shop. If you are in the better hotel clusters near the Spanish Steps or bordering Via Veneto, you easily can walk to the primary zones such as Vias Condotti, Bocca de Leoni, Borgognona, Due Macelli, Frattina, Babuino, and della Croce. But should you cross the Tiber heading for the ascending Prati enclave, you will need a taxi and a large dollop of patience.

One doesn't have to leave the source of the Ganges to realize Rome is replete with design, style, and luxury. Perceptive foraging on the streets named above will unveil the finestand the latest creations in jewelry, leather, silks, and new materials. Elsewhere there will be copies galore—probably cheaper, possibly not.

William Cross

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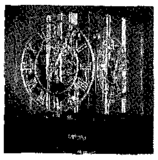

This typical clock is a distinctive feature of all Swissôtels: Hotel International Zurich, Hotel Président Geneva, Hotel Bellevue Palace Berne, Hotel Le Plaza Basle, Le Lausanne Palace, Le Montreux Palace, Amsterdam Ascot Hotel, The Drake Hotel New York, The Lafayette Hotel Boston, The Swiss Grand Hotel Chicago (opening summer 1988), The Crystal Palace Hotel Tianjin/ PR China, The Swiss Grand Hotel Seoul (opening late 1987). For information or reservation please contact the hotel directly, your travel agent or Swissair/ HORIS. Swissôtel – Swiss precision in hospitality.

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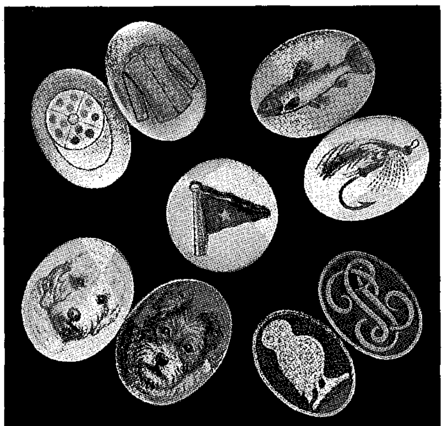

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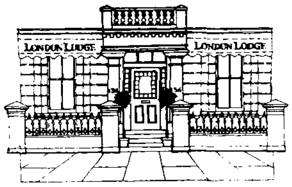

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This Lombardian titan of industry is the fashion mill of the nation.

MILAN. This Lombardian titan of industry is unquestionably the fashion mill of the nation. But while it manufactures those gladrags which go out to the world bearing Italian labels, Rome and Florence remain the twin runways for viewing. Milan is the arena for selling.

Store fronts, especially on Via San Gregorio and edging toward Piazza della Repubblica, often carry the legend "solo grossisti" meaning "wholesale only." Don't believe it: you can often buy next season's apparel at 60 percent off the retail levels. And considering that retail is already as much as 40 percent lower than prices at home, your savings can be substantial.

On the smart lanes such as Vias della Spiga, St. Andrea, Brera, Durini, Solferino and about a half-dozen more streets in this mid-city clutch, you will see the names of fame. As most are franchisers, they sell exclusive labels but resist discounting. Moreover, some will not recognize VAT rebating because occasionally that celebrated and ravishing Italian sweater, coat, or wallet was stitched together in Taiwan, Hong Kong, or even West Germany. Hence, a tax rebate for an item that was not domestically created is pointless.

Shopping spoils: Leather from toes to tippets, ties and scarves, expensive cars and jewelry (sound reductions), knitwear, silk blazers, religious articles.

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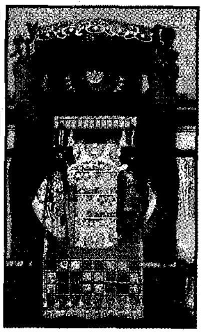

The battle royal of the bakers provokes daily fusillades.

VIENNA. The city that was once the capital of tandem empires now represents the primary Western portal to Central Europe. Still proudly straddling that bicultural heritage, the exotic nearness of Hungary is felt in all the neighboring fringes. And for your sojourn here, the most tantalizing dwelling space will be found in hotels that were converted from noble palaces or grandiose stately homes. An age-old *Kriegspiel*—battle royal of the bakers—still provokes daily fusillades between Franz Sacher's progeny (heirs to his recipe for the dark chocolate cake from the hostelry of the same name) and the creators of a gloriously rich and lesser known Imperial Torte, identified with the city's foremost luxury hotel. Each institution posts millions of calories weekly to delirious recipients worldwide.

Shopping for other items is made easy in a city that is layed out in numbered "rings." Most tourists seldom move beyond the first three of these. A pilgrims' mall called *Karntnerstrasse*—the leading showcase for pedestrians—runs from the Opera to the Dom (St. Stephen's Cathedral). Jewelry—viewed here and on side lanes—has always been a royal endeavor in a land of frequently changing chiefs of state. Eiderdown quilting is a specialty too, because the valuable down is worked into quilts and jackets with unique care and attention. Women from all over the civilized world are drawn to this city just to observe the petit-point genii who can pack as many as three thousand stitches into a square inch of material. When you note that this is usually achieved with a magnifying glass and realize that a "fast inch" can take up to fifteen hours to complete, you can imagine how those fingers fly.

The quarry: Enamel accessories, fine jewelry, fancy porcelain, loden, boiled wool sweaters, and the chocolate *Torte* of your choice.

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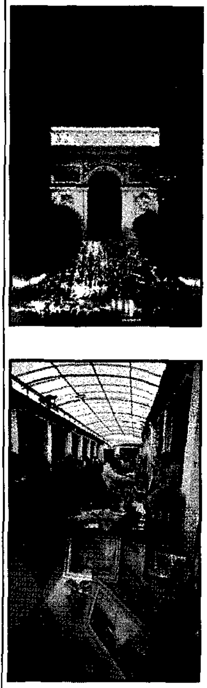

Style setting was born in the City of Light.

PARIS. This elegant city beckons in the spring, and followers of sport look forward to the French Open Tennis Tournament (June 7–25). Incidentally, never refer to the tournament as that—anyone who is *branché* (clued in) simply says "Roland Garros," after the original sponsor of the event. Style setting was born in the City of Light—whether on the *rue* or in the stadium. Zany sunglasses span a range from comic to outlandish fashion fillips this springtime. *Les gentilhommes* may prefer the latest zephyr-light silk underwear for the ultimate in pampering.

What is the fad of the instant? Almost before it began, the wearing of scented torsades around the wrist was declining and its allure vanishing as quickly as five-and-dime perfume. Jewelry, however, remains more important than ever. There seems to be a notable decline in expensive gems, replaced by a trend toward well-wrought gold-and-enamel medallions, delicate brooches, bright but inexpensive wristwatches or clip-on clocks, and other low-cost accessories which in other parlance might be referred to as wearable souvenirs. These include gold Eiffel Towers or a Column Morris (the familiar cylinders on which metropolitan posters are plastered), which can be seen displayed in the windows of shops along the *Rue de Castiglione.* The same avenue which flows with obvious swank into the

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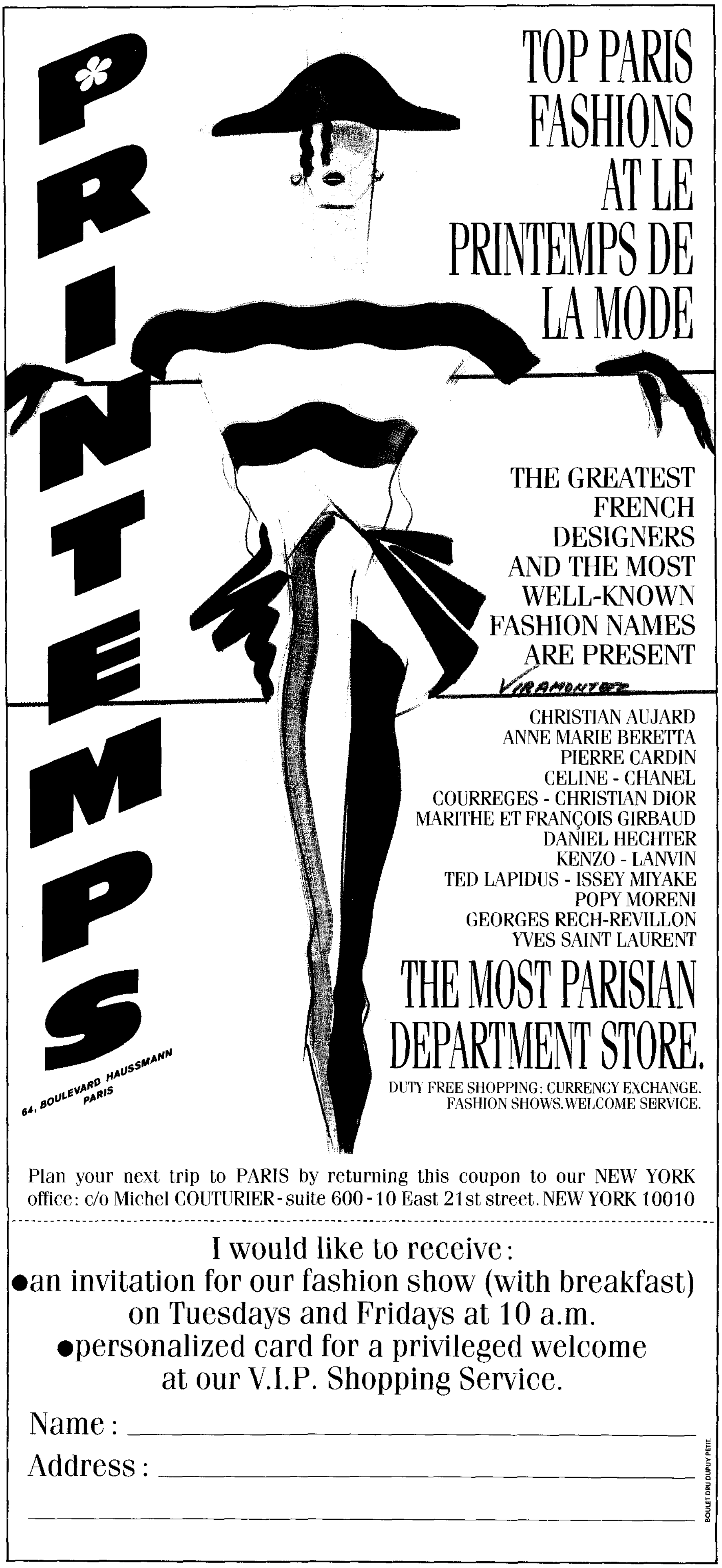
exclusive Place Vendôme is a fertile field for custom-made luggage, beautifully crafted attaché cases, handbags, and accessories of unusual distinction. Better stores vow to satisfy even the most complicated commissions within 48 hours. Glass—particularly the products of Baccarat—is everlasting in its appeal. Brittany's colorful Quimper faience, a French staple for household adornment, is experiencing a renewed popularity. At the same time, food products which can travel make ideal carry-home gifts. Legendary houses such as Fauchon continue to spearhead new frontiers of gastronomy, while caviars (golden-grey sterlet and beluga) retain their firm mandate on quality and high cost. The hostess who looks to surprise her guests offers snail eggs, which vie with those of the sturgeon in dollar terms.

For the home there is a movement away from full-house carpeting and a return to the appreciation of Persian as well as fine modernistic rugs. Some of the best looms in all of France are now devoted to designs produced by artists and specialist designers. The prices can be astronomical, but the trademarks are highly identifiable. Also for the home are frivolities such as "the perfume to burn"—inexpensive porous rings which may be saturated with a multitude of fragrances, and sit atop light bulbs. When illuminated, the heat of the bulb disperses the aroma throughout the room.

Naturally, *haute couture* remains a Parisian staple. Twenty-one stellar names are officially categorized as *grand couturiers.* To qualify, a Saint Laurent, Lavin, Chanel, Balmain, Patou, or other master must employ a minimum of 23 seamstresses and offer two collections a year (closed showings in July and January) with a minimum of 75 models each! Moreover, they must provide at least 45

private fashion exhibits, so no wonder the prices of these masterpiece goods can rise to such shocking levels. Through friends in the trade you might be privileged to visit one of the July "closed showings," but, even if you miss these, public ones are held in August at the private salons of your favorite *couturiers*. During any month of the year you can witness up-to-the-instant stylings at leading department stores such as Galeries Lafayette or Printemps. The prices of these *prêt-à-porter* models will be a lot easier to swallow, too.

Paris, of course, is nothing if it isn't chauvinistic, so an all-too-obvious takeaway is a new one that is being peddled around the city: a cobblestone dear to the revolutionaries of



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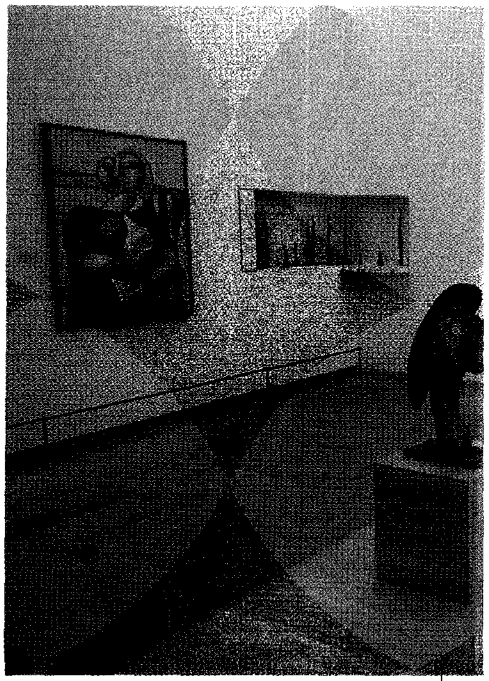

history and the protesters of recent student uprisings. At close to $15 a throw, it at least contains more nostalgia than our own Pet-Rock mania of the Seventies.

Louis the Who?

What's in a name? While *nameplate chic* is not exactly disappearing, it is a diminishing trend—especially among the men and women who prefer to put their own stamps on fashion. Still, being able to spot the prestige trademark remains high sport in Gaul for restaurant *maîtres*, doormen at fancy hotels, and among shopping attendants at better stores. It can have its comic side, too.

In the tranquil courtyard of *Chateau d'Audrieu*, a lovely Norman redoubt which today accommodates guests, was a sparkling Daimler with a bootful of expensive luggage. The young porter, a zealous trainee from the Tyrol, seemed thrilled by the cargo of Louis Vuitton valises, small trunks, and soft carryalls heavily imprinted with the distinctive "LV" markings. "How elegant," he exclaimed, attempting to flatter the

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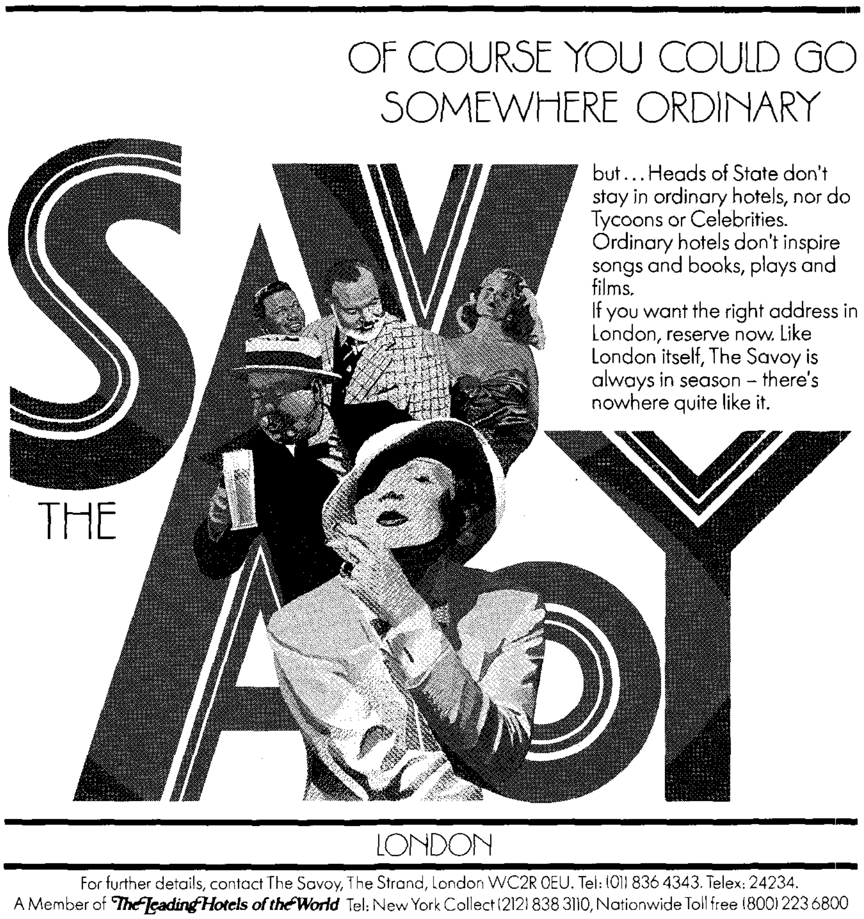

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Joseph Raff is the author of the annual *Fielding's Europe, Economy Europe*, and the *Selective Shopping Guide to Europe*, which he researches with his wife Judith. Mr. Raff's journalistic career included work with the Associated Press and *Sports Illustrated* before he moved overseas to edit the *Rome Daily American*. He lives on Mallorca.

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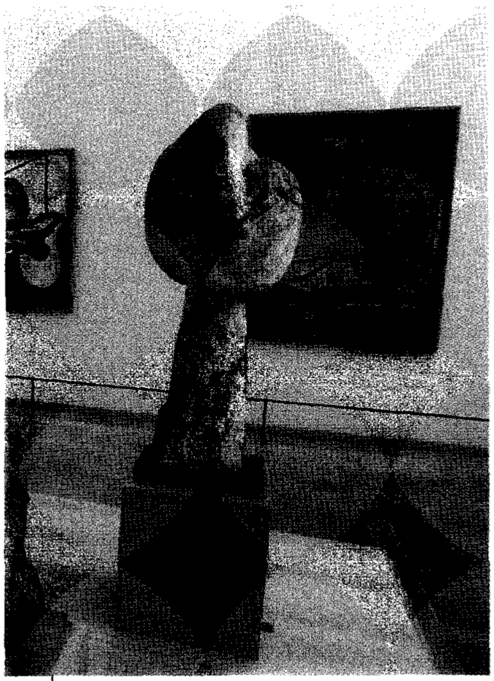

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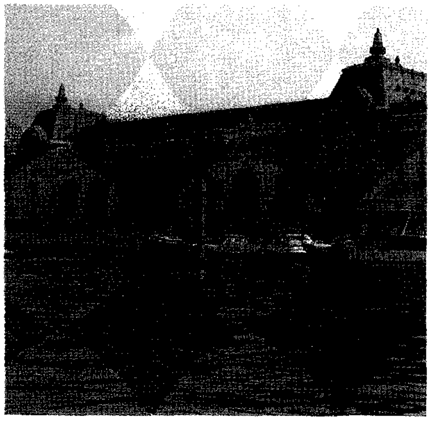

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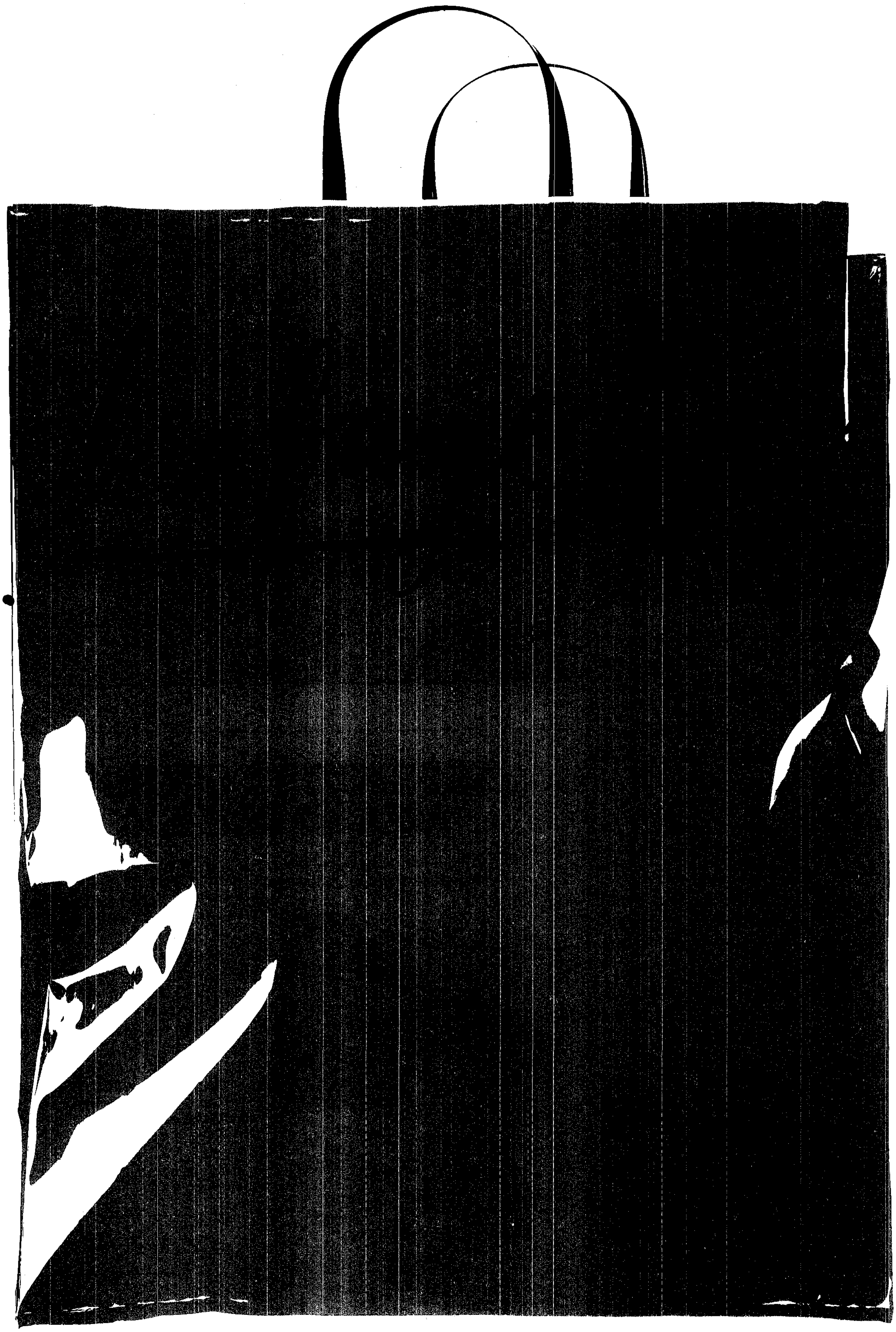
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MADRID. An hour's stroll along the capital's spectacular Serrano (equivalent to New York's Fifth Avenue) is convincing evidence that here is *España Antigua* dressed up in its newest raiments. The art galleries alone are irresistible hotspots for collectors; there are still many Miro, Picasso, and Gris originals available for sale. (Serigraphs by Spanish masters sell for roughly half the Stateside costs for similar prints.) The middle ground provides rich harvests from stalwarts such as Beulas, who is famed for his Huesca landscapes, Tàpies and his sandy palate, or Mompó with his fanciful pastel stick figures. The avant-garde is composed of halberdiers such as Miguel Barceló, Modest Cuixart, Josep Guinovart, and Montserrat Gudiol, while María Asunción Raventós monopolizes reviewers' attentions all over the world with her wall tapestries. Foresighted investors are hanging up paintings by Mingorance, del Rio, and especially Ruiz. Spanish sculpture also is dynamic. Check the layered look rendered by Amadeo Gabino who clad Barcelona Airport Terminal in his metal sheaves; there are the earthly bronzes of Enrique Broglia, the oft-repeated charm of Frechillia, the colossal works of Chillida, the gleaming elegance of José Luis Sánchez, or the power of Francisco Barón. Berrocal has revolutionized sculpture for all time; his metals are so precisely fitted that they can be disassembled and regrouped as if you were solving a puzzle. They even have been copied into equally distinctive pieces of jewelry.

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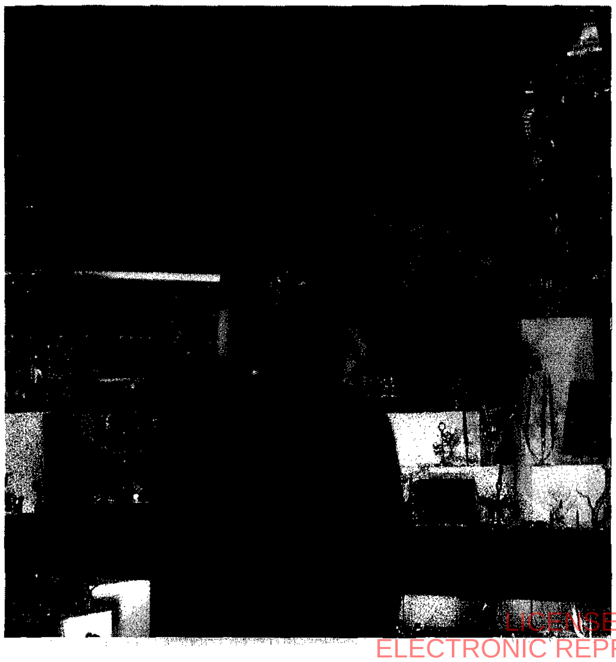

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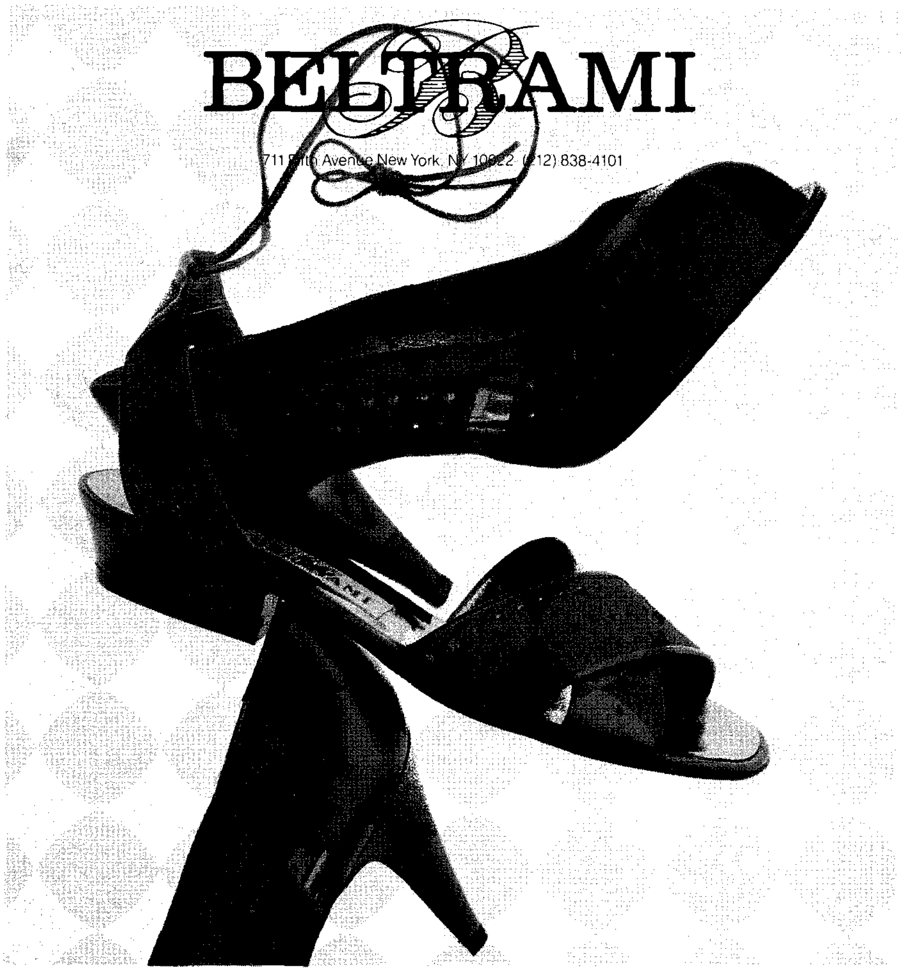

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Coin and stamp collectors will discover nirvana each Sunday in the numismatic and philately kiosks which line the northeast corner of the capital's gigantic main square, Plaza Mayor. The traders are extremely sharp; amateurs are advised to bid with caution. Also on Sundays, the Thieves Market *(El Rastro)* attracts tourists on a year-round basis.

As with that other anomaly of not being able to find cashmere in Kashmir, the Spanish have an irony of their own. Although Cordoba invented it, you probably won't be able to discover a pair of cordovan shoes in all of Spain. This variety of leather finds almost its entire market in the United States. Never mind. Leather is king on the peninsula and every other kind of moccasin, pump, boot, or slipper is available along the Serrano.

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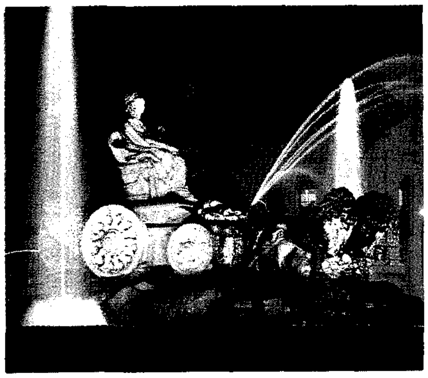

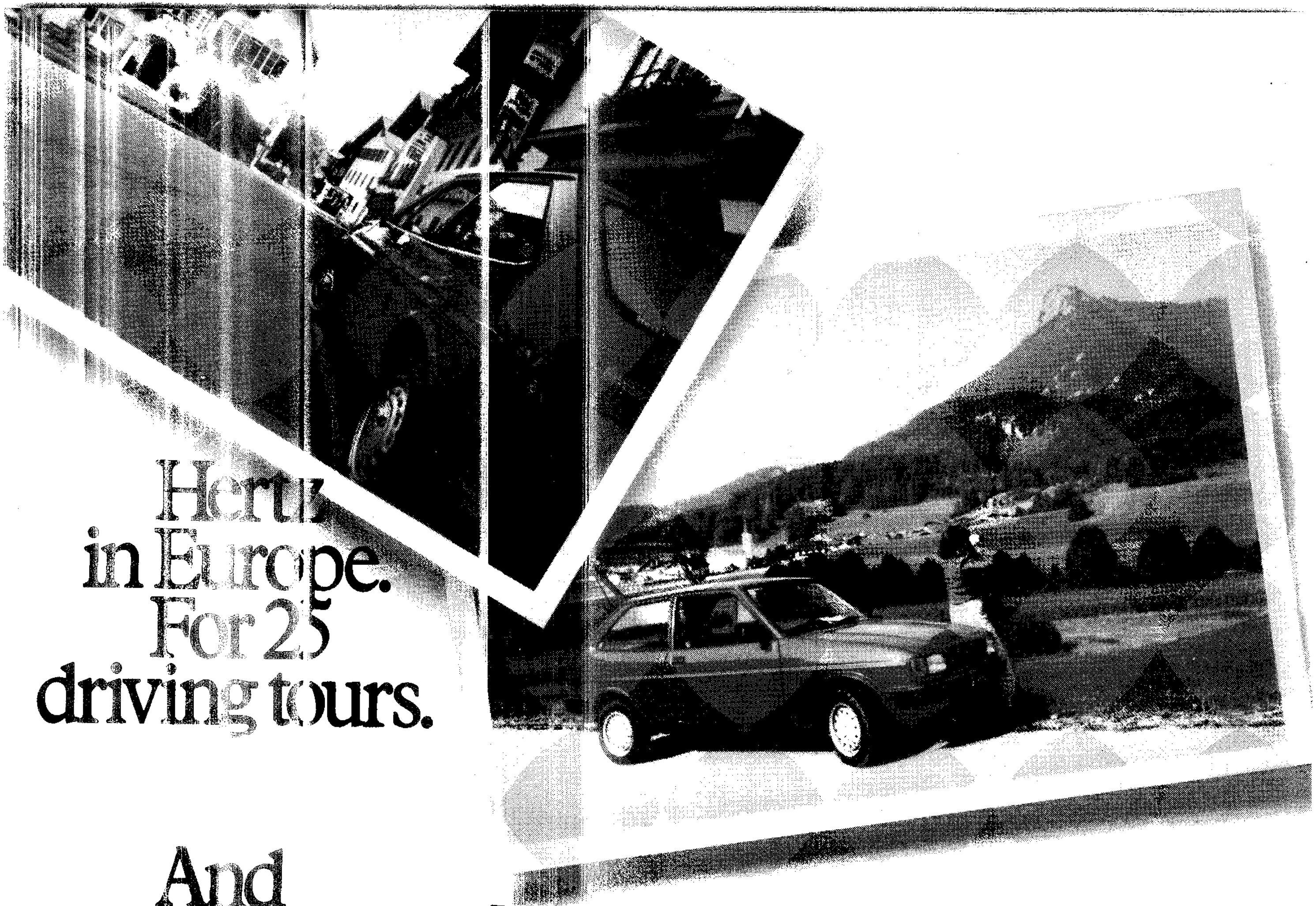

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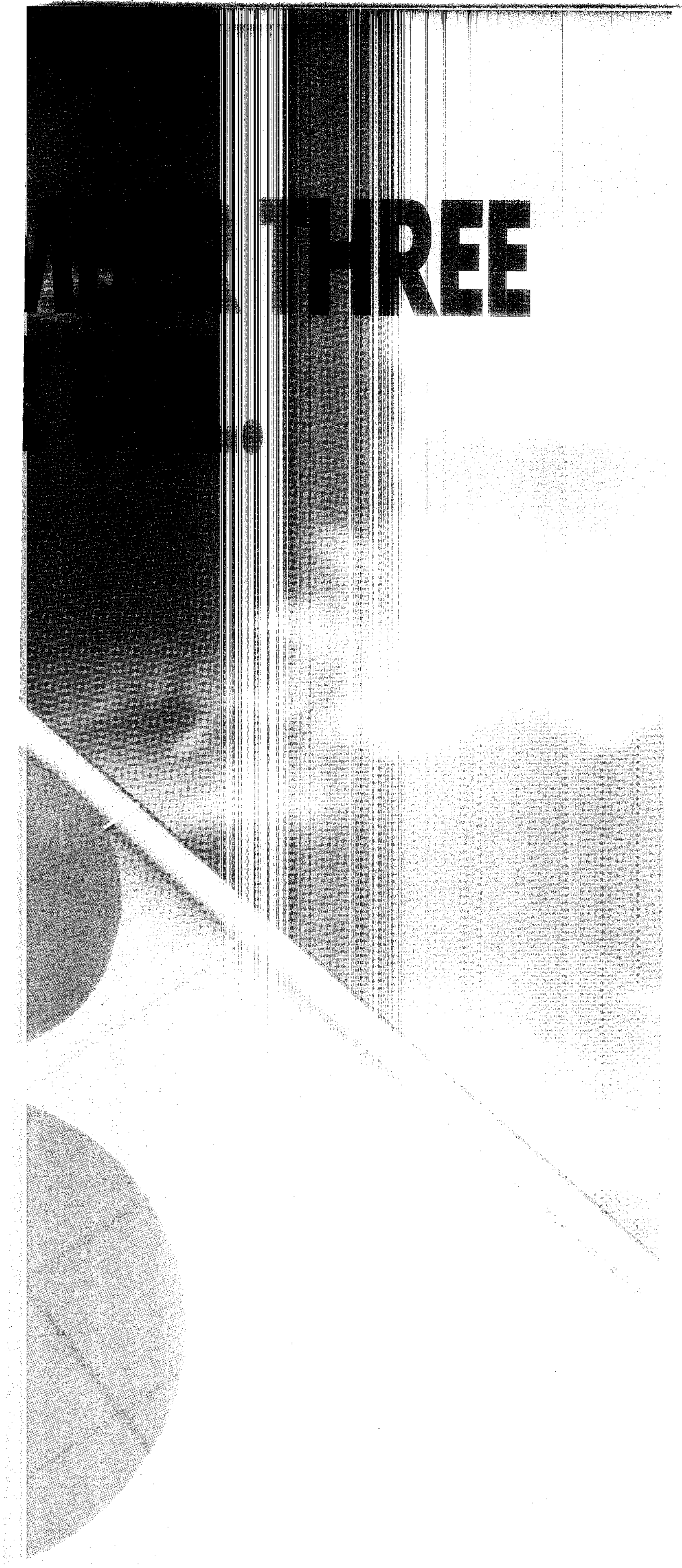

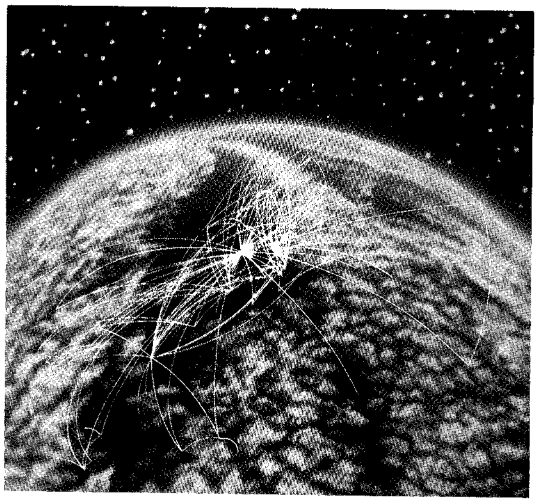

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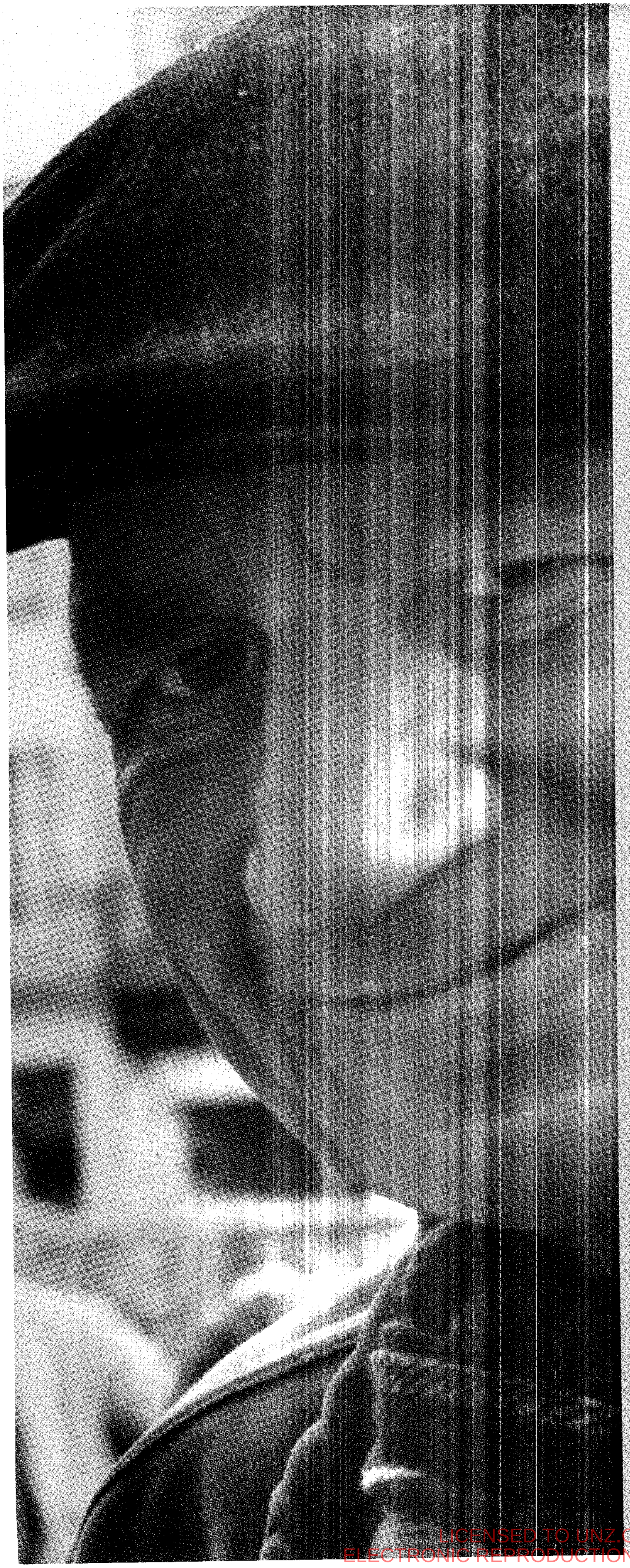

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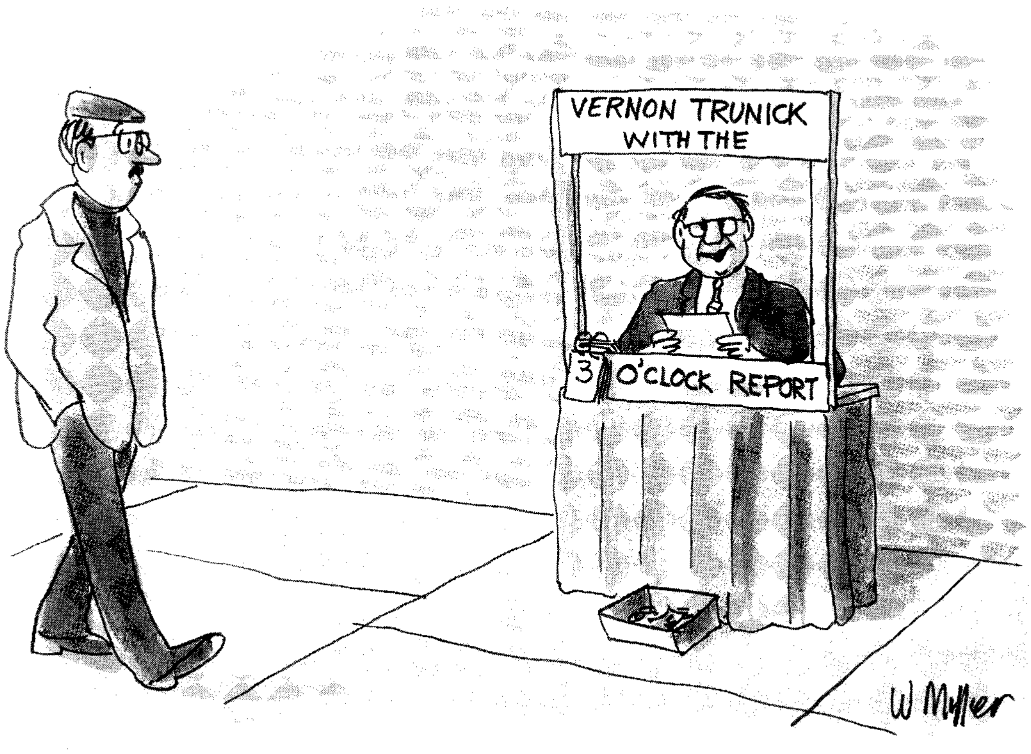
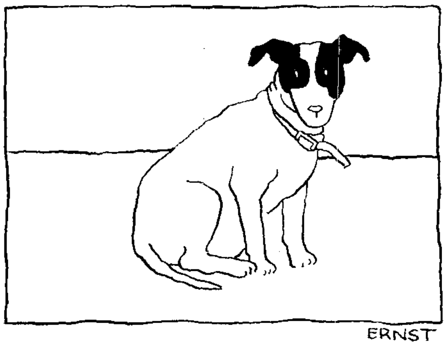
THE lesser wonders of baseball—the sacrifice fly, the three-six-three double play, the wrong-side hit-and-run bouncer through a vacated infield sector, the right-field-to-third-base peg that cuts down a lead runner, the extended turn at bat against an obdurate pitcher that ends with a crucial single squiggled through the middle—are most appreciated by the experienced fan, who may in time also come to understand that expertise is the best defense against partisanship. This game can break your heart. No other sport elucidates failure so plainly (no other sport comes close), or presents it in such painful and unexpected variety. My favorite team, the Mets, won a World Championship last fall, but the pleasure of that drained away much more quickly than I thought it would, and now, in company with their millions of other fans, I am stuck with the increased anxieties and diminished pleasures of a possible repeat performance. The 1986 league championships and World Series produced so many excruciations and twists of the knife that these, I suspect, are now remembered more vividly than anything else: the Mets' and Astros' day-into-night sixth game, which brought the Mets their pennant after sixteen innings of nearly insupportable tension and ennui; the fifth game of the American League playoff, when the California Angels, three outs away from their first World Series, surrendered four runs in the Boston ninth on a pair of home runs and a hit batsman, and eventually lost both game and championship; and, of course, Game Six of the World Series, in which the Mets, trailing in the tenth by two runs, came down to their last out of the year with nobody on base, and then—I still don't believe it—beat the Red Sox on three singles, a wild pitch, and an ugly little error, and went on to take the last game as well. Hundreds of thousands of TV spectators must have fallen in love with baseball in the course of watching these soap operas, but during the winter I sometimes wondered how many of those newborn fans would stay with the game once they perceived its slower and richer and less melodramatic midsummer flow, and whether (if they were Mets rooters) they were giving thought to the lingering, inexorably recalled off-season sufferings of the worthy (and, together, much more numerous) fans of the Astros and the Angels and the Red Sox, some of whom or all of whom may have to wait for many seasons—decades, perhaps—before they find better luck and a shot at redress. There are easy days and lesser rewards for every fan, of course, but losing, rather than winning, is what baseball is all about, and why, in the end, it is a game for adults.

Spring training is meant to bring surcease to such dour notions. There are young faces and fresh arms, the northbound sun is delicious, and the games, which mean nothing, are apprehension-free. This year, as is my custom, I toured the March camps in Arizona and Florida and tasted these old pleasures, but restoration came slowly. Some old friends and familiar faces were missing. Tom Seaver was gone, after twenty major-league seasons; he required a knee operation last fall, to repair an injury that kept him from pitching for the Red Sox in the playoffs and the World Series, and no team had invited him to camp this year. Absent as well were the free agents who had been closed out of the sport, at least for the time being, by the owners' apparently concerted plan to avoid competitive bidding for the services of any player who had chosen to take his chance in the marketplace this year rather than sign up again. By the time the season opened, a couple of dozen teams with an ostensible interest in winning a pennant had found no use at all for the likes of Tim Raines, Bob Boone, Ron Guidry, Rich Gedman, Bob Horner, Lonnie Smith, and Doyle Alexander. According to the rules governing such matters, these men would be free to rejoin their original clubs on May 1st, possibly chastened by the knowledge that they weren't worth as much as they (and we) thought they were. Raines, by the way, has been a lifetime .305 hitter for the Montreal Expos, with four hundred and sixty-one stolen bases. A teammate and fellow free agent of his, Andre Dawson—who has batted .280 over eleven years, with two hundred and twenty-five home runs—was so disgusted with the freeze-out that he instructed his agent to accept any offer that the Chicago Cubs wished to make him, and signed on for five hundred thousand dollars (with some further incentives contingent upon his dura-



bility), which was five hundred and forty-seven thousand dollars less than his previous year's stipend. Just recently, Bob Horner, of the Braves, went off to play for the Yakult Swallows, in Japan. Earlier, Lance Parrish, a fixture behind the plate for the Tigers over the past decade, signed with the Phillies, in the only unblemished deal of its kind this year. A batterymate of his, the Detroit ace Jack Morris, who has won more games in this decade than any other pitcher, gave up on free agency even before the bidding season began, in January, when he and his lawyer discovered that no other team was interested in his wares; he took the Tigers to salary arbitration instead, and won a salary raise to a million eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Both Raines and the Red Sox' Gedman, by the further way, also agreed this spring to accept less money than they had been offered by their previous clubs, but when they did, the teams with whom they were negotiating inexplicably withdrew or altered their perhaps less than serious offers. I take no pleasure in these ironies, but the owners, I am convinced, don't give a damn about what we fans feel; they wish us to believe that the free agents and the rest of the players are paid far too much and should be taught a lesson—a lesson in economics, I suppose. I sympathize with the owners' wish to lower their payrolls and balance their books, but what they are doing looks to me like an unfunny coincidence, of Thoreau's trout-in-the-milk variety. The matter is now in the hands of an arbitrator, who will rule on a grievance plea on this issue brought last year by the Players Association. Lawyers tell me that collusion is hard to prove and almost impossible to police, even if a finding of conspiracy is made, but what is all too plain is that this is the weather pattern that may bring baseball to another strike two years hence, when the present agreement concludes.

I did find a scattering of rookies to admire, but not nearly as many as last spring, in the great vintage year of '86, when I had my first, awed look at the Angels' Wally Joyner, the Rangers' Pete Incaviglia (an even better Texas youngster, Ruben Sierra, didn't join the club until midseason), the Giants' Will Clark, and the Athletics' ("the A's" has undergone official unabbreviation) Jose Canseco. This year's sprouts appear to have a little less ability and, for a change, a lot less size. Joey Cora, the Padres' new second baseman, and Luis Polonia, a future Oakland outfielder, are both five feet eight inches tall, and Casey Candaele (it's pronounced "Candell"), a young backup infielder for Montreal, goes five-nine; all three are switch-hitters and exude the glitter and élan of players who show us the best of themselves at every instant. I was at Winter Haven one afternoon when Candaele made some slick plays afield and went four for five against the Red Sox' pitchers, with a home run and three runs batted in. ("Who *was* that little guy at second base?" Boston manager John McNamara asked the writers when the game was over.) I should also make mention of the Angels' new third baseman–left fielder Jack Howell (he bats lefty and is a full-sized six feet), if only to point out that, on his way up through the minors, he has batted .395, .373, and, last year, .359. (The man is in a serious slump.) Jose Canseco (six feet three inches) has gained twenty pounds since last spring, when he was listed at two hundred and ten—all muscle, by the look of him, and most of that in his arms, which now resemble pipeline sections. Last spring, I saw him whack several pitches into distant sectors of Arizona real estate (he went on to hit thirty-three home runs and bat in a hundred and seventeen runs, and was voted the American League's rookie of the year), but this time around I arrived a day too late for a memorable pair of home runs he hit against the Cubs at their home park, in Mesa. Joe Rudi, now an Oakland coach, told me that the first of these blows, which sailed over his head in the visitors' bullpen, in left field, was easily the longest homer he had ever seen; the next one, on about the same arc and flight plan, was a bit longer. Canseco didn't oblige me with any homers this year, but he startled me in other ways. He kept hitting rocketlike singles through the infield, he bunted once for a base hit and a run batted in, and he struck out only twice in the twelve at-bats I saw. He may be a ballplayer as well as a legend.



Back in Florida, I spent much of my time with the Red Sox and the Mets, as might be expected, but I noticed that my baseball holiday was less fun as the season got closer and the teams got better. The Bostons had resumed the sour, withdrawn misanthropy that had made up such a traditional part of their team psyche before last summer (Jim Rice and Don Baylor were not speaking, I was told), and anxiety over Roger Clemens' absence (he was holding out—nothing to do with free agency—and agreed to a new two-year and perhaps two-million-dollar contract only a day or two after the new season began) seemed to haunt their doings on the field. The Mets were more cheerful and optimistic, as is their nature, but their vast attendant media corps added an air of frazzled, election-year foolishness to their comings and goings; one morning, I counted fourteen writers encircling Keith Hernandez as he talked about Darryl Strawberry's brief, petulant walkout when he was fined for missing practice. All this, to be sure, was before the very bad news came about Dwight Gooden's cocaine troubles, and his departure from baseball while he embarked upon a course of drug rehabilitation that may keep him off the field for months, and perhaps for a full season. The pain and sadness we feel about this are off to one side of baseball, I think—or should be—but there is a sense of loss that reminds us of the kind of wishful hero worship that every real fan has within him or her, even in middle age; we think we have outgrown it, but in truth we can hardly wait for the next shy and shining, extraordinarily talented young man to come along and make the game thrilling for us once again. Doc will return to baseball, I'm sure, and I hope he will be as good as or better than before, but it will be a little while, I think, before I will be able to love a ballplayer in quite that way again—to make him a man and myself a boy. To be fair about it, we should remind ourselves that the players have not agreed to these ancient but unwritten conditions of our affiliation, and may not understand them at all. Addiction in any form is a mystery.

TRYING to learn the game, as I have suggested, protects us from its overattachments and repeated buffetings, and for me, as the years go by, this has become almost the best part of baseball. This spring and last spring, I passed many hours in the company of coaches and managers and players—older players, for the most part—as I tried to learn a bit more about pitching. I wasn't so much concerned with strategy—where the ball is pitched, and with what intention, to different batters in different game situations (the heart of the game, in fact)—for that art is better pursued during the regular season, when each pitch matters. Rather, I wanted to learn for certain how the different pitches are thrown and why; how the ball is held and what happens to it in flight; and which styles in pitching and pitchers' thinking are undergoing alteration. (In the course of these seminars, I often found myself moving a ball this way and that in my right hand—I pitch and write righty—while some pitcher or coach tried to arrange my fingers around it in different ways, and I would suggest to readers who wish to accompany me closely over the ensuing paragraphs that they might do well to hunt around the house for an old baseball and keep it close by as a teaching aid.)

Early on, I found out about—or was confirmed in my guesses about—an amazing revolution in pitching style and theory that has been in progress for more than a dozen years now. Pete Rose put it well (Pete puts *everything* well) in Tampa a year ago. "The two biggest changes I've noticed in baseball in my twenty-three-year career are, first and obviously, the much bigger salaries and, second, the maturity of big-league pitchers today," he said. "There's a reason for this, which is that in every class and level of baseball today there is a pitching coach. It didn't use to be that way when I was coming up. I don't think the pitchers are faster than they used to be, but I think they're better. By the time a pitcher is twenty or twenty-one years old now, he's very comfortable throwing two-and-oh changeups and three-and-one curveballs. We've gotten used to that, but it's something real different. When I first came up, most of the relievers were freak-ball pitchers, who threw screwballs or knuckleballs or forkballs or palmballs. Now the hardest throwers—I'm only talking National League, because that's where I've been—the hardest throwers are in the bullpen. Gooden is an exception. Most of the other hard throwers—Gossage, Lee Smith, Jeff Reardon, Ted Power, Niedenfuer—are coming out of the pen." Ted Power, it should be noted, was moved into the Reds' starting rotation last summer—a move made by the Reds' manager, Pete Rose, of course. "I mean, the top relievers are smokers, and most of the starters are the other way," he went on. "More and more, the starters in this league pitch backward—two-and-oh breaking balls and changeups, and oh-and-two fastballs. They don't give in to you. It's a good way to pitch, if you can do it, because you can win that way."

Steve Garvey, the first-base perennial—he is thirty-eight years old and is now in his nineteenth season in the majors—agreed with Pete Rose right down the line, and said as well that the advent of the new split-finger fastball (which we will examine in more detail shortly) has brought a fresh dimension of difficulty for the batter. He thinks that the batter who tends to go with a pitch and rap it up the middle of the diamond—a hitter like his Padre teammate Tony Gwynn, for example—will have more success against the new pitch than someone who likes to pull the ball. Garvey told me that the swift arrival

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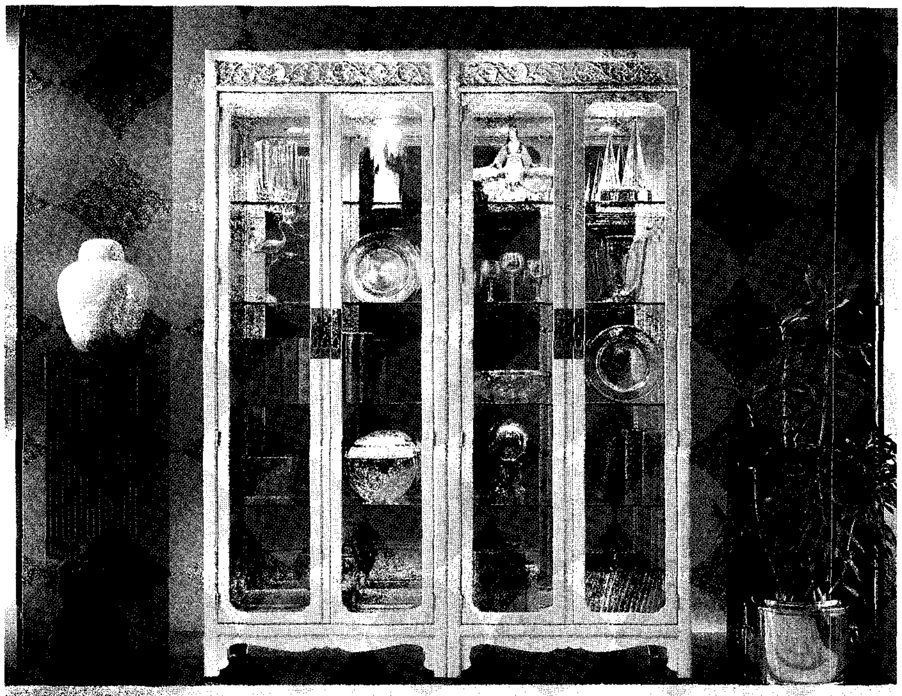

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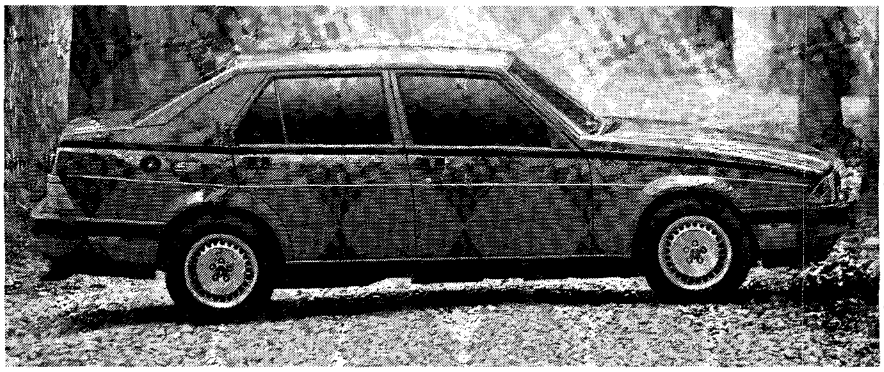

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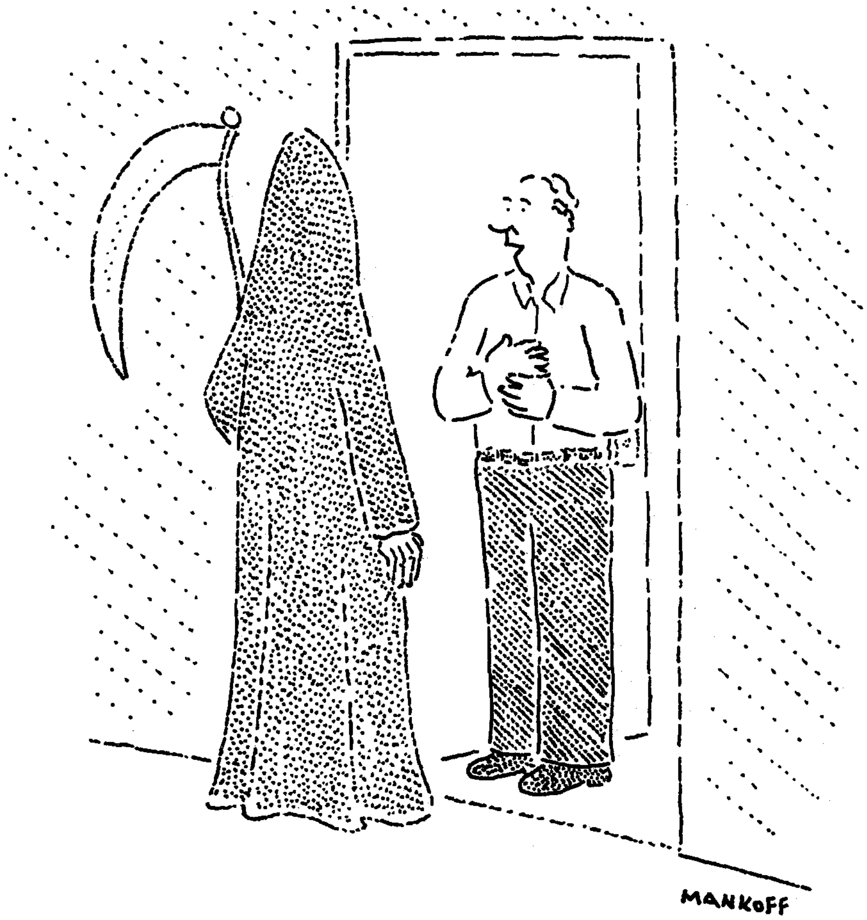
of very talented relievers in a game also adds to the batter's burdens. "The second guy to pitch now is as good as a fifth starter," he said, "and that's pretty decent." The man up at bat gets to see three and maybe four pitchers pitch in the same game, he noted, each with a different style and size and delivery point, and batting averages in both leagues are drooping as a result. Garvey feels that the old respectable, upper-level .280-to-.295 hitter is being forced down into mediocrity merely by much better pitchers and tougher pitches.

"Basically, we're all fastball hitters," Garvey said. "If we couldn't hit the fastball, we wouldn't be here. But if you have to look at breaking balls all the time you're only as good as your ability to adjust. It's a whole different game. When I came up, there was more of that pure challenge from the starting pitchers. Seaver threw hard, Jerry Koosman threw hard. Bob Gibson threw, I mean, *hard*. Fergie Jenkins threw hard and had that good slider away. Jerry Reuss and Steve Carlton threw hard when they were together on the Cardinals in the seventies. So did Candelaria, when he came along, and that same Pirates team had Terry Forster and Goose Gossage coming out of the bullpen. Hard throwers. The two-oh breaking ball used to be a special trait of the American League, because they had smaller ballparks and it's harder to hit the breaking ball out. But now, because of free agency, the National League has a lot of American League pitchers in it, and even with our bigger ballparks the whole pitching staff is saying, 'Why don't we do it that way, too, instead of being the hardball league?' It's tougher on hitters every day."

Joe Rudi told me that when he first came up the slider was a relatively new pitch and he had to deal with the new masters of the genre, like Jim Lonborg. "Now it's this split-finger fastball," he said. "It seems like the pitchers are always getting ahead. The real change, to me, is that middle-innings relief specialist—the long man. You hear pitching coaches talking about your rookies, and they'll say, 'This guy is going to be a real good middle-innings pitcher.' That's something new. What it really means is you never get that fourth at-bat against a great pitcher. I used to have to face Jim Palmer in maybe three or four games a year, and the first two or three at-bats against him were tough, believe me. But the fourth time up I thought maybe I had a chance. Nowadays, that pitcher is out of the game by then and you're looking at a sinkerballer like Quisenberry or a Jay Howell throwing gas. That good last at-bat is gone."

Doug DeCinces, the California third baseman, said he almost missed the old challenge of waiting for a guaranteed fastball ("sitting dead fastball," in baseballese) on a 3–1 count, but not if the pitcher was Goose Gossage. He said, "You didn't want *that* every day, but Goose sure liked it. It was 'Here it is, what are you going to do about it?' You knew that before you stepped in there. But I wouldn't say that the hard throwers are all the same. I mean, they're not dumb. I remember when I was younger I was with the Orioles, and Nolan Ryan threw a no-hitter against us at Anaheim Stadium one day. He struck out Bobby Grich on a three-two change-up for the last out of the game. He made Bobby look so bad it was pathetic. I mean, everybody in the park knew that with a three-and-two count it had to be a fastball coming. Only it wasn't."

There were echoes and variations on these themes everywhere. In Mesa, Herm Starrette, the Cubs' pitching coach (he has held the same post with the Braves, the Giants, the Phillies, and the Brewers), said, "There's no doubt in my mind that pitchers are better than they used to be. They know more things." Starrette is kindly and gently pedagogic in manner; he wears outsized spectacles and reminds you a little of a small-town insurance man. "I think a starting pitcher in the big leagues has to have three pitches he can get over the plate in any situation, and now the man who comes in and relieves him is just about as good," he went on. "You don't follow a starter with a reliever who has the same kind of delivery. It's like dancing with somebody—if you shift to a partner with a different sense of rhythm, it takes a time around the floor to get used to it. It's not easy for the batter to pick up the change—from left-hander to right-hander, or a new release point of the pitcher's hand, or whatever—and by the time he does the game is about over. Then here comes Lee Smith, who's throwing ninety-per or better, and now he's got a slider to go with it, and that hard sinker, too. It's unfair. I think pitchers are the smartest people on the field. They've got to know every batter and understand every situation in the game. If a guy wins twenty games, he's real smart. If he doesn't—well, he's proved it: he's not so smart." He laughed.



"Oh, darn, and just as I was beginning to take charge of my life."

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HOTDOG: Nothing is easy in baseball, of course, even for the pitchers. In Phoenix Stadium last spring, Bill Rigney and my teen-age son, John Henry, and I watched from behind home plate while Oakland's Joaquin Andujar worked in a little B game against the Indians one day. It was about ten-thirty in the morning—a time of day when a ballgame feels like a special treat, like a children's birthday party—and the desert sunlight was putting a fresh-paint sheen on the empty rows of reserved-seat stands around us. Four or five scouts sat together on little metal chairs in a box-seat section down behind the screen, and now and then one of them would pick up a coffee container from between his feet and sip at it and put it down again. There were about thirty fans in the rest of the park, and the only unhappy folks in view may have been Andujar, out on the mound, and Rig, just to my right, who were equally unimpressed with the pitching just then. Andujar, a combustible 21–12 pitcher with the Cardinals the year before, had been acquired in a trade over the winter and was expected to add some zing to the lacklustre Oakland pitching corps. Rigney, a former manager of the Giants and the Twins and the Angels, is the chief baseball adviser to the Athletics, and now he exchanged a couple of sharp glances with me as Andujar kicked unhappily at the rubber and stared around at a couple of Cleveland base runners he had put aboard on a walk and then a single that was hit off an unimpressive 3–1 pitch. A white-haired, mahogany-tan gent with a cigar came along the aisle and sat down behind us and put his arms up on the back of our row of seats. "You see it, don't you, Rig?" he said instantly in a deep, mahogany-colored voice. "The whole key to Joaquin is that front knee. If he don't pick it up in his motion and bring it right up 'longside the back leg, it opens him up too

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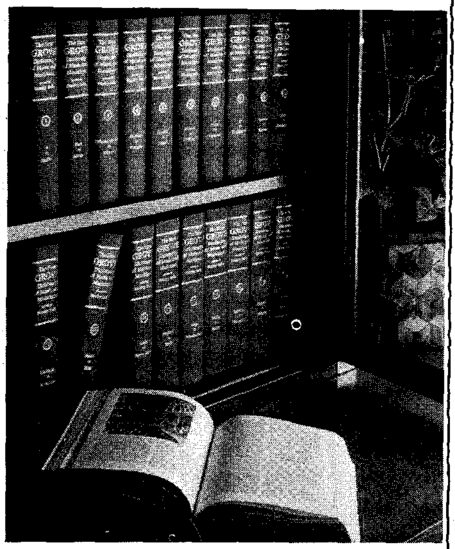

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soon. There—he just did it again. He throws three-quarters that way, and when he's three-quarters the goddam ball gets up, and his slider just goes *shh-shh-shh.* When he gets tired, he does that all the time, and his sidearm is horseshit. He's got to tuck in that front knee—just that much more gives him time to get up on top of the ball. . . . Like *that*—he did it that time."

Our new companion was Hub Kittle, a legendary erstwhile pitching coach with the Cardinals. Now seventy, he has become a travelling instructor in the Cards' farm system and a part-time scout. He was dressed in several eye-shattering shades of Cardinals red, with a thong tie and a turquoise tie clasp. Rig introduced us, and Kittle buried my hand in his, but his eyes stayed on the field.

"Oops—there's that little forker I taught him," he said. "But that forearm has got to come down, *down* onto his goddam knee. He's so quick you don't see where he's going wrong." He curled his right hand into a spyglass and peered through it with one eye. "Close out the batter, close out the hitter and the ump, and then you can see him," he muttered. "I had him at Houston and down in the Dominican for five years, and I know you got to stay on his goddam ass. 'O.K., now,' you say to him. 'O.K. *¡Bien! ¡Arriba! ¡Bueno!*' You keep on his case so the *brujo* don't get him—the witch doctor. He gets in those spells out there."

Andujar gave up a little single, which scored a run, and then the home-plate ump—a woman umpire named Pam Postema—called a balk when he tried to pick off the runner at first.

"Oh-oh," Kittle said. "Now he's pissed. See him stompin' around out there. He's talking to himself again." Kittle half rose and shouted something in Spanish to Andujar. "Go full circle!" he roared. "Keep the ball down, *hombre!*"

Joaquin, struck dumb, stared around the stadium in confusion—I think for a moment he looked straight up at the sky. Then he spotted Kittle and waved his glove. The next two pitches were good breaking balls, and then he struck out the batter with a fastball to end the half inning.

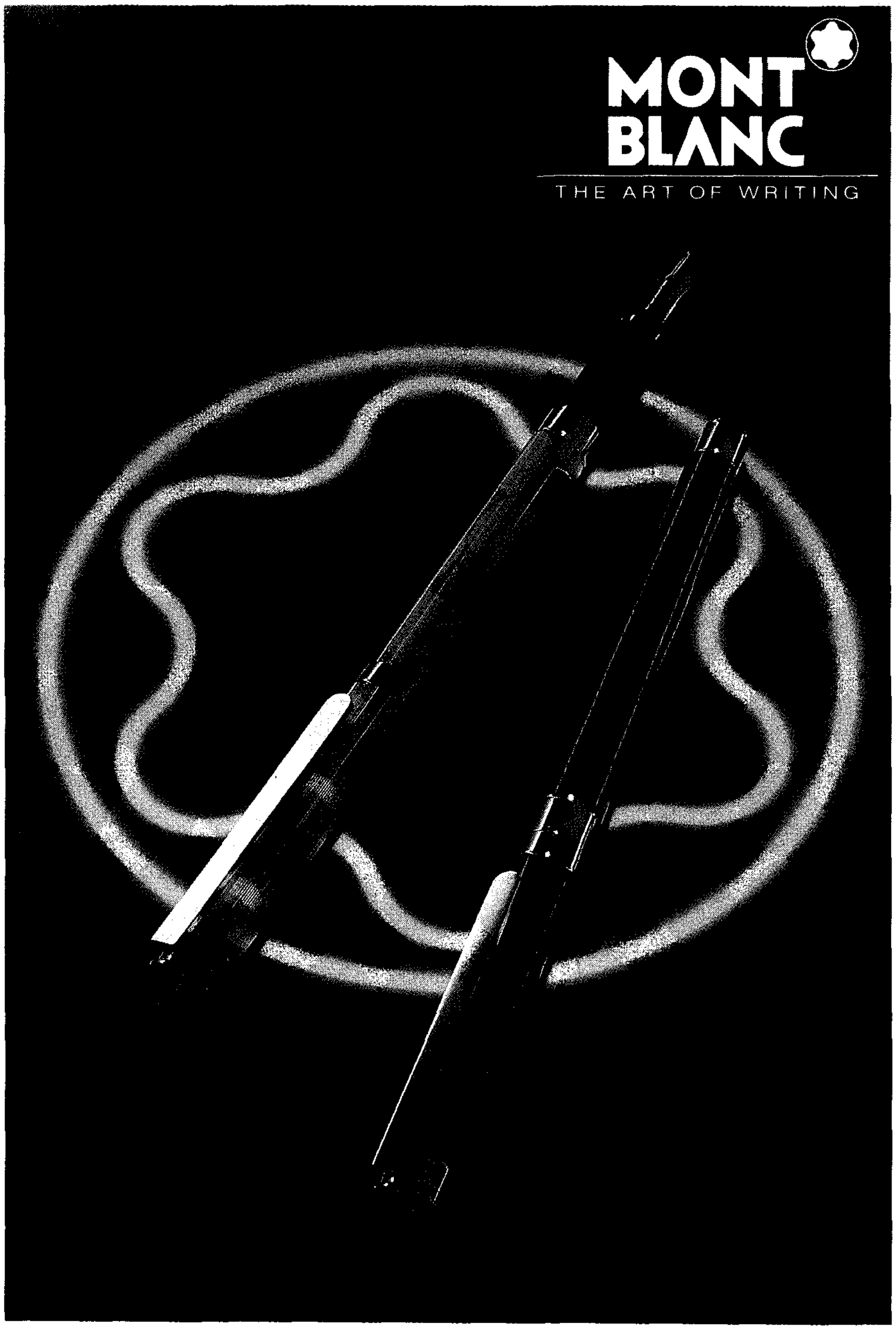
"There," said Kittle. "That's the *pistola.* He's still got it."

"I think you should have been part of the deal," Rig said. "This man"—he grabbed Kittle by the knee—"this man and I played together on the Spokane Hawks in 1938," he went on, to John Henry and me. "He was a pitcher, and I was a kid shortstop. That was a B League, and it was my first professional team. Wes Schulmerich was finishing up his career there." He shook his head. "Nineteen thirty-eight . . ."

THE split-finger fastball is baseball's Rubik's Cube of the eighties—a gimmick, a supertoy, a conversation piece, and a source of sudden fame and success for its inventor. It is thrown at various speeds and with a slightly varying grip on the ball, but in its classic mode it looks like a middling-good fastball that suddenly changes its mind and ducks under the batter's swing just as it crosses the plate. The pitch isn't exactly new—nothing in baseball is exactly new. A progenitor, the forkball, was grasped in much the same fashion, between the pitcher's forefinger and middle finger, but tucked more deeply into the hand, which took off spin and speed—a "slip-pitch," in the parlance. Elroy Face, a reliever with the Pirates, was its great practitioner in the nineteen-fifties and sixties, and he put together an amazing 18–1 won-and-lost record (all in relief) with it in 1959. Bruce Sutter—like Face, a right-handed relief specialist—came along with the first so-called split-finger fastball a decade ago while with the Cubs, and has employed it (and very little else by way of repertoire) to run up a lifetime National League record of two hundred and eighty-six saves, with a Cy Young Award in 1979; he later moved along to the Cardinals and is now with the Braves and in temporary eclipse, owing to a sore arm. The Sutter pitch seemed not only unhittable but patented, for no one else in the game has quite been able to match his way of combining the forkball grip with a mid-delivery upward thrust of the thumb from beneath, which imparted a deadly little diving motion to the ball in flight. Here matters rested until 1984, when Roger Craig, a pitching coach with the Tigers, imparted his own variant of the s.-f. fb. to several members of the Detroit mound staff, with instant effect. The Tigers won the World Series that year, and their ace starter, Jack Morris, who threw the pitch harder than anyone else at the time, suddenly emerged as the most successful starting pitcher in the league. Craig went into retirement after that season (he has since unretired, and manages the Giants), but he is an affable and enthusiastic gent, who loves to talk and teach pitching. He is tall and pink-cheeked, with a noble schnoz; as most fans know, he has endured every variety of fortune on the mound, including two amazing seasons with the newborn and hapless Mets, in the early sixties, during which he won fifteen games and valiantly lost forty-six. Callers at his home near San Diego that first winter of retirement included a good many opportunistic pitchers and pitching coaches from both leagues who were anxious to get their hands on the dingus. Most prominent among them —now, not then—was Mike Scott, a large but as yet unimpressive pitcher with the Houston Astros (the Mets had traded him away after 1982, at a time when his lifetime record stood at 14–27); he spent a week with Craig and came home armed with Excalibur. With the new pitch, he went 18–8 in 1985 and 18–10 last year, when he won a Cy Young Award after leading the majors with three hundred and six strikeouts and a 2.22 earned-run average. He capped his regular-season work with a no-hitter against the Giants, clinching the Astros' divisional pennant, and then zipped off sixteen consecutive scoreless innings while winning his two starts in the championship series against the Mets, to whom he surrendered but one run over all. Indeed, the other great "what if" of this past winter (along with second-guessing the way the Red Sox played the tenth inning of Game Six in the World Series) is the speculation about the Mets' fate in the playoffs if they had been forced to face Scott for a third time, in a seventh and deciding game.

"The split-finger is mostly a changeup," Keith Hernandez told me in St. Petersburg. "It can be thrown in different ways, so you can say it's really a three-speed changeup, with the forkball action as the other half of it. Scott can make it run in or out, but when he throws it inside to me he throws it *hard*. It has so much velocity on it that it's a real fastball for him, plus it goes down. It just drops off the table. Sutter's was the best until this one, but Scott has perfected it. He has tremendous command over the pitch—he never makes a mistake." (Mike Scott, it should be added, might not agree with this generous appraisal, for Hernandez hits him better than anyone else in the league: .377 lifetime, according to the *Elias Baseball Analyst*.)

Roger Craig told me that both Scott



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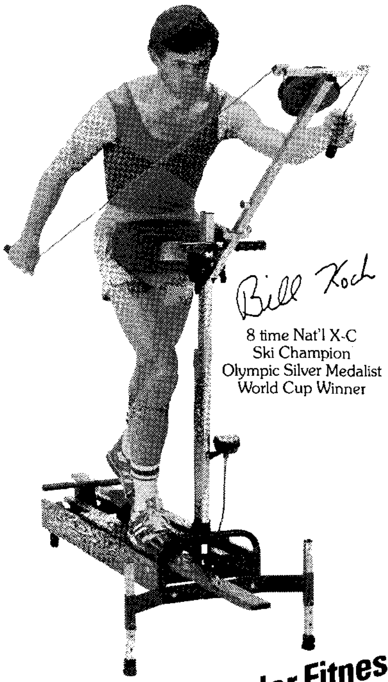

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and Morris throw the split-finger at eighty-five miles an hour or better—faster than anyone else, although Scott Garrelts, a fireballing reliever on Craig's Giants, is now approaching that level. "Jack has his fingers up higher on the ball than Mike does," Craig said. "Mike's got the ball as far out in his hand as you can get it. He throws it about sixty or seventy per cent of the time now, and there was a stretch at the end of last year when he was just unhittable. The pitch was a phantom—you'd swing and it wasn't there." (A good many batters in the National League are convinced that Mike Scott also imparts another sort of witchcraft to the baseball, by scuffing it in some secret fashion, in contravention of the rules. Steve Garvey told me that retrieved balls that Scott has thrown often show a patch of lightly cut concentric circles on one of the white sectors—something that might be done with an artificially roughened part of his glove or palm. Garvey made a little sidewise gesture with his hand. "That's all that moves," he said, smiling. "It's enough.")

Craig—to get back into the sunshine here—said that the best thing about the split-finger is that it can be thrown at so many different speeds. "It depends on where you've got it in your fingers, on how you cock your wrist—on a whole lot of things," he said. "But the ultimate is when it comes out off the tips of your fingers—they just slip down along the ball on the outside of the seams—and the ball *tumbles*. That's the great one, because it's the opposite spin from the fastball. People keep telling me it isn't really a fastball, but I keep saying it is, because I want that pitcher to throw it with a fastball motion. Dan Petry, back with the Tigers, used to let up on it, because it was in the back of his mind that it was an off-speed pitch, but that's wrong. Here—gimme a ball, somebody."

We were sitting out on a bullpen bench in left field on a shining morning in Scottsdale—Craig and I and one of the Giants' beat writers. Craig has large, pale, supernally clean hands—Grandpa hands, if Grandpa is a dentist—and when he got a ball he curled his long forefinger and middle finger around it at the point where the red seams come closest together. "I start with my fingers together like this, and I say 'fastball' . . . 'fastball' . . . 'fastball' "—he waggled his wrist and fingers downward again and again—"but I have them go this way each time: just a bit wider apart. By the time you're out here"—the fingers were outside the seams now, on the white, slippery parts of the ball—"you're throwing the split-finger. There's a stage where it acts sort of like a knuckleball, but it'll come. You've started."

Craig told us that he'd discovered the pitch back in 1982, while he was coaching fifteen- and sixteen-year-old boys in California. He takes great pleasure in the fact that several older or middle-level professionals have saved their careers with the pitch (Milt Wilcox, a righty with the Tigers, was one), and that subvarsity high-school and college pitchers have made the team with it. Superior pitchers sometimes resist it, by contrast. "Jack Morris thinks he's the greatest pitcher who ever lived," Craig said. "He has that great confidence. He insisted he didn't need it, even though he was getting killed with his changeup. So I said, 'Do me a favor. Pitch one game and don't throw a change—throw the split-finger instead.' He did it, and it was a two-hitter against the Orioles."

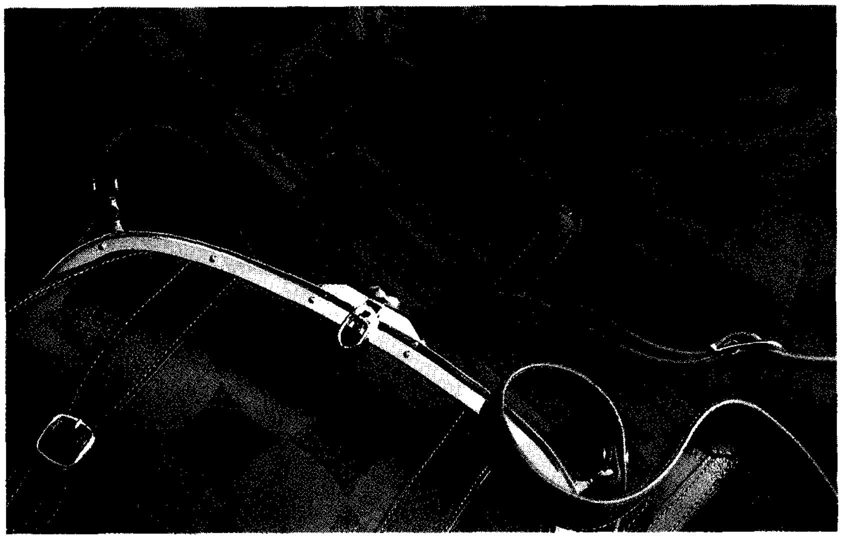
When Craig arrived at Candlestick Park in September of 1985, as the Giants' new manager, he took all the pitchers out to the bullpen on his second day and asked for a volunteer who had never essayed the split-finger. Mark Davis, a left-hander, came forward, and Craig sent the rest of the staff down to stand behind the catcher. "Well, in about twenty, twenty-five pitches he was throwing it," Roger said, "and all my other pitchers were thinkin', Well, if he can do it, *I* can do it. That way, I didn't have to go out and try to convince them one by one." Everybody on the Giants throws the pitch now, and one of Craig's starters, Mike Krukow, went 20–9 with it last year—his best year ever. Craig hasn't counted, but he believes that thirty or forty per cent of the pitchers in the National League have the pitch by now, or are working on it. Five of the Dodgers' staff—Welch, Hershiser, Niedenfuer, Young, and Leary—employ the pitch, and the American League is beginning to catch up. Gene Mauch, the Angels' pilot, told Craig this spring that all his pitchers would be working on it this year.

I suggested to Roger that he should

have registered the split-finger, so that he could charge a royalty every time it's thrown in a game, and his face lit up. "*That* would be nice, wouldn't it?" he said. "Just kick back and stay home, and take on a few private pupils now and then. That would be all right! But I've stopped teaching it to other teams. About ten pitching coaches called me up last winter and asked if they could come out and pick it up, but I said no. And there was this one general manager who called me up and said he'd send me and my wife to Hawaii, all expenses paid, if I'd take on his pitching coach and teach it to him. It's too late, though—I already showed it to too many guys. Dumb old me."

Not everybody, in truth, picks up the split-finger quickly or easily, and not all split-fingers are quite the same. Ron Darling, the Mets' remarkable young right-hander, mastered the delivery last summer, after a long struggle, and when he did, it became what he had needed all along—a finishing pitch, to make him a finished pitcher. (He was 15–6, with a 2.81 E.R.A., for the year, along with a hatful of strong no-decision outings.) He has never talked to Roger Craig, and, in fact, his split-finger started out as a forkball taught to him by pitching coach Al Jackson at the Mets' Tidewater farm club in 1983. But Darling, who has small hands, could never open his fingers enough to grasp the ball in the deep forkball grip, so it became a split-finger delivery instead. (Craig told me that some pitchers he knew had even gone to bed at night with a ball strapped between their fingers, in an attempt to widen their grip.) Darling had very little luck with the pitch at first, but kept at it because of Jack Morris's example—especially after Morris pitched a no-hitter against the White Sox at the beginning of the 1984 season.

"The whole idea about pitching—one of the basics of the art—is that you've got to show the batter a strike that isn't a strike," Darling said. "More than half—much more than half—of all the split-fingers that guys throw are balls. They drop right out of the strike zone. That's a problem, because you might have a great split-finger that moves a lot, and the batter is going to lay off it if he sees any kind of funny spin. So you have to throw it for a strike now and then. Hitters adjust, you know. Most of the time, you're going to throw the pitch when you're ahead in the count. But some-



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times I throw it when I'm behind, too. All you have to do is make it look like a fastball for at least half the distance. A lot of times last year, I'd try to get a strike with a fastball and *then* throw a split-finger strike. If it does get over—and this began to happen for me for the first time last year—it rocks the world, because then here comes another split-finger and the bottom drops out, but the guy still has to swing. He has no other choice. Nobody can afford not to swing at that pitch—unless he's Keith Hernandez. Umpires don't call third strikes on Keith."

•

K for Koufax: Each year, I notice, one particular old player's name pops up again and again in baseball conversations. I don't understand it. This year, it was Sandy Koufax. Roger Craig told me that he and Koufax were among the old Dodgers who had turned up at Vero Beach for a thirtieth reunion of the 1955 Brooklyn World Champions, and that Sandy immediately began asking him how to throw the new split-finger pitch. The next afternoon, he summoned Craig over to watch him working off a mound. "Well, first of all, Sandy was throwing the fastball at around eighty-five miles an hour," Craig said. "He was in great shape, as usual, and he just did it naturally—no effort at all. I couldn't get over it. He was working on the split-finger, of course, though, and already he had it down pretty good. You know how long *his* fingers are. Sandy was pretty excited, and after a while he told me he was going to unretire and get back into the game as a pitcher again. I said, 'Jesus Christ, man, you can't do *that!* You're fifty years old!' But I thought he really meant it for a while, and so did Buzzie Bavasi and some of the others who heard him. I guess somebody talked him out of it in the end, but I almost wish they hadn't. Wouldn't that've been something!"

At Winter Haven, Eddie Kasko, the Red Sox' director of scouting (and a former manager of the Bosox), was talking about Sandy, too. He had a couple of friends from Massachusetts in tow—fans down to watch the Sox in training—and at one point he told us about a day back in the early nineteen-sixties, when he was an infielder with the Reds, and he and Whitey Lockman and Ed Bailey were sitting together on the bench, watching Koufax in action for the visiting Dodgers.

"Sandy is just chewing us up out there, putting down the batters in rows with that tremendous fastball," Kasko said, "but Ed Bailey keeps saying, 'Well, he don't look like nothing special to me. That pitch isn't much. I wish they'd give me just one crack at him.' Ed loved to pinch-hit, you know—he thought there wasn't anybody he couldn't hit. Well, a little later we're way behind in the game, and Hutch sends Bailey up to bat against Sandy, and it's one, two, three strikes, you're out. Eddie swings three times and doesn't come within a foot of the ball. He walks back to the dugout and sits down, and after a while I give Whitey a little nudge and I say, 'Well, Ed, what do you think now?' And Bailey turns around, all red in the face, and says, 'He's *too straight!*' Whitey says, 'Yes—and so is a .30-30.' "

BOTH leagues rang up strikeout records last year—a phenomenon attributable at least in part to the split-finger—and what one makes of this depends on whether one thinks like a batter or like a pitcher. Roger Craig smiled when I asked him about it and said, "I can't call it bad." Hernandez said, "What I'm concerned with is that the sixties brought us the slider, and now here's the eighties and this pitch. What's going to happen in the nineteen-nineties? What's going to happen to us hitters? The slider was a much harder pitch to hit than the curveball, and in the end they had to change the strike zone in order to even things out a little. The only thing on our side now is that the hanging split-finger is a great pitch to hit. It's just sitting up there on a tee for you."

The change that Hernandez alluded to—a historic proceeding in baseball, which has rarely altered its essential rules and ancient dimensions—came just after the season of 1968, when the two leagues showed a combined batting average of .236. Carl Yastrzemski won the A.L. batting title with an average of .301 that year, and in the same summer a rookie pitcher—the Mets' Jerry Koosman—accounted for seven shutouts, Bob Gibson achieved an earned-run average of 1.12 (a modern record), and Gaylord Perry and Ray Washburn threw no-hitters on consecutive days in the same ballpark. The batters were dying. The remedy, put into effect the following year, was to cut down the strike zone by a couple of inches, top and bottom, and to shave the pitching mounds from fifteen inches to ten inches above field lev-

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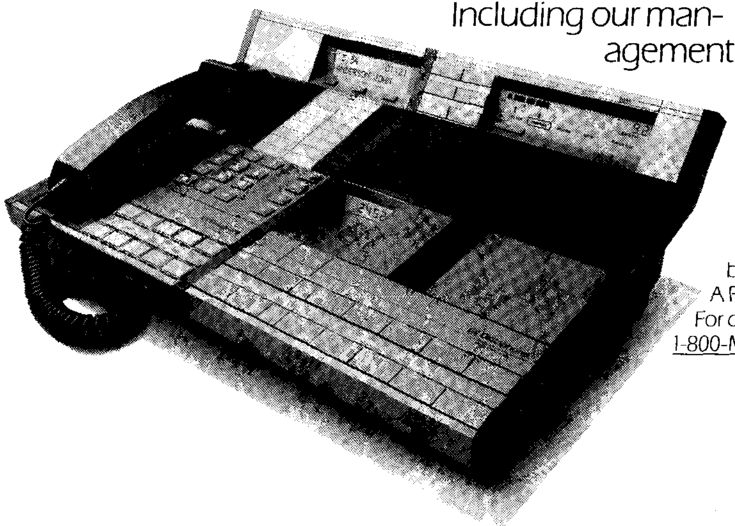

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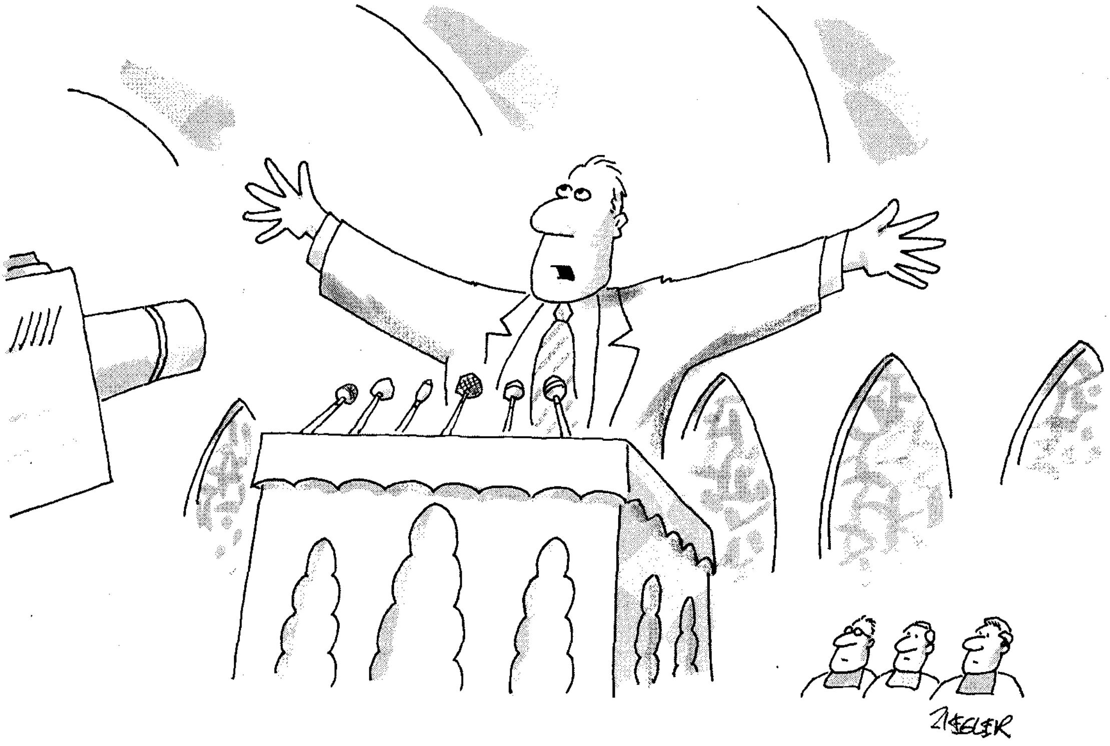

“Are these microphones, O Lord, on?”

el. Offensive statistics picked up almost at once (National League hitters batted .253 last year, and those in the A.L. .262), but many contemporary hitters believe that their eventual return to form was mostly because the batters began to recognize the slider a little sooner and to attack it with more success. I have also heard them say that the same thing will happen after they've seen the split-finger pitch more often. They may be whistling in the dark. For one thing, most pitchers who have mastered Craig's Little Jiffy say that they don't know exactly where the pitch is going to end up once it has been launched; in this respect, at least, it resembles the knuckleball to some degree. We'll see.

I asked Marty Barrett (of the Red Sox) and then Wally Backman (of the Mets) how many split-finger pitches each of them sees, and what they told me suggests that the pitch is much less employed, or less trusted, in the A.L. Both Barrett and Backman are bantam-size contact hitters (well, Barrett has a bit of power: he hit thirty-nine doubles last year) who bat second in power-laden lineups, which means that pitchers tend to work them with extreme care. Barrett told me that he didn't run into many split-finger pitches, perhaps because the pitchers were afraid that they'd get behind in the count and end up walking him. “I think the pitch is for bigger guys, who aren't as selective and will probably go to swinging at pitches that end up being balls,” he said. “I get more fastballs. If Jim Rice got the pitches I get, he'd hit seventy home runs.”

I told Backman what Marty had said, and he was surprised. He said he saw the pitch often. To be sure, if the lead-off man got on base just ahead of him he wouldn't be served many breaking balls, but whenever the Mets were behind late in a game the whole lineup would probably see the split-finger. “A lot of times, the split-finger is a ball,” he said, “but even if you know that, it's hard to lay off it sometimes. I just think there are more guys in our league who are throwing the thing.”

A further ingredient in the shifting batter-vs.-pitcher wars is the indisputable evidence that in the past four or five years the umpires in both leagues have responded to the breaking-ball and sinkerball epidemic by lowering the strike zone. There was no plan to this; it just happened. The high fastball—the old Koufax or Seaver hummer that crossed the plate at the level of the batter's armpits, which is still the official ceiling of the strike zone—would probably be called a ball today, and umps today are also calling a lot of strikes on pitches that cross below the knee-level demarcation. Contemporary umpires are handing out quick warnings on brushback or knockdown pitches as well, and as a result the batters feel free to take a better toehold up at the plate and swing hard at low pitches away—“diving at the ball,” in the new jargon. Don Drysdale, the old Los Angeles intimidator, says that modern-day batters are less wary when up at bat, and he and some other thoughtful baseball people have warned that one of these days somebody is going to get badly hurt by an inadvertent high, inside pitch. On the other hand, it is the lower strike zone that also makes the batters so vulnerable to the split-finger's skulking little ways, because so few of them will trust the umpire to call a ball on a pitch that ends up below the strike zone.

To return to the slider, there is very little agreement about its origins but unanimity about the fact that it is easy to throw and hard to hit. Bill Rigney says that it caught on in the National League in the early fifties, after Don Newcombe's sudden flowering with the Dodgers. “Erskine and Branca had those big old wide-breaking curveballs, but then suddenly here was Newk with his hard pitch,” he told me. “It only broke about *this* much, but it was a bear. It just took over the league. It was easier to control than a curveball—you could throw it for strikes—and the batters hated it. I remember riding in the team bus before the 1948 All-Star Game, and Ted Williams was asking us, ‘What's this new thing over in your league—this slider?’ Well, he found out about it, too. A lot of batters used to put it down, you know—they called it a nickel curve—but they still couldn't hit it.”

The slider is admired but mistrusted, for the evidence seems clear that it can destroy a pitcher's arm. The Dodgers discourage its instruction in their minor-league clubs, and a great many baseball people think it can permanently damage kid pitchers who begin to fool with it at the Little

League and Pony League levels. "I like the slider," Herm Starrette told me, "but I'd teach it last to a young pitcher, if at all. It's a great pitch to throw when you're behind in the count and want to throw some kind of breaking ball. But it will hurt your arm unless it's thrown properly. I teach the loose-wrist slider—the Steve Carlton pitch. It has a shorter, quicker break, and it moves downward. The stiff-wrist slider is what you call the cut fastball. It's a flat slider."

Pitchers say that the standard slider is thrown overhand, with the forefinger and the middle finger slightly off center on the ball, and that the proper wrist action gives the ball the same spiral imparted to a passed football. The fingers are off center on the cut fastball, too, but the pitch, launched with a full fastball motion, results in a brusque, twisting action of the elbow and forearm that shortens the delivery —and, in time, a career.

"Right-handed pitchers can do better with the cut fastball against a left-handed hitter than against a right-handed hitter, because for the right-handed hitter the ball comes in on the same plane as the fastball, and you have a chance to get more wood on it," Starrette went on. "But if your slider breaks across and *down* to a right-handed batter, you've got a chance he'll miss it or bump the ball on the top half for a ground-ball out. If you're a right-hander facing a left-handed batter . . . well, most left-handed batters are low-ball hitters, so if you throw the stiff-wrist slider—that cut fastball—up and in, you can get by with it, because it's on the small part of the bat, in on the fists. And that's why pitchers go back to it, even if it's dangerous for them. Anything that works will be used, you know."

The slow or sudden ruin of an arm and a livelihood is on every pitcher's mind, and examples of crippled careers are to be found on all sides, although fans and pitchers alike prefer not to notice them. Steve Garvey believes that the near-epidemic of torn rotator cuffs (it is the section of muscle that encircles the arm in the same fashion, and at approximately the same site, as the seam that attaches a shirtsleeve to a shirt) arises from pitchers' trying to throw too many different deliveries, and from overthrowing in crucial game situations. "You see a lot of guys who used to throw hard who have lost a few miles an hour on their fastball after a couple of years," he said. "Then they go to other stuff, to compensate, and they get into trouble. Stress comes into it more than it used to, because there's so much more money to be made in the game. The desire to win in important situations has gone way up."

Craig, for his part, claims that his split-finger special will be kinder to pitchers in the end, for it is thrown with a full, easy fastball motion. "Hell, you can hurt your arm throwin' a pebble or a rock, or flyin' a damn kite," he said at one point, "but there's less chance of it this way." Other coaches and managers (Sparky Anderson is among them) are dubious, and say that we'll have to wait and see about the long-range effects of the split-finger. One pitcher showed me that if you repeatedly split your throwing fingers apart you will feel a twinge in your upper forearm, and said that he does exercises to compensate. *Any* overhand pitching motion is probably unnatural, for that matter. Joe Rudi believes that the spitball (still illegal, and still in the game, of course, because it works so well) is the most dangerous delivery of all. "You're gripping the ball off the seams, which

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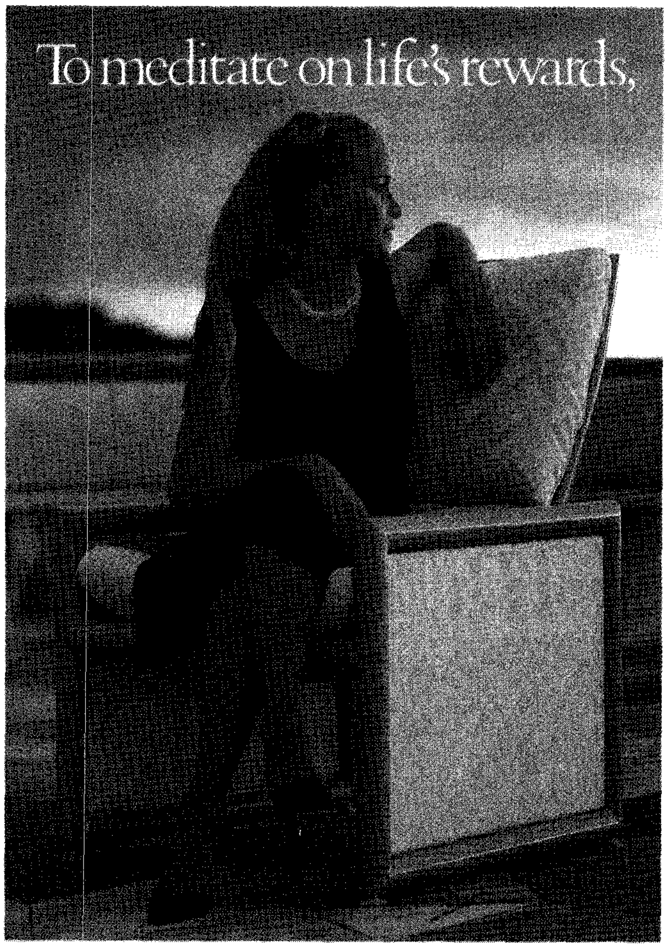
is to say your fingertips have very little resistance, nothing to pull down against," he said. "When that part of the ball is wet, the ball suddenly comes flying out of there, and there's nothing left—no resistance at all. Your arm accelerates exactly at the point when it's begun to decelerate, and that's a great way to blow it out for good. It's like when you go to pick up a bag of groceries, only there's nothing in the bag. You go *oops*—and you've thrown out your back. I don't let the outfielders on my team throw the ball any kind of a funny way, even when they're fooling around in practice. A lot of young players have no idea how vulnerable the arm really is. It's a delicate mechanism."

In 1980, by the way, a wonderful young Oakland pitching staff, featuring Mike Norris, Rick Langford, Matt Keough, Brian Kingman, and Steve McCatty, led the American League in complete games (by a mile) and earned-run average, but after three years all but McCatty were gone, with their careers in tatters. One popular theory for the debacle was that Billy Martin and his pitching coach, Art Fowler, allowed the youngsters to stay too long in too many games (the A's had almost nothing in the way of a bullpen), but another theory claimed, or whispered, that Fowler had taught the kids the spitball. It's hard to be sure.

•

Scroogie: The first screwball pitcher I ever saw was Carl Hubbell, the great—the word fits here—Giants left-hander of the nineteen-thirties, who, along with Joe DiMaggio, became my earliest baseball hero. I recall the thrilling moment at the Polo Grounds when my father pointed out to me that Hubbell's left arm turned the wrong way around when it was at rest—with the palm facing out, that is—as a result of his throwing the screwball so often and so well. (The ball is delivered with the hand and wrist rotating in an unnatural direction—to the right for a left-hander, to the left for a right-hander—and the pitch breaks wrong, too. It's what pitchers call "turning it over.") I couldn't get over Hubbell's hand; it was like meeting a gladiator who bore scars inflicted at the Colosseum. Since then, I have talked with Hubbell a few times—he's a thin, stooped elderly gent who lives in Mesa, Arizona—and whenever I do I can't help stealing a glance at his left hand: it still faces the wrong way.



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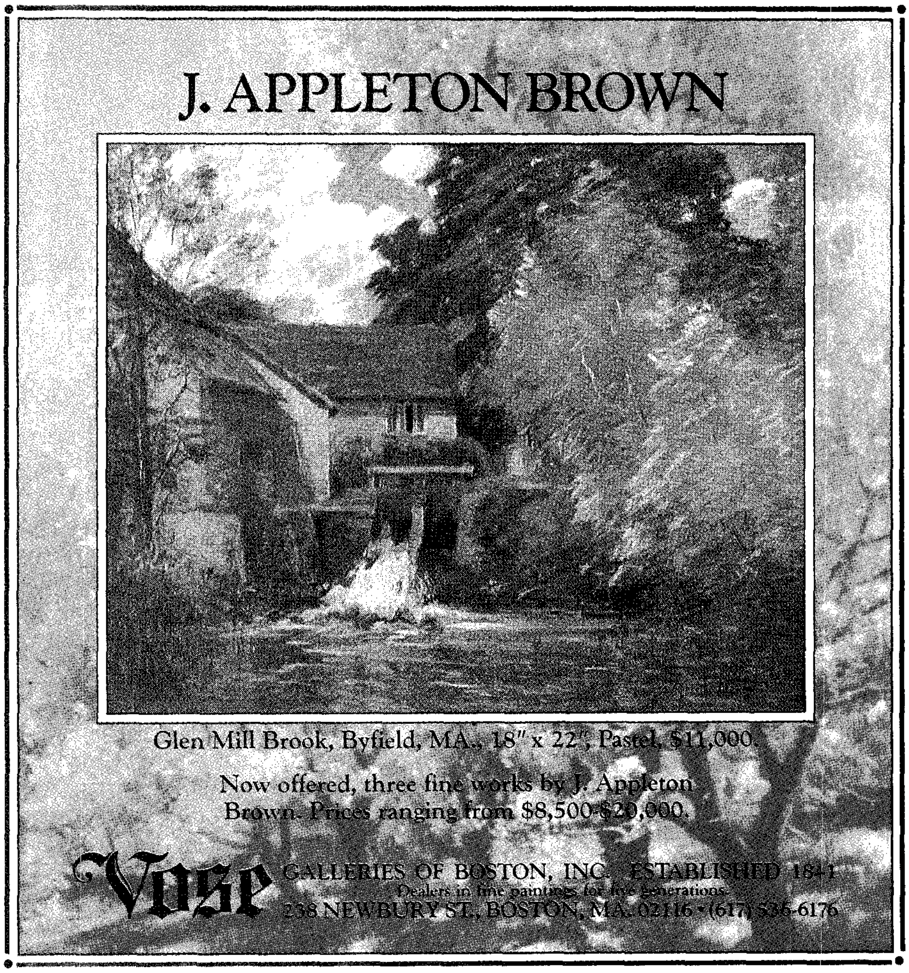

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The prime screwballer of our time is Fernando Valenzuela, of the Dodgers. His pitching arm looks perfectly normal so far, I'm sorry to say.

Last summer, I ran into Warren Spahn, the old Boston Hall of Famer, in the visiting-team dugout at Fenway Park. He was there for an Old Timers' Game—he's a regular at these events—and he was wearing an old Braves uniform, with that tomahawk across the chest; he played twenty years for the Braves, eight of them in Boston ("Spahn and Sain and pray for rain") and the rest in Milwaukee, and his lifetime three hundred and sixty-three victories are still the most compiled by any left-hander. Spahn, a leathery, wiry, infallibly cheerful man, was sitting with some of the Texas Rangers (they would play the Bosox that afternoon, once the exhibition innings were over), and in no time he had begun teaching his famous sinker-screwball delivery to another left-hander—the veteran Mickey Mahler, who was trying to stick with the Rangers as a middle-innings relief man.

"Look, it's easy," Spahnie said. "You just do this." His left thumb and forefinger were making a circle, with the three other fingers pointing up, exactly as if he were flashing the "O.K." sign to someone nearby. The ball was tucked comfortably up against the circle, without being held by it, and the other fingers stayed up and apart, keeping only a loose grip on the pill. Thrown that way, he said, the ball departed naturally off the inside, or little-finger side, of the middle finger, and would then sink and break to the left as it crossed the plate. "There's nothing to it," he said optimistically. "Just let her go, and remember to keep your hand up so it stays inside your elbow. Throw it like that, and you turn it over naturally—a nice, easy movement, and the arm follows through on the same track." He made the motion a few times, still sitting down, and it certainly *looked* easy—easy but impossible.

Spahn went off to join some other uniformed geezers, and I asked Mahler if he intended to work on the pitch, now that he'd had it from the Master.

"Oh, I don't think so," he said. "I'm trying to learn the screwball from our pitching coach, and this would mess me up for sure." He seemed uncomfortable, and after a couple of minutes he told me that a little earlier he and Spahn had been standing near the stands and some kids there had asked him, Mickey Mahler, for his autograph. "They asked me—not Warren Spahn," he said. "Can you *believe* that?" He was embarrassed.

I DON'T like to see young pitchers get their hearts broken in spring-training games, but it's much worse when it happens to somebody you know and remember and care about—to a veteran, I mean. In Winter Haven, the starting pitcher for the Tigers one afternoon was Frank Tanana, a thirty-three-year-old lefty with fourteen years' service in the majors. Like many fans, I remembered him as a slender, dazzling left-hander when he first came up with the Angels. He led the league then with two hundred and sixty-nine strikeouts in 1975, and went 19–10 the next year, and the year after *that* his 2.54 earned-run average was the best in the league. (A scout told me once that as a teen-ager Tanana had played in a high-school league in and around his native Detroit, where two strikes on a batter retired him and three balls meant a walk. "Nobody touched him there—it was just a mismatch," the scout said. "Everybody got home for supper early that spring.") But Tanana went down with a rotator injury in 1979 (his pitching motion was across the body—a dangerous habit for a fastballer), and he was a different sort of pitcher after that. He lost eighteen games for the Rangers in 1982, but then he began to do better. He is smart, and he knows the corners, and he has become a master at changing speeds. Over the last four years, he won forty-six games and lost forty-seven while toiling for the Rangers and then the Tigers, but there was more arm trouble last year. Against the Red Sox, in his outing at Winter Haven, he gave up ten runs on eleven hits, and couldn't quite get the last out in the third inning. When he left, he raised his cap to the Boston fans just before he disappeared into the dugout, and got a nice little hand in return. I hated it.

The Sox' opponents the next afternoon were the Montreal Expos, a team that has systematically stripped itself of most of its expensive stars and is engaged in filling out its roster with youngsters and retreads. Len Barker threw three pretty fair middle innings for the visitors, giving up a lone run on three hits, but I felt edgy the whole time he was out there. A hulking, six-foot-four flinger with blazing speed, Barker had a brief time in the sun with

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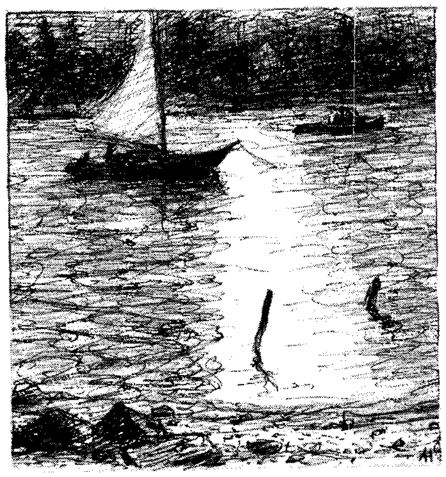
the Indians at the beginning of this decade, when he led the American League in strikeouts two years running. Early in the 1981 season, in a game against the Blue Jays, he achieved the ultimate rarity, a perfect game: no hits, no walks, no runs, nobody on base. His occupational injuries began in 1983, and ultimately required extensive surgery on the elbow of his pitching arm, and he never had a successful or pain-free season after that. He moved along to Atlanta in time, and spent all of last summer with Indianapolis, a Class AAA minor-league team, but his most common address was the disabled list. He didn't make the team this year, it turned out; the Expos gave him his release just before the season started, and his career may be at an end at last. Another rotator-cuff casualty, Bruce Berenyi, gave it a last try this spring with the Expos, but the pain was too much, and he announced his retirement a few days after camp opened; he had been with the Mets and, before that, the Reds, but he never returned to form after shoulder surgery two years ago. He was a hard thrower, too. Bob McClure, a left-handed ten-year man who has worked mostly out of the bullpen, hung on and made the Expos' opening-day roster—an exception in this unhappy litany, for he has made do in the majors ever since his rotator-cuff trauma in 1981. His spring wasn't exactly carefree, however: just before the regular season began, he gave up nine runs to the Yankees in two-thirds of an inning of work, during a horrendous 23–7 blowout at Fort Lauderdale.

Earlier, when I was out in Arizona, the Athletics had announced that Moose Haas, a prime starter for them last year until he was sidelined by bursitis, was suffering from a pulled muscle in the rotator cuff of his pitching shoulder and would be unable to start the season. And then, a bare day or two before the season began, Pete Vuckovich announced his retirement from baseball, thus terminating a distinguished eleven-year career that included a Cy Young Award in 1982, when he put together an 18–6 season for the Brewers, which helped take them into the playoffs and the World Series that fall. A torn rotator cuff got him the following spring. I was in the Brewers' camp at Sun City the day it was announced, and I well remember the waves of dismay that went through the clubhouse that afternoon—dismay but perhaps not surprise, for it was known that Vukey had pitched in great pain during the final stages of the pennant race the year before. In late September, two days after receiving a cortisone shot in his shoulder, he somehow went eleven full innings against the Red Sox, throwing a hundred and seventy-three pitches, and won the game. (I reported on this unhappy business at the time.) Vuckovich underwent extensive shoulder surgery early in 1984 and sat out the entire season. He was never sound again, but he just wouldn't give up. As scarcely needs saying, he is a man of enormous determination, pride, and stubbornness. The Brewers demoted him a year ago, but he refused to report to the minors; then he changed his mind and went to Vancouver after all, where he threw well enough (a 1.26 E.R.A. in six games) to be invited back to the Brewers again in September. Now it's over for him.

Vuckovich and Haas and McClure were on the same Brewer pitching staff in the early eighties, and so was Jim Slaton, who also suffered a rotator-cuff injury but eventually recovered. So was Rollie Fingers, the slim, flamboyant relief pitcher who won his Cy Young in 1981 but could not pitch for the team in the playoffs or the World Series in 1982, because of an injury to his forearm that forced his retirement three sad seasons later. And so on. I don't think we should draw any particular conclusions about the Milwaukee club of that time, beyond its famous combativeness and pride, but the point I am getting at here is that all the pitchers just mentioned, with the exception of Berenyi, came up in, and mostly pitched on, American League clubs.

Steve Garvey, along with a good many other thoughtful baseball people, is convinced that the designated-hitter artifice in that league has been a stroke of very bad fortune for the A.L. pitchers. "Because there's no pinch-hitter, the good starting pitchers stay in the game longer and run into more of those stressful late-inning situations—a men-on-base, close-game crisis, where they'll be throwing that much harder just when their arms are getting tired and are most vulnerable," he said. "There are very few easy batters in big-league lineups now, and in the American League, of course, the pitcher never gets to pitch to the other pitcher. There's no rest for him, I mean. Count up the good American League starters we've lost these past few years and see. It's not a situation you want to think about."



Perhaps we should think about David Bush instead. Last year, in the midst of spring training in Arizona, David felt some minor and then not so minor twinges of pain in his right shoulder, and finally consulted Mark Letendre, the Giants' new trainer, who had just ascended to the post. Letendre poked and pulled and then diagnosed a mild rotator-cuff injury ("My first rotator cuff!" he exclaimed to Bush), and suggested anti-inflammatory drugs and rest. Bush, who is a veteran baseball-beat writer with the San Francisco *Chronicle*, refused to baby himself, and did not miss a single deadline ("I'll play through pain," he said stoutly), and there is some indication that he may have made a complete recovery. When I inquired about the possible source of the injury, David finally confessed that it might have happened when he heaved his wife's clothesbag up on his shoulder the morning she was flying back to the Bay after a conjugal visit to Scottsdale. Lesly Bush, a stylish lady, does not travel light.

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THE HOOK: New fans always want to know what the manager is saying to his pitcher when he goes to the mound to take him out of a game. The answer is: Nothing much. There are four or five new baseball books out every week, it seems, and soon, I don't doubt, there will be an anthology of pre-shower epigrams. In Scottsdale, I saw a thin Athletics right-hander named Stan Kyles give up a walk and a single in the fifth inning. Then he walked three batters in a row—walking himself to Tacoma, in effect. Eventually, manager Tony La Russa showed mercy and got him out of there, and when the game was over I asked La Russa what he'd said to Kyles. "I said it

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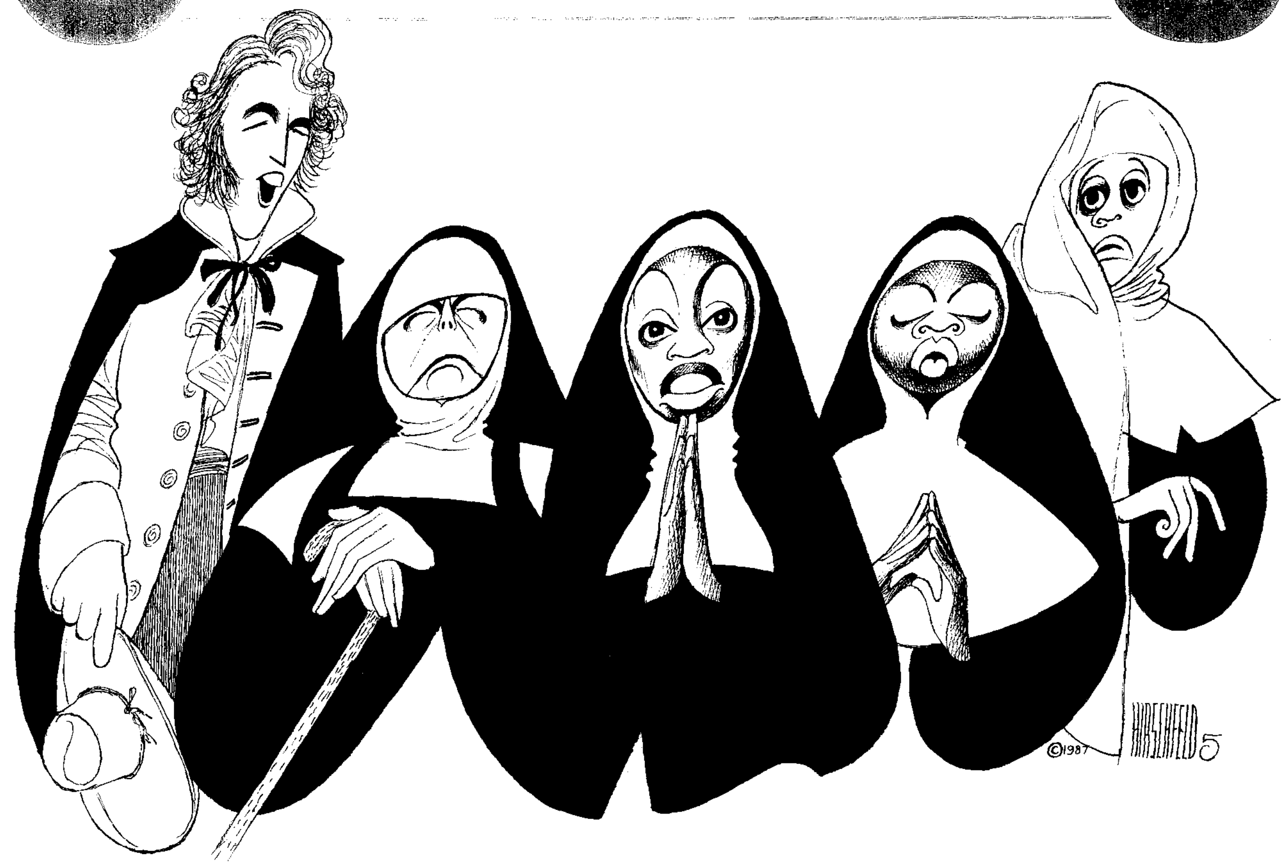
DIALOGUES OF THE CARMELITES



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looked like he'd run into a moving target today," Tony said.

Bill Rigney told me once that one day in his first summer as a major-league manager he went out to the mound in the Polo Grounds to yank a veteran Giants relief man named Windy McCall, who had got nobody at all out during his brief stint that day. Rig said, "I walked out there and I said 'How are you?' and McCall said 'Great. How the hell are *you*?' So I never asked that question again."

I TOOK a drive across the desert to visit the Indians in Tucson—in particular, to watch their two new genuine stars: Joe Carter, who rapped twenty-nine home runs last year and led both leagues with a hundred and twenty-one runs batted in; and Cory Snyder, the phenom sophomore, who, by sudden consensus, is said to have the best outfielder's arm in the majors. The Indians are trying to deal with an unaccustomed emotion—hope—and may make a real run at the leaders in the American League East. The most hopeful Indian of them all, I found—by far the most cheerful pitcher I talked to this spring—was Tom Candiotti, a youthful-looking, almost anonymous twenty-nine-year-old right-hander, who had been informed the day before by Tribe manager Pat Corrales that he would be the team's opening-day pitcher. A year ago, Candiotti was invited to Tucson for a look-see by the Indians, in spite of his most ordinary seven-year prior career, passed mostly in the bushy lower levels of the Milwaukee organization. He had a scattered 6–6 record while up with the Brewers, but had spent all of the previous, 1985 season in the minors; three years before that, he sat out an entire season after undergoing elbow reconstruction. Cleveland wanted to look at him because of some gaping vacancies on its own pitching staff and because Candiotti had experienced some recent success while throwing a knuckleball in a winter league in Puerto Rico. His early adventures with the flutterball in the American League last summer were a bit scary—he was 3–6 by mid-June—but he finished up with an admirable 16–12 record, including seventeen complete games. Only scriptwriters fashion turnabouts like that, but Candiotti's help had come from a more reliable source—Phil Niekro, a forty-eight-year-old knuckleball grand master (only four other men in baseball history were still active players at his age), whom the Indians picked up on waivers when the Yankees released him just before the 1986 season got under way. Niekro had won his three-hundredth game at the end of the previous season, and he went 11–11 for the Tribe last year, his twenty-third in the majors; Candiotti and everyone else on the club gave him much of the credit for the younger man's wonderful record as well.

"Knucksie is my guru," Candiotti told me. (Knucksie is Niekro: sorry.) "He coached me during every game and in between. Last year—early last year—I was trying to throw the knuckleball hard all the time. It was a nasty pitch but tough to control, so I was always in trouble—three and oh, two and one. He said, 'Listen, that's not the way to do it. First of all, you *want* the batter to swing at it. You don't want to go three and two all day. So take a little off it, make it look tempting to the batter as it comes up to the plate.' I did that, and after a while I began to get a little more movement on my slower knuckler. I haven't come close to mastering anything yet, the way he has, but I'm better."

The knuckleball looks particularly tempting if you are a lizard or a frog. It is thrown not off the knuckles but off the fingertips—off the fingernails, to be precise—which renders the ball spinless and willful. It meanders plateward in a leisurely, mothlike flight pattern, often darting prettily downward or off to one side as it nears the strike zone, which results in some late and awkward-looking flailings by the batter, sudden belly flops into the dust by the catcher, and, not uncommonly, a passed ball or a wild pitch. It is the inelegance of the thing that makes it so unpopular with most managers, I believe (some of them call it "the bug"), even though some distinguished and wonderfully extended careers have been fashioned by its wily Merlins, such as Wilbur Wood, who had two twenty-four-victory seasons in the course of his seventeen-year tenure (mostly with the White Sox) in the nineteen-sixties and seventies; Charlie Hough, of the Rangers, now in his eighteenth year in the big time; and, of course, Hoyt Wilhelm, who went into the Hall of Fame after twenty-one years of knuckling, with a record—let's say "all-time" this once: with an all-time-record one thousand and seventy game appearances. The pitch, in short, is unthreatening to a pitcher's arm, and I have often wondered why it isn't practiced and admired more widely.

Candiotti, an agreeable fellow, told me that Niekro had emphasized that it was absolutely necessary for a knuckleballer to field his position well and to learn how to hold the runners close (Niekro's pickoff move is legendary), since the bug is unhurried in its flight and tends to spin weirdly when nubbed along the ground. "The pitch takes its time, you know," Tom said. I asked how much time, and he said that his knuckleball had been timed between forty-eight and seventy-one miles per hour last year. "Seventy-one is *slow*, you understand," he said. "You just can't believe how easy on your arm this pitch feels. Knucksie keeps telling me that I'll go through a lot of frustrating days with the knuckleball, and sometimes you'll get racked up. But the thing to do is stay with it."

Niekro pitched against the Giants that afternoon in beautiful little Hi Corbett Field, and tried his damnedest to stay with the pitch. It was a bright, windy afternoon (the knuckleball becomes even more flighty in a breeze, or else refuses to perform at all), and Phil gave up four runs, including a couple of walks and two doubles, in his three-inning outing. The pitch seemed to arrive at the plate in stages, at the approximate pace of a sightseeing bus.

Niekro, whom I found in the Indians' empty clubhouse after his stint, was not much cast down. "I haven't thrown a real knuckleball all this spring training," he said. "It's too dry here, and the wind keeps blowing. I can't sweat. Just can't get it right. If the knuckleball ain't there, I'm a mass of confusion. I can't defend myself with a fastball or a slider, like other pitchers. It seems like it takes me a little longer to find it each spring."

He sounded like a man who had been going through his pockets in search of a misplaced key or parking-lot stub, and it came to me that I had sometimes had this same impression when listening to Dan Quisenberry, the Kansas City sidearm sinkerballer, talk about *his* odd little money pitch. Niekro said that this feeling around for the perfect knuckleball—this sense of search—was a year-round thing with him. "You've got to sleep with it and think about it all the time. It's a twenty-four-hour pattern," he said. "The margin for error is so slight, and it can be such a little-bitty thing —your release point, the ballpark, your fingernails, the ball you've just gotten from the umpire. If anything is a fraction off, you might not have a thing out there." He crooked his fingers and waggled his wrist. "It's hunt and peck, all year long."

Niekro is lean and gray-haired, with an easy manner and a sleepy sort of smile. Watching him take off his spikes and his elastic sock supporters and the rest, and tuck his gear into his square-top travel bag (the club was going on a road trip the next day), I was reminded of an old-time travelling salesman repacking his sample case. Niekro is unhurried and precise in everything he does. I have never seen a neater ballplayer. Something else about him surprises you, too, but you can't quite figure it out at first: he is a grownup.

He told me that helping Candiotti had been a treat for him, because the young man had exactly the right makeup for the job. "He knows his limitations," he said. "He changes pitches better than I did when I was his age. I used to go: Bang—here's a knuckleball. Bang—here's another. He's really pitching: Go at one speed, go at another. Take a little off. Throw one knuckler to set up another one. But he's sort of like me, at that. I won my first game in the big leagues at the age of twenty-six, and he won his at the age of twenty-five. So he's right on track."

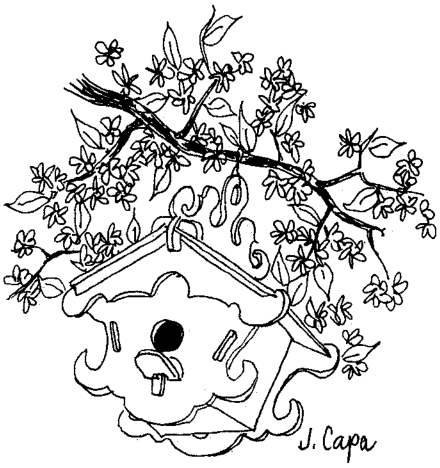
Niekro's lifetime record is an herb garden of statistics—three twenty-game-or-better-winning seasons, two years when he *lost* twenty games (he combined the two in 1979, when he won twenty-one games for the Braves and lost twenty), and a 17–4 record in the summer of his forty-fourth year: the best percentage in the league that season. He has thrown a no-hitter, he has struck out four batters in a single inning, and he has thrown four wild pitches in one inning and six in one game. Almost any day now, he and his brother Joe, who is a starting pitcher for the Yankees, will set another record when they surpass Gaylord and Jim Perry's lifetime total of five hundred and twenty-nine victories by pitcher brothers. Joe, who also throws the knuckler, is forty-two, and has won two hundred and fourteen games.

"I learned my knuckleball from my daddy," Phil said, "but Joe was a different kind of pitcher at first. He had a three-quarter mediocre curveball, a fastball, and a slider, and he was just getting by in the major leagues. I think he was on his way down when he said, 'Oh, hell—all right,' and he went into his back pocket and began throwing the knuckleball, too. It took him three or four years to make the transition, but once he got it he was as good a pitcher with the knuckleball for eight or nine years as there'd ever been in baseball."

I asked Niekro if he was ever tempted to giggle when one of his pitches danced away from a batter for strike three.

"Oh, no—you can't do that," he said. "I won't ever laugh at him, but I'll laugh with him sometimes, if I see he's laughing over it. We'll have a little fun out there." He gave me a glance, and said, "You know, there's lots of guys can throw the damn knuckler for fun. It ain't all that hard to pick up. But here's a game: You're out on the mound, here's the strike zone, and there's a man standing there with a bat in his hand. It's a three-two count, there's a man on third base, or maybe the bases are loaded, and now you've got to throw the knuckleball over the plate on pitch after pitch after pitch—because he's sure as hell going to foul some of them off. You just go back to it and throw it for another strike, and that's not fun. That's a little different."

Niekro got up and pulled off his sweatshirt. He is trim and narrow, and his body doesn't show his years. He is famous for never doing conditioning sprints, never running at all, and when I mentioned this he smiled and said, "I've never run the ball across the plate yet." An old joke. "I stretch and I do just about ever'thing else," he said, "but I don't do weights. It's just that much more muscle to tighten up when you've finished for the day. Maybe those big boys can throw the ball harder, but when the game's over you see them iced down from their wrists to their hips. I never ice. Well, maybe I did about four times in my career, but I can't exactly remember the last time. Maybe I'm getting old."



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GRUMPY: Some of us were eating our cold-cuts lunch off paper plates in the Cardinals' pressroom before a Cards–Blue Jays game in Al Lang Stadium, when I noticed that the small, snub-nosed man sitting next to me was Birdie Tebbetts, the old-time Tiger catcher; he also managed the Reds, the Braves, and the Indians. Tebbetts is seventy-four years old, and scouts for the Indians. He listened to our conversation about pitches and pitchers, and muttered, "Sometimes I watch one of these young pitchers we've got, and I tell my club, 'This man needs another pitch. By which I mean a strike.' "

THERE is a lot to this game. As my trip began to run out, I realized how many aspects of pitching I hadn't gone into yet, or hadn't asked enough about—what it takes to break in as a major-league pitcher, and how great a part luck plays in the kind of pitching roster and the kind of club a rookie is headed for, for instance. Pete Rose said that it was often easier for a youngster to make it up to the majors in the middle of a season, if the chance came, because his control would be better than it was in the spring. What about bum steers—poor advice from a pitching coach, or the wrong advice for that particular pitcher? Charlie Leibrandt, a first-rate left-hander with the Royals, told me that the Cincinnati coaches had insisted that he was a power pitcher, a fastballer, when he tried to catch on with the Reds some years ago, because they were a team that specialized in big hard throwers. He had four scattered, so-so seasons with the team, then went back down to the minors, and when he came back, with the Royals, it was as a breaking-ball, control sort of pitcher, and he felt at home at last. "I remember being on the mound at Riverfront Stadium and hearing the ball popping over the sidelines while the relief pitchers warmed up to come in for me," he said cheerfully. "I was about to be gone again, and somebody in the dugout would be yelling 'Throw strikes!' and I'd think, Oh, *strikes*—so *that's* what you want! Why didn't you say so?" I also wanted to talk with the Mets about how they bring along *their* young pitchers, because they seem to be so good at it. And someday I want to sit down with a first-class control pitcher and go over a video of a game he has just pitched, and make him tell me why he chose each pitch to each batter, in every situation, and how it related to what patterns he had thrown before that.

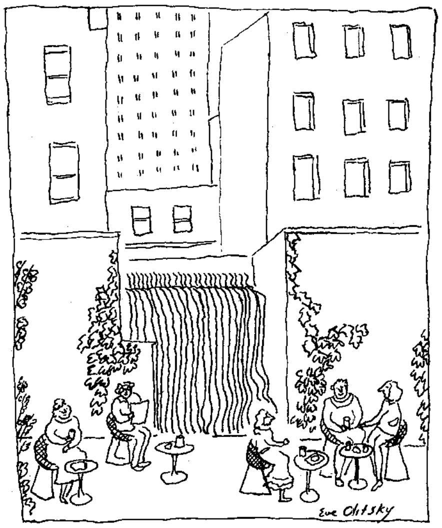
The business of strength came up a lot in my conversations, I noticed—which pitchers lasted, and why, and whether young pitchers today were in better shape than their predecessors twenty or thirty years ago. Almost everybody said yes, they *were* in better shape today, and probably stronger, too. Aerobics and weight work and a much better understanding of nutrition came into that, of course, and so did plain genetics; ballplayers are all noticeably bigger and taller than they used to be—you can see it. But I heard some interesting opinions to the contrary.

Jim Kaat, the deep-chested left-hander who pitched twenty-five years in the majors (he is one of the few players at any position who have performed in the big leagues in four calendar decades), told me that he'd been wondering about the decline of the fastball pitchers—the burners—and about why so many pitchers of his generation, like Gaylord Perry, Nolan Ryan, and Phil Niekro, had lasted so long. "One of my theories is that we did a lot of work by hand when we were kids," he said. "Mowed the lawn, washed the car, shovelled snow, and walked. I used to walk everywhere." (Kaat grew up in Zeeland, Michigan, on the western edge of the Michigan peninsula.) "Now you see kids who haven't logged as many sandlot innings as I did, and when they come into baseball you don't know how big they're going to be. When I was eighteen, my body was developed."

Mel Stottlemyre, the old Yankee wizard who is now the pitching coach for the Mets, said, "There's no doubt that there are fewer good arms than there used to be. For one thing, a lot of young pitchers start throwing breaking balls when they're too young, and they don't develop their bodies the way they could have. That's going to take a toll. I think there's less plain throwing than there used to be—just throwing the ball back and forth with your neighbor or your brother. There are more things for kids to do now, so they end up not playing catch. You see kids in Little League who aren't strong enough to pitch at all, hardly, and there they are, throwing breaking balls. There's nothing I hate worse than to see a Little Leaguer with his arm in ice—but I've seen that a lot." (Mel Stottlemyre's twenty-one-year-old son Todd, by the way—or perhaps *not* by the way—is a pitcher with the Toronto organization; he is still a year or two away from the majors but is considered one of the great young prospects in the country.)

Other pitching people I talked to did not quite agree. Dave Duncan, the pitching coach for the Athletics, said, "I'm sorry, but I just don't go along with that idea about the old days. Oh, young players and pitchers may have lost some of that sandlot toughness, but baseball is taught so much better now, with all that work on body strengthening and conditioning, that I think skill and muscular development are way ahead of what they were when I first came along."

I put this question to Tex Hughson, the commanding old Red Sox righty of the nineteen-forties—he is seventy-one now, but still long and cowboy-lean; he used to raise quarter horses near San Marcos, Texas—and at first he went along with Duncan and that group. He was sure that young players at the college and minor-league levels were far stronger and better developed than they had been in his time. But then I mentioned what Jim Kaat had said—what I think of as the Walk-to-School Factor—and he did a turnabout. "Why, that's so," he said cheerfully. "Course it is. I walked to school every day—three miles on a gravel road in Kyle, Texas, throwin' rocks the whole way. Maybe I picked up some control that way, and developed my arm. Chunked at everything. But if it was bad weather my mother would drive us in our old Model A Ford." And I'd heard somewhere that Roger Clemens also walked three miles to school—it's always three miles, never two or three and a half—when he was a kid.



I didn't know what to think, but in time it came to me that, of course, it is mental toughness that matters most of all to a pitcher: nobody would disagree about that. I was strengthened in this conviction by a talk I had with Bob Ojeda, the left-hander picked up by the Mets in a trade with the Red Sox, who played such a sizable part in his team's triumphs last summer and last fall. Ojeda is midsize and tightly put together. His uniform fits him perfectly—not a rumple or a wrinkle on the man or his clothes. He looks dry-cleaned.

When I asked how he would describe himself, he said that he was a man who had to work at his work—think ahead of the hitters, concentrate on control, and come inside on the batters. This last can be a long lesson for lefties at Fenway Park, where Ojeda first came to full command, because of its horribly proximate left-field wall. He told me that he had talked to Roger Craig over the winter (not about the split-finger, for Ojeda already possessed a peerless changeup, which he throws by choking the ball back in his hand), and Craig had said to him at one point, "You're a *pitcher*."

"That meant a lot to me," Bobby O. said. "If I hadn't learned some things over the years, I wouldn't be here. When I say I'm a pitcher, I'm thinking of guys like Mike Flanagan and Scott McGregor, of the Orioles. I always tried to watch how they worked, how they set up the hitters. Or Steve Carlton, if he was on TV. I remembered how they pitched in certain situations, how they changed from what they'd done before, because of what the game situation was—man on first, men on first and second, and the rest. To me, it doesn't matter if you strike out ten guys in a game. But if you've got the bases loaded and nobody out, and then you get your first strikeout and then a ground ball, how big was that strikeout? That's the kind of stat players notice. Tommy John sometimes gives up six, seven, eight hits in a game, but only one run, and that is the number that counts."

I told Ojeda that his victory over the Astros in the second game of the playoffs had been the sort of game I enjoy most—a brilliant ten-hitter—and he grinned. "That's right—it was," he said. "There are always days when every ground ball is going to find a hole. Days when you have to reach back a little. It all comes down to how many runs you give up. I look at the runs—not whether they're earned or not. You look in the paper, and if you've lost it'll say 'Larry Ojeda.' " ("Larry" for "loser," as in a line score or box score: "L: Ojeda.") "A run is a run, and you try to prevent those. There's *so* much strategy that goes into that. Each day is different. Each day, you're a different pitcher. Consistency is the thing, even if it's one of those scuffle days. When I've started, I've been very consistent, and that's something I'm proud of. I led the league in quality starts last year—you know, pitching into the seventh inning while giving up three runs or less. That means something to me."

He said that breaking into a new league, with unknown batters, hadn't been especially difficult for him. "I was as new to them as they were to me," he said. He doesn't believe in extended studies of the opposing team's batters before the game. "I see them up at bat—where they are in the box, how they stand—and it clicks into place: Oh, yeah—you're *that* one. It's the situation that matters more than the batter—there's always the situation. Maybe this particular batter doesn't like to pop people in—maybe he bats .300 but only has fifty runs batted in. Then, there are the guys who bat .260 unless there are men on base. Then they're much, much tougher up at the plate. Those are the guys I respect."

Like who, I asked, and Ojeda said, "I don't want to name them—I don't want to *think* about them—but I know who they are, and they know who they are. No, there really are some great, famous hitters that I don't mind seeing up at bat in certain situations, because I know those are the situations they don't like."

Ojeda relishes being on a World Champion team. "I can't get over what we did last fall," he said seriously. "When you grow up in this sport, all you hear is people talking about what they're going to do if they ever get into a World Series. But that's just talk—we went out and did it. I like the chance to do things. It's 'This *happened*,' and then there's no more talk. Back when I was a kid, I had those dreams of playing in a World Series someday, but so what? Every player in this clubhouse and every player in all the twenty-five other camps right now had those same dreams. But those other guys don't know how they'd do, and we know. To get there *and then win it*—that's the thing. Because who knows if you'll ever have another shot? If I'd still been with the Red Sox— If you'd gotten there and then you didn't win it, if you'd made some bad mistakes like some of their guys did—*major mistakes!*—and then you began to think you'd never get that chance back, because you'd never be there again . . . I don't think I could stand that."

TWO days after this, I found myself in the visiting-team dugout at Al Lang Stadium, in St. Pete, where, surrounded by Pirates, I watched a steady downpour of rain and waited for the game to be called, as, indeed, it shortly was. I didn't care, I decided. My trip was almost over and I was feeling a little baseballed out, and I was pretty sure there wasn't much more about pitching that I could pick up on this particular afternoon. Sitting on the bench just to my left was Syd Thrift, the Pittsburgh general manager, and after a few moments' conversation we simultaneously recalled that we had both been at Ypsilanti, Michigan, for a college doubleheader on an afternoon in May, 1976, and had watched Bob Owchinko pitch the first game for Eastern Michigan University, and Bob Welch, then a college junior, pitch the second. I had gone there in the company of a scout named Ray Scarborough, whom I was preparing to write an article about, and Thrift, a friend of Scarborough's, was there scouting for the A's. "*That* was a day!" Thrift said now, for both Owchinko and Welch, of course, had later matriculated as long-term major-league pitchers.

Thrift and I chatted about the Pirates a little, and then (he had been holding a baseball in his hands and turning it slowly this way and that) he said, "How many times do you think a ball rotates between the time it leaves a pitcher's hand and the time it crosses the plate? A fastball, let's say."

I was startled, for Thrift could not have known that I had been thinking about pitches and pitchers all month.

"I have no idea," I said. "A lot, I guess. Fifty rotations?"

"That's what everybody thinks," Thrift said with relish. "Everybody is way too high. It turns over only fourteen to sixteen times in that space, which is amazing, because your eyes tell you something quite different. We had no notion until we did those measurements back at the academy in about 1970. We had cameras set

Now you see it.

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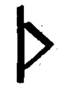
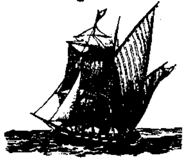
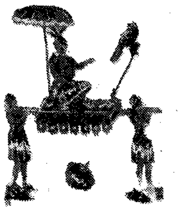
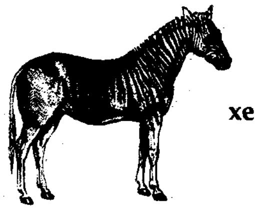






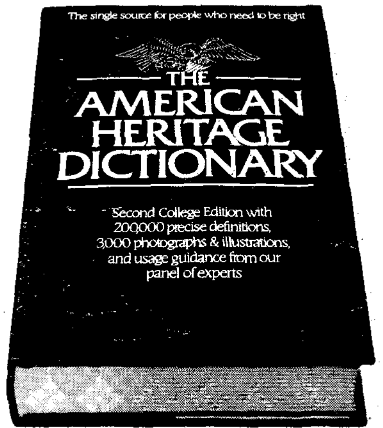


quagga

palanquin

thorn

xebec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(top to bottom) **thorn, xebec, palanquin, quagga.** For the meanings of these words consult THE AMERICAN HERITAGE DICTIONARY.

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up, and on a background screen we marked off the distance from the mound to the plate into four fifteen-foot segments, but even then we couldn't figure out those rotations until somebody came up with the idea of painting half the ball black. Then we could see it."

I remembered now that Syd Thrift had been the founding director of the Kansas City Royals' Baseball Academy, in Sarasota—a long-since-defunct institution where rookies could be trained in fundamentals, away from the pressure of making a particular team, and where the first time-motion studies of the sport were essayed. One of the academy's significant experiments had been to make a precise definition of the proper lead off first for a good base-stealer, and to take stopwatch measurements of the time it took for him to make it down to second, in comparison with the optimum elapsed time between a pitcher's release, the catcher's reception of the pitch, and his best peg down to second base. These conclusions correctly predicted the arrival into the game of the ninety-to-a-hundred-stolen-base specialists—the Rickey Henderson–Tim Raines fliers of the nineteen-eighties.

Thrift next asked me if I knew which pitch was quicker—the two-seam or the four-seam fastball. These are baseball definitions deriving from the appearance of the ball when it is held in different positions in the pitcher's hand; there is in fact only one stitched seam on a ball. With the two-seamer, the ball is held with the forefinger and middle finger together on the narrowest sector between the seams—the same place where it is grasped for the split-finger delivery. With the four-seamer, the fingers are held at right angles to this position—on top of a seam, up at the horseshoe, with the tips of the two fingers touching the same narrow alley of white on the ball.

I told Syd that I'd been given conflicting answers to this question, but that I'd always somehow assumed that the two-seamer was the faster pitch, because it looked as if the ball would encounter less wind resistance that way.

"Well, it's the four-seamer," he said. "The four-seam fastball is approximately four miles an hour faster than the two-seam, when thrown by the same pitcher, and it's because of just the thing you mentioned. What happens—isn't this *interesting*—what happens is that those four seams set up

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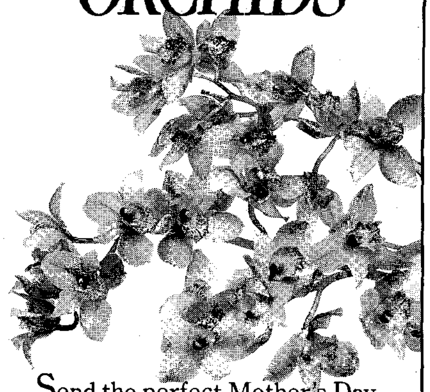

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a molecular mass underneath the ball that sustains it just a little in flight. There's less turbulence in flight, so it gets there sooner."

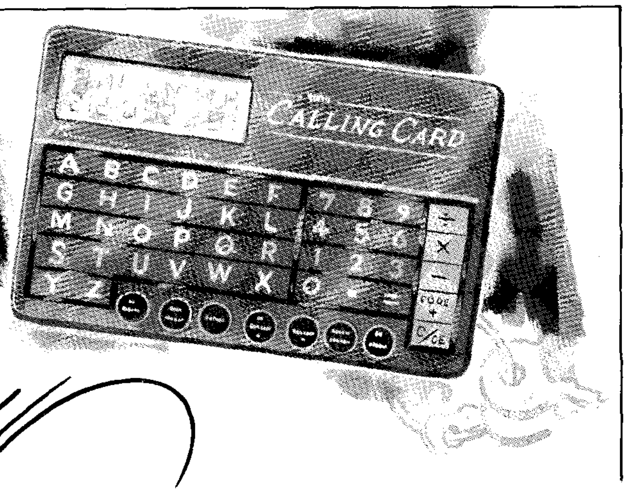
Thrift is a sizable man, with a buttery Virginia accent, and when he talks his big, intelligent face lights up with his fervor for his subject. "The second thing," he went on, "is that that same thrown pitch falls approximately twenty-one inches between the time it leaves the pitcher's hand and the time it crosses the plate. That's at eighty-five miles an hour, and it's with the four-seam pitch. The two-seam pitch falls twenty-four inches. That three-inch difference is about the width of a baseball. At first, I just didn't believe this, because a lot of the time the fastball just looks straight, doesn't it? But it's only straight laterally. It always falls."

He told me that he had once asked Ted Williams if he swung at all pitches the same, and Ted had said no—if the pitch was across the seams he'd swing at the middle of the ball, but if it was a two-seamer he'd swing at the bottom of the ball. If he hit two ground balls in a row against two-seam pitches, on the next time up he would swing at an imaginary ball just under the real one. "You can see that difference in pitches, you know," Thrift said to me. "If you're not too far back in the stands, you'll notice that the four-seamer looks a little smaller in flight, and the two-seamer looks more white as it's comin' in."

He said that whenever he receives a report about a new pitching prospect and his velocity, he always asks the scout how the kid was throwing the ball. "If he's doing eighty-eight on the gun and he's throwing two-seamers, we know we can get him up in the nineties with the four. Isn't that something? So many of the scouts say this boy is throwin' straight or this boy has a rising fastball, and I say there's no such thing. The rising fastball is an impossibility in physics."

"But what about Sandy Koufax?" I said at once. "I saw that pitch again and again, and it *rose*. Everybody knew that."

"I saw it, too," Thrift said, "but it was an optical illusion. The batter was only swinging at where he thought the ball was going to end up—a batter has to make up his mind about a pitch in the first eight to fifteen feet after it leaves the pitcher's hand, you know. We measured *that*, too. But if that fastball of Sandy's was well up in the nineties it probably fell only seven



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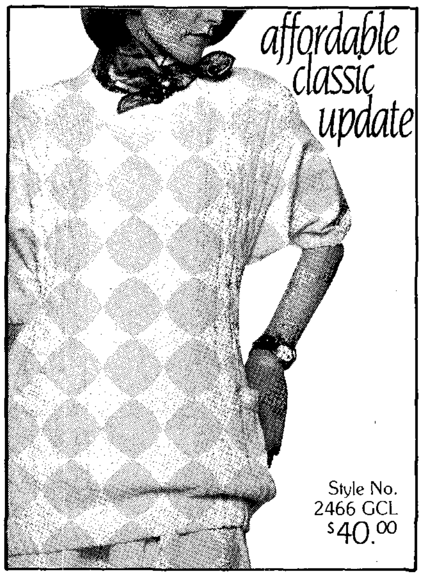

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inches instead of fourteen, so the batter would miss it by seven inches or more. No wonder it looked as if it was rising."

In Thrift's estimation, these findings are of more use to a batter than to a pitcher. He believes that the batters need all the help they can get right now, and he thinks that baseball is badly in need of another research laboratory along the lines of the old academy. If so, it is clear that he should be invited back to be its Oppenheimer, its Wernher von Braun. Sitting with me in the damp little dugout, he went on at length about the researchers he had brought into the Baseball Academy to conduct those pioneering studies—a Youngstown, Ohio, inventor and physicist named John Garver, and a retired banker from Chicago named John Nash Ott, who had done pioneering studies on the effect of light on plants and animals. He told me that most baseball people had doubted and discarded their discoveries at first. Some years after the academy closed down, he recalled, he had been driving in South Carolina, on his way to scout a game at The Citadel. He had the radio on, and suddenly he heard a program about Igor Sikorsky, the helicopter inventor and developer, and about a special interest of his, the physics of a thrown baseball. His findings were exactly the same ones that Ott and Garver and Syd Thrift had come up with. "Isn't that great!" Thrift exclaimed. "I tell you, I was so excited I had to pull my car over to the side of the road and think about it. I was thrilled."

We sat together watching the rain fall on the soggy field and the puddles forming on the infield tarp, and Syd said, "Well, here comes another season, and nobody knows what's going to happen. Nobody can say for sure. We can study and study and make plans for our team and for the season, but what we don't know is always there. It's the best part of the game."

—ROGER ANGELL

•

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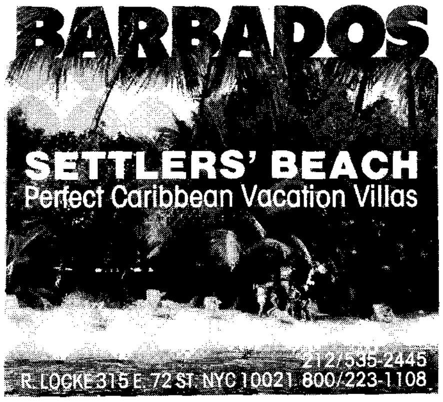
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THE THEATRE

Miller's "Sons"

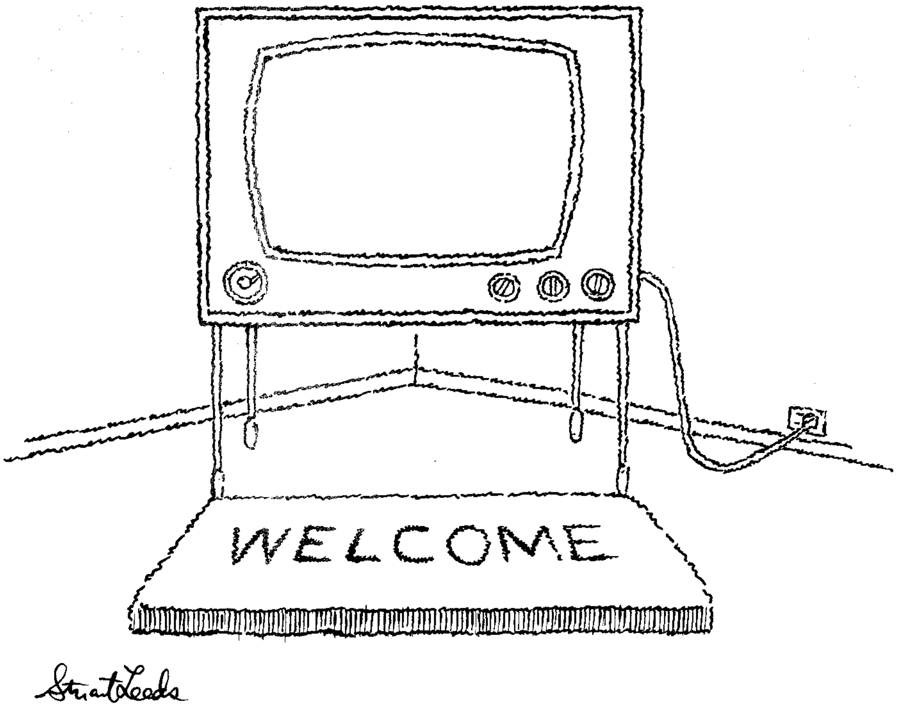
As I watched an inept revival of Arthur Miller's "All My Sons" twelve years ago, it struck me that the play showed "all the verbal ineptitude and dumb-cluck moral fervor that were to prove such a nuisance in much of his later work." John Lardner, reviewing the original production for this magazine, in 1947, wrote with more subtlety and elegance of mind and style but came to much the same conclusion. The version that opened at the Golden last week, under Arvin Brown's direction (it was first done at the Long Wharf, in New Haven), manages to disguise enough of the weaknesses of the script to make an acceptable, if never absorbing or moving, evening of theatre.

"All My Sons," one of Mr. Miller's earliest works, tells the story of Joe Keller, a manufacturer of airplane parts, who has knowingly sold the Air Force some cracked cylinder heads, thereby causing the deaths of twenty-one young pilots and, indirectly, that of his own older son. He has also allowed his partner, now in prison, to take the blame. In this melodrama we are rarely free of the author's meditations on greed and business and war, all of them irreproachable but scarcely riveting. Now, under Mr. Brown's canny direction, the emphasis has been placed on the personal aspects of the play—on the families of the two partners and on Keller's neighbors in the small Connecticut town where he lives. Good acting cannot transform a bad play, but it can, to a certain extent, save it, and the acting here is generally good. In the leading role, Richard Kiley makes a convincing crooked, hypocritical, guilt-ridden Jewish businessman. Jamey Sheridan, as the impossibly virtuous younger son, cursed with "idealism," is human and always engaging, and so is Jayne Atkinson, as the girl he loves, the daughter of the imprisoned partner. Also impressive are Christopher Curry, as her angry brother, Joyce Ebert, as an all-purpose Jewish mother, and, especially, Kit Flanagan, as the wife of a doctor next door. The handsome, realistic setting of the Kellers' house and back yard was designed by Hugh Landwehr and lighted by Ronald Wallace; the appropriate costumes were designed by Bill Walker.

HEREWITH some notes on Barbara Cook's anthology of melodies, "A Concert for the Theatre," late at the Ambassador. I was put off at the beginning by too much lame chatter and what seemed to be an overeagerness to please the audience. No question about Miss Cook's singing, though, which was as true and lovely and bountiful as ever, and strong enough to render her infernal microphone superfluous. During one of her encores, she left the mike on the piano and filled the auditorium with pure, unamplified music. At her best in the songs she sang on Broadway, she brought whole musicals back to life. With "When I Marry Mr. Snow," she became Carrie in "Carousel" (in the days when songs had marvellous verses that led to marvellous choruses); "Dear Friend" and "Ice Cream" were part of a medley from "She Loves Me;" and "Till There Was You" briefly revived "The Music Man." There were a number of entertaining backstage anecdotes. Her jubilant, swinging "Wait Till You See Him" ended the first act in just the right style.

Miss Cook had the strong support of Wally Harper—her arranger, pianist, and conductor—and the musicians in his lively band, notably the protean John Beal on bass and guitar, and, at one startling moment, tuba, which he played to her Jew's harp. A large, pretty woman (not as large as she used to be), Miss Cook wore a sparkling pink dress in the first act and a glittering black one in the second, both designed by Joseph G. Aulisi. Her choice of songs, beginning to end, was impeccable, and her show should have run forever.

"ASINAMALI!," by Mbongeni Ngema, which opened the festival of black South African theatre at Lincoln Center last fall, has been revived at the Jack Lawrence for a Broadway run. This brilliant play is set in a prison camp; the five actors, their heads shaved, are invisibly shackled to one another. In the course of the action, they recall their lives and the crimes that brought them there. These reports, as I noted the first time around, "constitute a map of the hell on earth of apartheid." The effect of the show, compounded as it is of acting, singing, dancing, and, on the side, humor and wit and irony, is anything but depressing. It's as exhilarating as anything in town.
—Edith Oliver



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THE CURRENT CINEMA

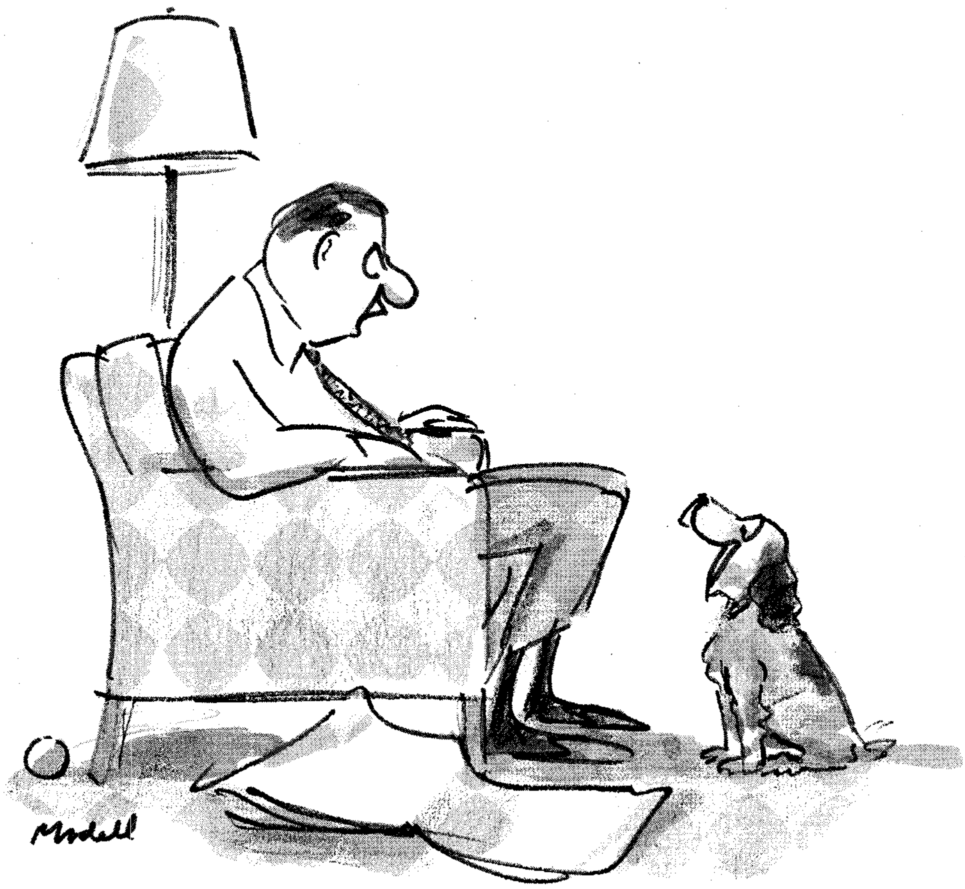
Vamps

"PRICK UP YOUR EARS," the English movie about the star playwright of the anarchic sixties, the disreputable farceur Joe Orton, shows dedication, courage, forethought—all the wrong qualities. The movie is a dud—honest and watchable, but not much more than that, though the people involved might seem just about the best imaginable. It was directed by Stephen Frears from a screenplay by Alan Bennett, based on the literary biography of the same name by John Lahr. And it stars Gary Oldman, the rag-doll Sid Vicious of last year's "Sid and Nancy," who looks so much like Orton that at a superficial glance you can't distinguish stills of him from the sixties photos. Yet the film has the wrong temperament: unlike Orton, it takes no real delight in misbehaving. Possibly the central mistake was to start from Lahr's book and to treat Orton's life in fractured biographical terms. Wallace Shawn, as Lahr, questions Vanessa Redgrave, who plays Orton's agent and close friend Peggy Ramsay, and who more or less tells Orton's story, which is presented in flashbacks, in the manner of "Citizen Kane" and "All About Eve." This flashback machinery doesn't release Orton's snickering impudence—his inspired provocations. Mostly, it gets in the viewer's way. And though the film doesn't try to conceal the facts of Orton's sixteen-year union with Kenneth Halliwell (Alfred Molina), it uses them for a new kind of psychosexual moralizing.

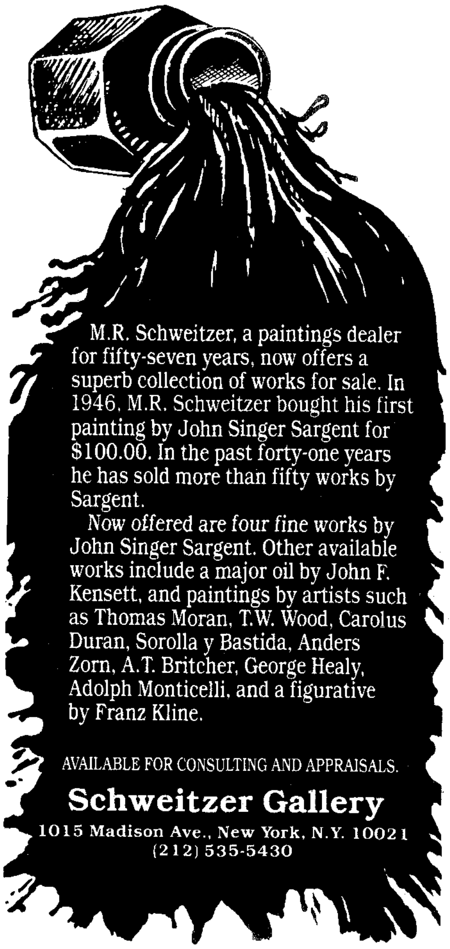
By the time Frears and Bennett got to do the movie, Lahr had chewed over the material and solemnized Orton as a major, major artist. Lahr wrote a scholarly introduction to the collected plays, and he has edited the new "The Orton Diaries," which is pretty funny stuff—Orton does the buggering, Lahr does the footnoting. Frears and Bennett appear to have let Lahr, who uses Olympian tones for Pop figures, condition their thinking. We're not even made to laugh at the comedy of Orton's lewd antics with public-library books. After he and Halliwell had lived and worked together in claustrophobic conditions for almost a decade and couldn't get their pseudo-Firbankian novels into print, they showed their contempt for public taste by stealing library books, redesigning the book-jacket artwork, typing up new blurbs on the inside flap, and then returning them. They defiled such work as books by Dorothy Sayers and books on John Betjeman and Sybil Thorndike; they did it with vengeful bawdiness. It was a preparation for the abominations Orton put into the plays that he worked on when he was separated from Halliwell for six months—the length of the jail terms they were given for their desecration of library books.

Presented differently, this episode, which was a formative event in Orton's life, could have pulled us all into the story. Who hasn't, at some point, wanted to befoul a book that angered him? And who but a scabrous, frustrated artist would give his energies to this defacement for three or four years, using meticulous collage techniques to turn library books into works of furtive, hilarious art? The movie treats the upset librarians as if they were Victorian prigs; this diminishes Orton's (and Halliwell's) satirical compulsiveness by making it seem as if only outdated, prissy people would be upset by it. If the moviemakers had got into the Orton spirit and made examples of his art clearly visible to the audience, we would be driven to giggling like dirty schoolkids.

Orton's life was a black farce, and a straightforward narrative might have been helplessly funny. The shifting flashbacks prevent us from getting a grasp on his character, or even caring to. Oldman's Orton seems outside his own story—an onlooker. We don't feel the process by which the poor, ignorant, stagestruck boy from Leicester, who learned so much from the older, better-educated Halliwell, found his independence in jail, in 1962. We don't follow the process of his self-invention: the transformation of a frail, scrawny, bookish kid into a bodybuilder who got into tough-guy outfits for cruising and had the cocky chic to know that they were more fetching on him than expensive tailoring would be. First, Orton scraped the money together for elocution lessons, so he could get rid of his working-class accent; later, he affected a laborer's speech. And he was shrewd enough to win grants and accept awards while playing the poor-boy



"I gave you supper, I gave you water, I took you for a walk and threw the ball. Now get off my back."



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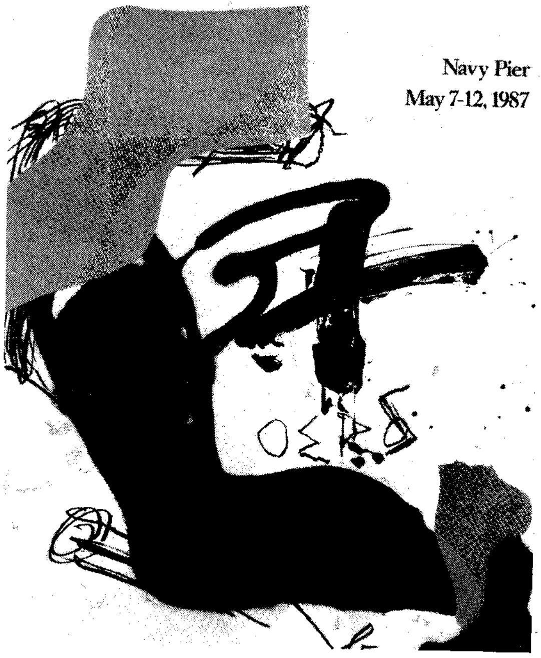

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outcast. The moviemakers seem to believe that their real material is in the sections that deal with Halliwell's inability to adapt to Orton's success. The facts are certainly sensational: as Orton's playwriting gift was recognized, Halliwell fell apart, and in 1967 he bludgeoned the thirty-four-year-old Orton to death and killed himself with sleeping pills. But in the movie the relationship between the two isn't convincing.

The actual Halliwell may have been even more jealous and tortured than the Halliwell of the movie, but physically he and Orton were about evenly matched. The casting of the large, heavy Molina as Halliwell puts a sad lump in the middle of the movie, and, with Molina's head shaved (Halliwell was bald), his bulging eyes are emphasized; he's a huge version of Peter Lorre in "M." Halliwell's misery and grotesqueness seem to suck all the energy out of his scenes, and they affect our feelings about Orton: why is he so passive about getting clear of this guy? If the film had shown that the once assured, rakish Halliwell had become withdrawn during all the years of social isolation when they were a unit, and that he couldn't come out of his melancholy and connect with anybody else, maybe we'd feel a sympathetic involvement with him. And if we did maybe we'd understand Orton's commitment to him, especially after Halliwell's suicidal response to the shame of imprisonment. But the interaction of the two isn't well dramatized—it isn't quite there—and this also affects one of the subtexts of the movie: the cranky suggestion (it's quite explicit at the beginning) that we're seeing a symbolic marriage, and that the relationship between the Lahr character and his resentful wife, Anthea (Lindsay Duncan), is parallel to that of Orton and *his* resentful "wife," Halliwell. Frears and Bennett may have found this notion irresistible: Orton had dedicated his first big play, "Entertaining Mr. Sloane," to Halliwell, and Lahr's dedication of "Prick Up Your Ears" to Anthea—the real one—was accompanied by unusually fulsome acknowledgments. (Imagine what Orton might have done to the jacket copy on Lahr's tomes.) It's quite possible that it was for the sake of this subtext (which fizzles out) that the moviemakers employed the device of Shawn's Lahr as inquiring author. It's a numbing device: it emphasizes the pastness of the bio form, and makes the material respectable.

You keep waiting for this movie to find its pitch, and it seems about to in the Moroccan scenes where Orton and Halliwell laze about with troupes of native boys, and in a balletic orgy in a public lavatory in London, but the staging is tasteful and unerotic. Frears provides an unsuggestive view of uninhibited sex. The cinematographer, Oliver Stapleton, gives the images a toilet look that's compelling—if only the Dionysian farce spirit were there. (After the Moroccan footage, the film seems to give up on any kind of rhythm.) Throughout, rough language is reproduced without the racy zest that would make it funny. (The only tease is in the title, which Orton was planning to use for a play; unscrambled, "ears" turns to "arse.")

Gary Oldman's Orton always seems to be in the middle distance, and he has no special priapic quality. This boyish fellow isn't much more than a series of reflexive cute smirks. Were Frears and Bennett deliberately trying not to get Orton's exuberance or any of his anger or intensity? For whatever reason, you don't feel his pulse. Vanessa Redgrave's smart, ribald Peggy Ramsay is the one with life. Redgrave has never been more physically witty than she is here in a scene where she's just sitting and talking and rubbing her shapely leg. She's fifty, and she's never been sexier or more spontaneous. The combination of her size and the light in her eyes is enough to heat up the theatre. But you could come out of "Prick Up Your Ears" without any sense of what Orton's farces were like. You wouldn't even know that he reinvented the epigram.

What you come out with are some post-Freudian banalities about how Orton's pansexuality liberated his talent whereas the inhibited Halliwell was driven to murder. Halliwell's motive is supposed to be envy of Orton's literary success and freer sexuality—which is defined here as anonymous sex in dangerous places. The film moralizes about sexuality in the political manner of the *Village Voice*. It may make you wonder why so much orgiastic sex has produced so few works of art.

IT can be a little embarrassing to hear yourself laughing at "The Secret of My Success," because the picture is stupid and often perfunctory. At the same time, it's moderately enjoyable. It has a let's-try-it cheerfulness, a knockout performance by Mar-

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garet Whitton, who's like a Lubitsch vamp, and nonchalant bits of artifice that are like Lubitsch touches. The director and onetime choreographer Herbert Ross has never been as freely kinetic as he is in this, his twentieth movie. He seems to take the derivative, jumbled material as a challenge, and he gives the adventures of a polite Yuppie hustler a spinning, lightheaded quality. Michael J. Fox plays the farm-bred Brantley, a business major fresh out of a Kansas college and eager to storm Manhattan. His distant uncle (Richard Jordan), chief executive officer of the Pemrose Corporation, gives him a lowly job in the mailroom. Brantley reads the interoffice communications, sifts through the bureaucratic chaos, and, inventing an executive identity for himself, is soon issuing orders. Within a matter of weeks, he takes over his uncle's wife (Whitton), mistress (Helen Slater), and conglomerate. Yet the line between Brantley's guile and his guilelessness is blurry, and there's no follow-through on the orders he gives, or on much of anything else. The movie seems to be made of spare parts and assorted polishes.

It started with a script by A. J. Carothers, which was rewritten by the infamous Jim Cash & Jack Epps, Jr. (the cross-country-by-computer collaborators, whose reputation is based on "Top Gun" and "Legal Eagles"); the Writers Guild assigned these three the credit, though the dialogue was reworked by others—principally by Peter Stone, who is known for his dapper repartee (as in "Charade" and "Who Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe?"), and by the sacred-monster playwright Christopher Durang. (He appears as the most petulant member of the Pemrose board, a twit with a glowering baby face.) The movie has nutty glories (much like those in Durang's plays), and Ross does a lot of visual ad-libbing; the movie isn't coherent, exactly, and it certainly isn't inventive enough, but it's frictionless —it has an easy flow. The cinematographer, Carlo Di Palma, puts a shine on the New York skyscrapers. They're the architecture of Brantley's dreams. When he sits up on the window ledge of his purloined office (it's actually the forty-third floor at 77 West 45th Street, south of Rockefeller Center), the image suggests a piece of calendar art; all that's missing is a friendly mutt. The editor, Paul Hirsch, may have the best sense of rhythm in his trade, and, with the action skidding around the corridors of power or twirling off to a country estate, the picture is surprisingly painless. (Well, not altogether. The music track, which features a basso's lascivious moans, starts up loud over and over again. It's nightmarish.)

As an executive at Pemrose, Helen Slater, who's also an architectural dream, has an introductory scene so quintessentially romantic that it's comic. She bends down over a drinking fountain, the water trickling from her mouth, and Brantley, staring at her in lovestruck slow motion, sees a goddess with great, heavy blue eyes, blank as those of a statue. This standoffish, ladylike executive (and mistress of the boss) has a refrain; she's a bimbo who keeps complaining about being called a bimbo. The line should be funnier than it is. Slater doesn't give much to the audience; she's deadeningly fatuous here—you don't even feel a commitment to acting. And maybe that's why when this executive was hurt and began to weep the audience laughed. Besides, we don't want to be reminded that Yuppie robots have feelings.

Michael J. Fox doesn't commit that kind of howler: when he's playing comedy he doesn't "go for real." Nothing is at stake when he's the protagonist; he doesn't pack the weight of an adult consciousness, and his boyish inconsequentiality may be part of his appeal to the audience. Fox gave a fine, staying-in-character performance in his last film, Paul Schrader's "Light of Day"—a performance that was completely different from his work on TV and in "Back to the Future" and "Teen Wolf." But Schrader's cheerlessness infects his movies. This rock 'n' roll picture about family, religion, and death was a lugubrious working-class variation on "Terms of Endearment"—one in which the mother (rather than the daughter) died. Fox, in the backup role of son and brother—the stable member of a high-strung family—was wasted. Here, as bland, benign Brantley, Fox is back to doing what he does on TV, but he isn't monotonously "on"—he's relaxed at times, and he's jaunty when he's swaggering around the halls. His role is much like that of Robert Morse in the musical satire "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying," but the pointedness is gone. The film's only goal is movement that makes you laugh. Luckily, Fox is a very supple performer; he slides through the cracks in the script.

The picture is sprinkled with standout "character" performances (Elizabeth Franz as Brantley's mother, John Pankow as his mailroom pal, Christopher Murney as the boss of the mailroom, Susan Kellerman and Carol-Ann Susi as secretaries, Mercedes Ruehl as a waitress). And there's Richard Jordan as the heel. Jordan is too sly and mellow an actor to be merely a heel. As the big boss, he's wonderfully oblivious and so self-absorbed he's slightly, casually paranoid. He's an ideal foil for Margaret Whitton as the sex-starved wife whose existence he has almost forgotten. It's quite believable that he loses track of her even when she's sitting next to him; he has lost track of his business the same way. (But this triple cuckold is confident that he's on top of things, and when he innocently asks, "You like to sweat, don't you, Brantley?" we share Brantley's momentary confusion.)

The artful Whitton enters the movie as if from a side door, and suddenly she *is* the movie. She was Darla, the hooker whom Robin Williams turned to for psychiatric counselling in the 1986 "The Best of Times." Here she's Aunt Vera, the seductress who chases Brantley into the swimming pool and pulls off his shorts; she's what Anne Bancroft's Mrs. Robinson was at the start of "The Graduate," before she turned crazy and vindictive. Whitton adores playing comedy; you can see her glee in those flirty, almond eyes. She gives her scenes a bedroom-farce zinginess that the other scenes just don't have. Ross must appreciate what he's got here. When Vera is in bed next to her husband, with her paperback of "Chéri" and "The Last of Chéri" open on the quilt, the camera moves to her face and she looks like photographs of Colette—it isn't just the frizzy curls that are right, it's the expression. In one scene, Vera wears a little pointy hat, and she does it with an insouciance that suggests there's a little pointy head inside. That's comic style. —PAULINE KAEL

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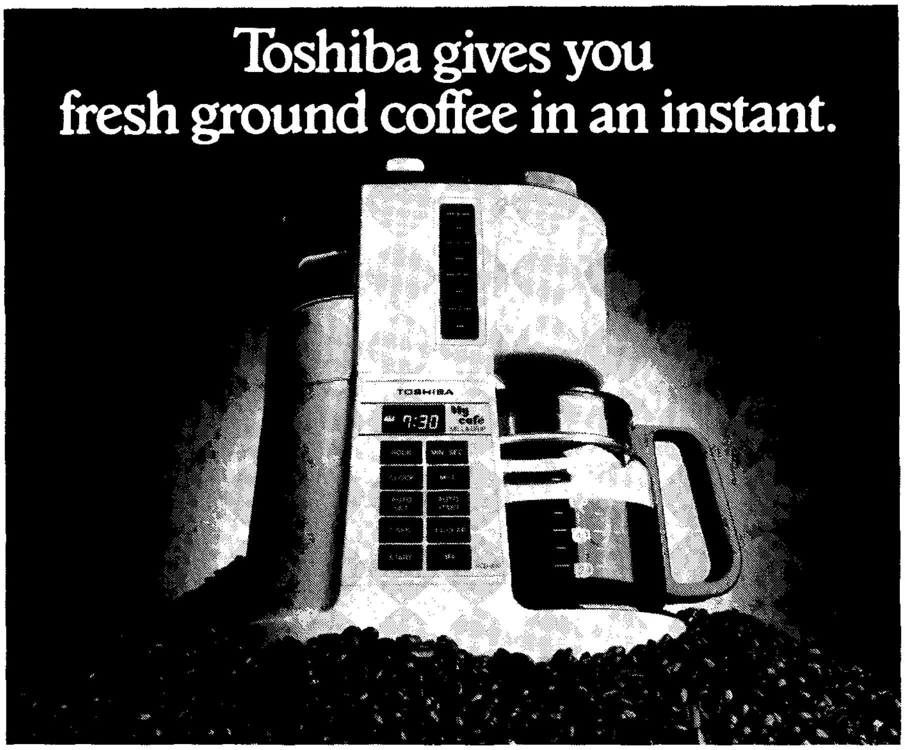

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MUSICAL EVENTS

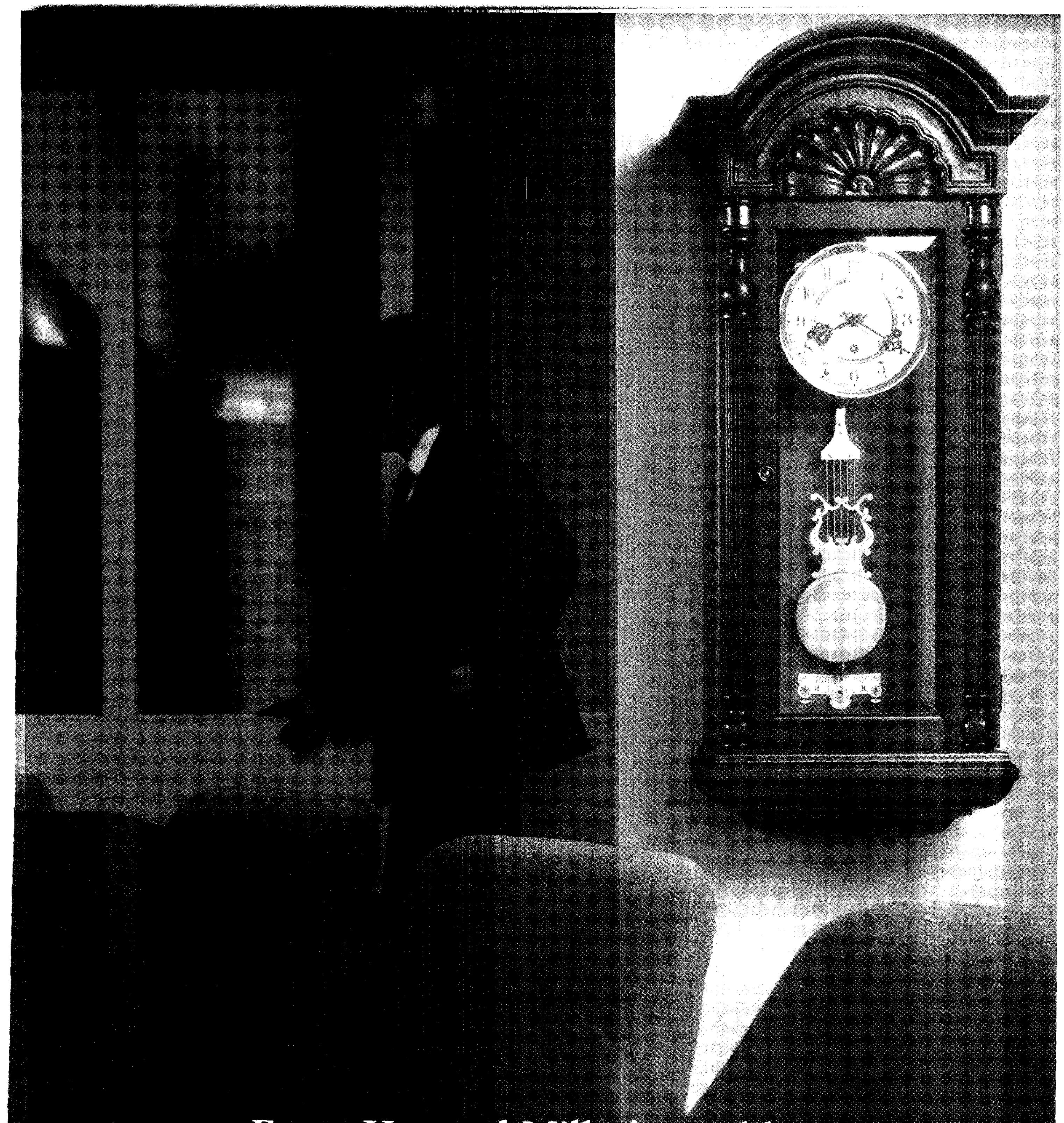
HIP Handel

Handel's "Tolomeo," an excellent opera, had its American première last month on the College Park campus of the University of Maryland. The action, like that of "Riccardo Primo," is set on Cyprus, and a thread of history informs the plot: the dynastic strife between Ptolemy IX and his brother Alexander, or Ptolemy X. But "Tolomeo" is not a dynastic drama. The exiled Ptolemy lives on Cyprus disguised as a common shepherd, calling himself Osmin. His wife, Seleuca, believed dead at sea, has come to Cyprus in quest of him; she, too, has adopted pastoral disguise, and calls herself Delia. At the start of the opera, Alexander, cast ashore by tempest, is rescued from the waves by his brother. Araspes, the King of Cyprus, is attracted to Delia. His sister Eliza is attracted to Osmin (and is mightily relieved, later in the opera, to discover that instinct drew her to one of royal, not plebeian, blood). Alexander falls in love at first sight with Eliza (and sings the famous "Non lo dirò col labbro"). A day of island encounters—as in "The Tempest"—brings crossed destinies to a crisis and a resolution. Toward the end of the opera, Ptolemy, despairing, drains a cup of what he believes to be poison, and as it takes effect his poignant aria "Stille amare" breaks off in midphrase. But for poison Eliza has substituted a sleeping potion; the hero wakes to find his beloved Seleuca beside him, and his brother magnanimous. The embracing dramatic metaphor of the island—all scenes but one are set outdoors—is amplified by an unusually large number of simile arias or apostrophes to nature: in murmuring waves, rustling leaves, prattling streamlets, warbling birdlets, sobbing turtledoves, and rocks resistant to the crash of the surge the characters find reflection of or contrast to their innermost emotions. Handel and his librettist, Nicola Haym, added nine such arias to their source libretto, a "Tolomeo" that Carlo Sigismondo Capeci wrote for Domenico Scarlatti in 1711. Each Handel opera has its individual tone. In the tragic "Tamerlano," every scene is set indoors. In "Orlando," Handel's other opera based on a Capeci libretto, the composer enlarged the poet's use of supernatural apparatus as a symbol of human plights. In "Tolomeo," he sharpened the Romantic identification with nature.

"Tolomeo" (1728) was the last of fourteen operas that Handel wrote for the Royal Academy of Music before it broke up amid squabble and recrimination. The rival prima donnas Faustina and Cuzzoni sang the sprightly Eliza and the tender Seleuca; Senesino was the titular hero. The five-character drama, being without spectacle magical or military, lends itself to an intimate, economical presentation, and the Maryland production was a delight. Nicholas McGegan was its musical and dramatic director. From the principal harpsichord he led the Smithsonian Concerto Grosso, a band adept on period instruments. There was a simple, sufficient décor: a well-devised platform on an otherwise bare stage. The costumes were eighteenth-century: not Baroque theatrical finery, however, but trim Turkish garb for the two Cypriots (and for Eliza's glamorous attendant), Tom Jonesy rustic raiment for the royal pair pretending to be shepherds, and something finer for Alexander. The acting style was neither period nor modern but a sensible compromise apt for students untrained in Baroque posturing. The students sang well—one of them very well indeed. Senesino roles lie low for modern mezzos (Janet Baker used upward transpositions), but Molly Donnelly—even at a Baroque pitch that turns Handel's low B-flats into modern A's—compassed Ptolemy's role with ease, in timbre that was affecting and beautiful through all its range. Her voice has "character"—an elusive quality, God-given, not acquirable, that makes people listen. I hope Miss Donnelly for a decade or two turns down any invitation to yell Ulrica, Azucena, or Eboli into three-thousand-seaters. We must hear her often again still fresh, steady, natural, and unstrained, in a variety of roles (many by Handel, Rossini's Tancred, Bellini's Romeo, Wagner's Adrian). Her countenance is clear and candid, her presence lithe and honest, her expressiveness sterling.

A similar directness and clarity of utterance marked the Araspes of Timothy Jon Sarris. Jennifer Wynne Post, as Seleuca, and Jennifer Hughes-Lopez, as Eliza, sang attractively and fluently, but with a touch of a modern Mimì and Musetta in their vocal methods. (Do singing teachers ever urge their pupils toward thinner, finer tone?) Susan Fleming's Alexander showed the surest command of decorations and cadenzas. Mr. McGegan may have joined the enterprise too late to instill in all the cast sufficient boldness in departures from the printed text: most of the cadenzas were formulaic, not freely individual, and

"I'm just a number here, like you, Caswell—but a higher number."



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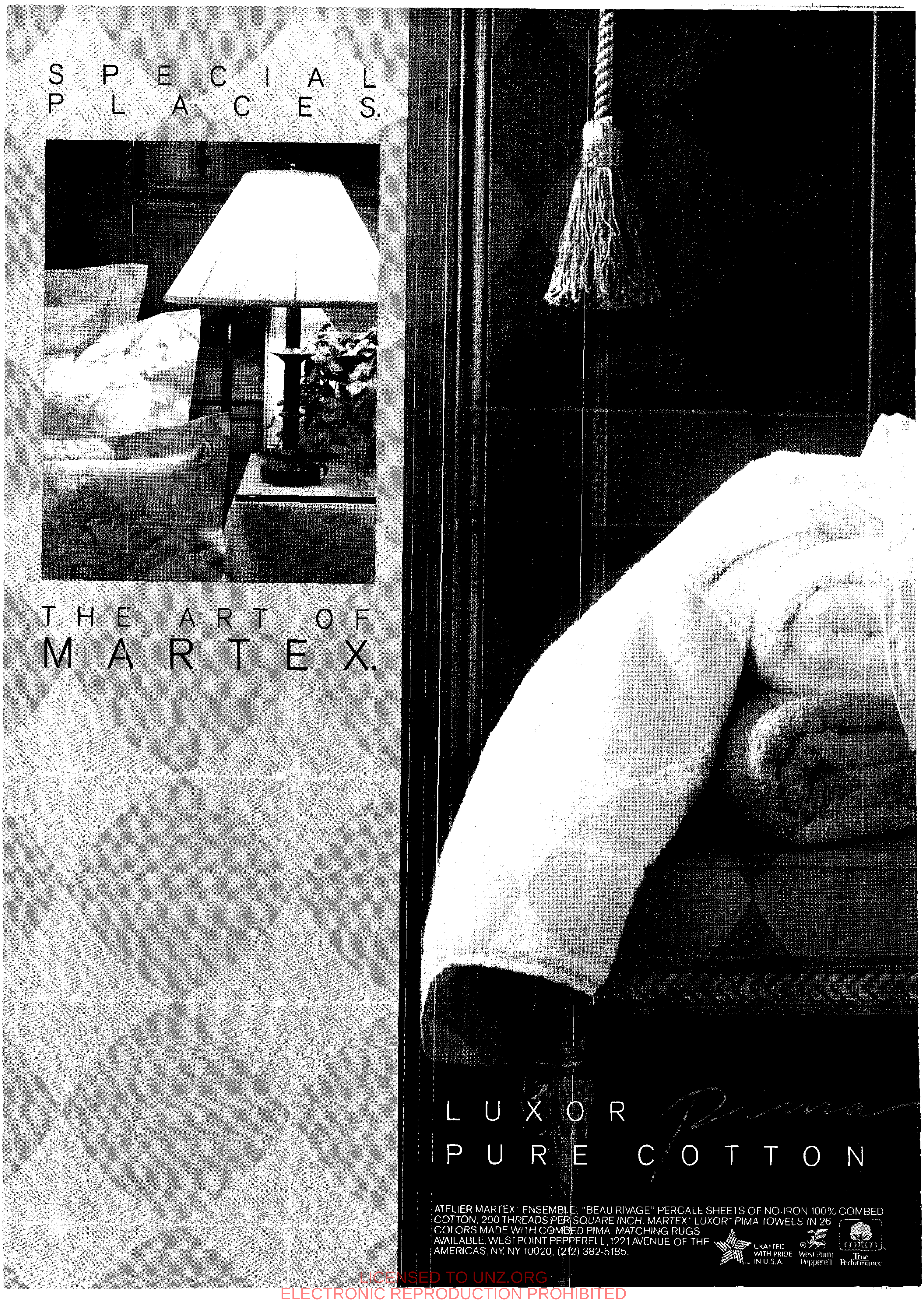

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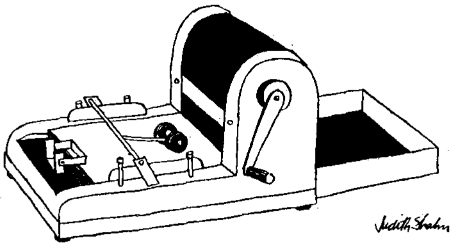
some necessary appoggiaturas went unsung. The performance as a whole was inspired by his enthusiasm, his feeling for phrase, his command of Handel's incidental detail and Handel's long line. The richness of the opera was revealed.

Earlier revivals of "Tolomeo"—at Halle in 1963, with Ptolemy and Alexander both an octave too low; at Abingdon in 1973, with Felicity Lott, now a Covent Garden star, as Seleuca—were impressive. Maryland's was more impressive still. Those earlier performances were abridged, while at College Park the opera was done complete (in a text that corrected some episodes of Chrysander's edition). Handel builds his character portraits aria by aria; omissions wipe out features and may also disturb a dramatically coherent sequence. The Halle performance was in German, Abingdon's in English, and that gave them an immediacy that would have been missing in Maryland—where American singers sang, to an American audience, in Italian—had not the virtues of original-language performance been shiningly demonstrated and its disadvantages minimized. George Shirley, who is on the Maryland faculty, had taught the cast to *use* Italian as a language understood; a bilingual wordbook—a reprint of the 1728 libretto—was on sale for a dollar; and the houselights were left up. This admirable "Tolomeo" should be revived at the Maryland Handel Festival in the fall, when American Handelians and the world's Handel scholars gather at College Park for instruction and enjoyment.

Boston's Handel and Haydn Society was founded in 1815. The instruments accompanying its early performances were what today would be called historical—the kind of instruments now being revived for modern accounts of Beethoven symphonies. (In 1823, the Society sought to commission an oratorio from Beethoven.) In other ways, the early work of the Society was far from authentic. The chorus of its first full "Messiah," in 1818, has been estimated at about a hundred and sixty—men outnumbering women ten to one—and the band at sixteen. Moreover, the music suffered from (in the words of Charles C. Perkins, a later president of the Society) "the then prevalent practice of assigning the tenor part to the sopranos, and the treble to the male altos and tenor." In time, these "confused and often painful effects of inverted harmonies" were righted. Lowell Mason, an able musician, became president and conductor in 1827, and thereafter the history of the annual H. & H. "Messiah" reflects Handel practice the world over. A. U. Hayter, who became organist in 1838, "supplied additional orchestra parts to Handel's meagre score" (Perkins). The following year, the Mozart accompaniments were acquired. The chorus numbered six hundred in 1857, and four hundred (with an orchestra of forty) in 1876, when Robert Franz's scoring of the episodes Mozart omitted was used for the first time. In 1885, Franz sent the Society his reorchestration of the whole work, and this continued to be heard until 1959, when the Ebenezer Prout score was preferred. In 1962, "Messiah" was done uncut. In 1964, the Boston *Globe's* new critic, Michael Steinberg, castigated the Society for perpetuating outmoded Handel manners. Thomas Dunn, appointed music director and conductor in 1967, that year used the Mozart version, newly edited and purified—but as a historical demonstration—and in 1968 did Handel's "Messiah" with a chorus of thirty. His 1977 recording (on Sine Qua Non) uses a chorus of sixteen (plus the five soloists), a band of thirty-one, and Alfred Mann's careful edition.

The next Handelian steps that needed taking were plain: period instruments; testing of the very latest discoveries—or hypotheses—about performing practice; and a full demonstration that there is far more to Handel oratorio than "Messiah," "Israel in Egypt," and an occasional "Joshua." This season, Christopher Hogwood became the Society's artistic director, and last month in Symphony Hall he conducted two performances of "Athalia" (1733), with a chorus of thirty-two and a band of forty-three, playing period instruments.

The Oberlin Conservatory of Music, last year and this, held a three-weekend conference of papers, discussions, and concerts on the theme "Musical Interpretation: The Influence of Historically Informed Performance."



Underlying it was the question: In this age when period instruments and period styles—even those of the early twentieth century—are being eagerly studied, revived, and recorded, are students sufficiently equipped for professional life if they command only an all-purpose modern technique and manner? Moderation prevailed. "The spirit giveth life" was a consensus text. Hardware wasn't rated above qualities of heart and head; no one claimed that, so to speak, the car being driven was more important than its driver. Richard Taruskin, with an anthology of recordings, sought to show that Furtwängler taking his twenty-ton truck—the Berlin Philharmonic at full strength—through the curves of Brandenburg No. 5 was more "vital" than lesser conductors at the wheel of fleeter ensembles. No one disagreed. In the keynote address, Will Crutchfield touched on practical matters: Christopher Hogwood, he said, sells more records than Luciano Pavarotti; Historically Informed Performance is HIP. The acronym caught on.

Mr. Hogwood is HIP champion of our day. From being the "English harpsichordist" described in New Grove, he has become a world figure, jetting from capital to capital to conduct HIP Handel, Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven. (The Boston "Athalia" was preceded by a Oiseau-Lyre recording, with Dame Joan Sutherland in the title role, and followed hard by an "Athalia" in Corunna.) He is so successfully packaged and marketed that critics sometimes underrate his merits. They are considerable. His tempi are well judged. Textures are clean and open. Large scores are laid out with a sure feeling for proportion and progress. He is a cultivated, educated, and agreeable musician. Yet often something seems to be missing; perhaps it's the spirit that giveth life. The Boston "Athalia" had an excellent orchestra, with several of America's leading Baroque players in its ranks. (There were four oboes, three bassoons.) The chorus, prepared by Jeffrey Rink, was first-rate. (Authenticity did not extend—as in the "Athalia" recording—to using boy trebles and male altos; women took their lines, with fresh, steady tone.) It was a pleasure to hear choral singing so sensitive to the color and meaning of words, to hear cross-accents truly struck in such lines as "Wake the lute/and strike the lyre," where "and" falls on a first beat. The solo

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singing was less dramatically alert.

"Athalia" is a musical drama based on Racine's last play, which Voltaire called "the masterwork of the human spirit" and A. W. Schlegel held up as a model of religious drama: sometimes sweet, more often majestic, as good and evil engage beneath "the wakeful eye of providence beaming, from unapproachable glory, rays of constancy and resolution." Athalia herself—proud usurping monarch, prey to guilty dreams—is cousin to Clytemnestra and Lady Macbeth. Janice Felty, the delicious Dorabella of Peter Sellars' "Così" in Purchase last year, was light casting. There was flash in her eyes as she beheld young Joas, the cause of her downfall, but too little flash in her tone. In 1733, Handel's prima donna, Anna Strada, sang not Athalia but the gentle Josabeth. In Boston, the role was taken—as at the Maryland Festival "Athalia" in 1985—by Judith Nelson. She is a delicate artist, but on this occasion the top of her voice sounded faded, and she has never shown much feeling for words. Derek Lee Ragin, the Joad (again as in Maryland), pronounces clearly; his countertenor tone is shapely, but his phrasing lacks firmness. The boy who sang Joas and the tenor who sang Mathan were pallid performers. Gregory Reinhart, the Abner, seized his music and filled it with life and character. He would have been more effective still had he been less constantly loud—not taken as his maxim for the evening a line from Abner's first air, "He rolls the thunder through the gloom." The Maryland "Athalia" had a dramatic director, Nicholas Deutsch, who with a few well-chosen strokes suggested the settings and action of the libretto. There was some movement on the Boston platform—enough to indicate who was onstage, who not, in any scene—but it was underrehearsed. The lighting was poor. Most of all, this "Athalia" suffered from seeming to be an assembly-line performance. Good artists had been engaged. Mr. Hogwood came in to lead them accurately, stylishly, but rather coolly.

MASSED-VOICE Handel could be heard in Avery Fisher Hall last month, when Parts II and III of "Israel in Egypt" were sung in the Masterworks Choral Series, conducted by Peter Tiboris. (Part I, revived only in recent years, is the Funeral Anthem for Queen Caroline, its text adjusted to become a Lamentation of the Isra-

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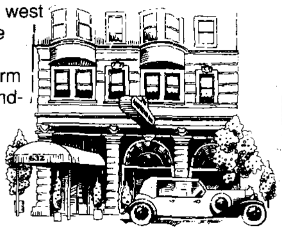

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lites for the Death of Joseph.) These concerts bring together choruses from across the country. The Diocesan Choir of Wisconsin and choruses from Augustana College, in South Dakota, the University of South Dakota, the University of Mississippi, the University of Denver, and Bryan College, in Tennessee, joined in "Israel." In fact, it was one of the smaller shows in the series—only about three hundred voices. (Six hundred are promised for the Berlioz Te Deum next week.) I went with some foreboding: would this not be the kind of old-style, heavy, clogged Handel performance that we have learned to deplore? It wasn't. The choral singing was light, athletic, and clear. There was no pretense at instrumental "authenticity": Handel's organ (which has an independent role) was absent; so were his pastoral flutes and (with especially disconcerting effect when in three-part wind writing the oboes were left bassless) his bassoons. It was not a marvellous adventure, voices and instruments conspiring, such as Harry Saltzman and his Sine Nomine Singers afforded with their account of the complete "Israel" in 1985. But, because great choral music was fervently, eagerly, and accurately sung, it proved stirring. A quintet of proficient soloists supplied a few HIP touches. Mr. Tiboris is a "traditional" conductor. His tempi were sometimes slow for modern tastes, but his rhythms didn't flag. There was life and warmth in the music-making.

—ANDREW PORTER

•

Bountiful fish stands proud on the priorities of Bosnia-Hercegovina. It is sizzled on a hooded charcoal grill to the accompaniment of eggplant and *toplo* ("hot"). In a dairy shop are pancakes and often full scale tangy thick soup. According to an old saying, Bosnia-Hercegovinians can savour for each day of their year another elusive bird. If you do not wish pigeon, you must assert: *Kavko mir yerkk! Zeleo barbun o prasetina!* From such you will become a red mullet perhaps or else some locally cured knuckle.—*English-language travel guide distributed in Yugoslavia.*

We wish pigeon, thanks.

•

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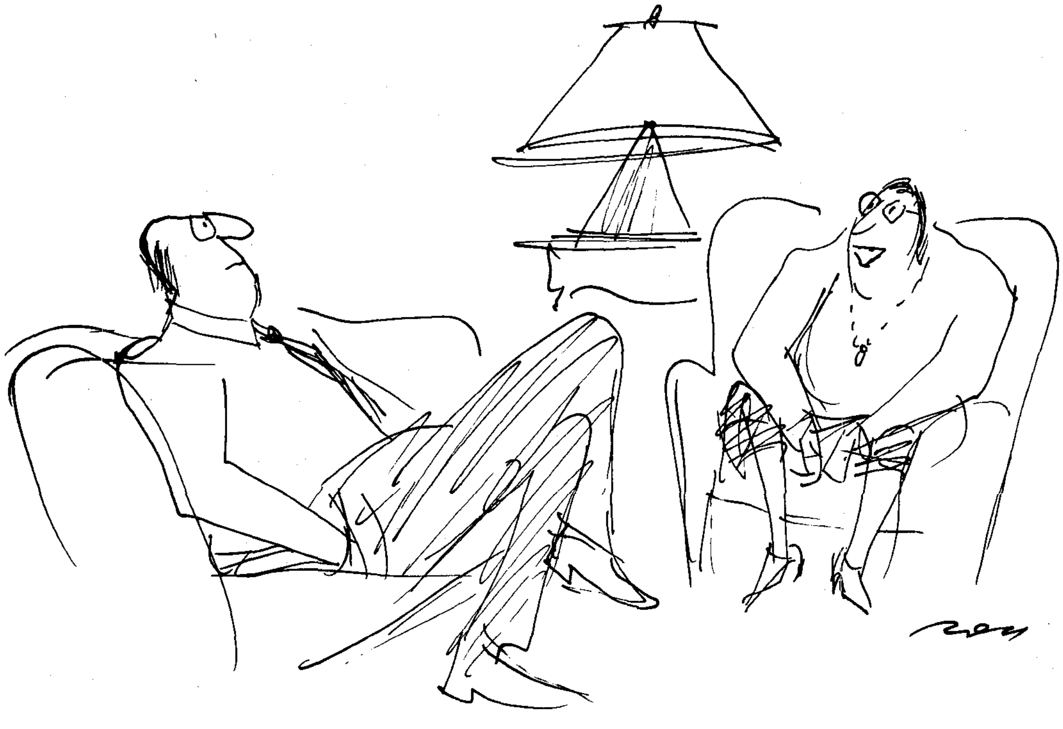
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

APRIL 26

EVEN with the Iran-Contra affair temporarily on the sidelines —hearings begin May 5th— there are other things going on here right now that will have a big effect on the Reagan Administration's much-pondered place in history. The President may well get an arms-control agreement, on intermediate-range nuclear weapons—an agreement that, though not very important (that's one reason he may well get it), will put a star on a now empty line on his chart. And in selling the agreement the Administration will undoubtedly portray it as more significant than it is—and the sales campaign will probably be successful. Reagan and Congress are doing battle over a number of issues, but at least thus far the battles have been more over symbols than over substance—in particular over Reagan's political strength (or how that strength is perceived) in the course of the last two years of his Presidency. The Democrats are finding that having control of the Senate as well as the House presents more difficulties than they had anticipated. But one very big thing that may be happening is the possible beginning of the collapse of the jerry-built Reagan economy. This may well be beyond the ability of either the Administration or Congress to handle. Reagan Administration officials mainly seem to be seeking to ward off disaster on their watch. The Iran-Contra issue won't be on the sidelines for long, and several indictments stemming out of the investigation by the independent counsel could come at any time. In the meantime, the political rehabilitation of Ronald Reagan is proceeding—and he will need all of the strength he can gain.

FROM the outset, there seemed something odd about the Reagan Administration's apparent eagerness to reach an agreement with the Soviets on intermediate-range nuclear forces (I.N.F.), since arms-control policy is still dominated by those who oppose arms control. But after one gives it some thought and after some conversations with officials here, the logic of the situation becomes clear. For one thing, few people in the Administration think that an I.N.F. agreement is very important—as compared, say, with a possible agreement on deep reductions in long-range nuclear weapons or an agreement on deployment of the Strategic Defense Initiative (S.D.I.). One official said to me recently, "For me, the ability to deploy S.D.I. is the big enchilada." An official explained the unique unanimity (or apparent unanimity) within the Administration over I.N.F. as stemming from the fact that "it doesn't directly affect our stuff"—by which he meant strategic weapons and S.D.I. The instructions that Secretary of State George Shultz took to Moscow recently gave him just about no leeway in negotiations on the long-range weapons (called START, for Strategic Arms Reduction Talks) or on S.D.I. Shultz was, in fact, so tightly bound on what he could negotiate that some Administration officials wondered at his capacity for humiliation. One official said to me, "I wouldn't have gone with instructions like that." (Shultz was also given a lengthy script of set pieces he was to deliver on the subjects of human rights, Afghanistan, and so on.) Before the Moscow meeting, Shultz lost just about all the arguments over the United States' negotiating position. The Administration is still insisting on the right to deploy S.D.I. in effect as soon as a system is deployable. Before Shultz's trip, the Administration changed its Reykjavik proposal on S.D.I. to allow deployment after seven years instead of ten—but this didn't make any real difference, nor did it change the Administration's basic position that the United States would deploy S.D.I. whether or not the Soviets wanted to do so. This is the heart of the matter. (One Reykjavik proposal that the Administration managed to bury was the one calling for the elimination of all ballistic missiles in ten years—a proposal that drove the Joint Chiefs, who hadn't been told about it, and a number of others up the wall.)

So, according to the logic of the situation, an I.N.F. agreement solves a number of problems for the Administration at what its officials see as little cost. Best of all, it gives Reagan an arms-control agreement. An official said to me recently, "That's something." And he added, "I don't think there's more than ten per cent understanding out there that this is not the main show." Moreover, Reagan can depict an I.N.F. agreement as paving the way for *further agreements*—and there would be no way to prove him wrong. Also, one could deduce that arms-control opponents within the Administration see an I.N.F. agreement as diverting attention from the bigger issues, as taking the pressure off reaching

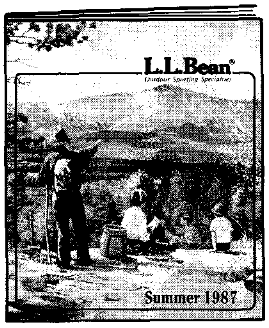


"What do you liken our marriage to—football or baseball?"

agreements on long-range weapons or S.D.I. (In fact, at the Moscow meeting the Soviets offered to make their S.D.I. position more flexible—how much more flexible is in dispute—but the Administration brushes this off and has largely succeeded in deflecting attention away from it, and toward I.N.F.) A senator who watches arms control said to me the other day, speaking of the Administration's arms-control officials, "I think they've decided to make I.N.F. *the* arms-control agreement for the Reagan Administration." He added, "I don't know if they've told the President." All in all, this is a pretty good deal for those who oppose such agreements.

The situation has other benefits for arms-control opponents: some of them do not at all mind that we might reach an agreement with the Soviets that makes the Europeans unhappy. There is a certain dyspepsia within the Administration—particularly at the Pentagon—when it comes to the question of our European allies. In the eyes of some officials, the allies are ingrates and nuisances: they are seen as wanting us to protect them militarily (thus saving them large amounts of money) but also as on our backs to get arms-control agreements—that is, until we appear to be close to getting one. In the present case, the Europeans—or some of them—asked us in the late seventies to install intermediate-range weapons in Europe, in response to Soviet installation of what many saw as more powerful missiles facing Western Europe; then, in November, 1981, when the Administration proposed the removal of all the intermediate-range missiles, many of the allies were annoyed, because they felt that we were proposing something the Soviets would never accept, since, among other things, our missiles weren't even installed yet, and therefore we weren't serious about arms control. Then the European governments—at some political cost—got the missiles installed. And they grew to like having them around. When, at Reykjavik, it seemed that the U.S. and the Soviet Union might really reach an agreement removing intermediate-range warheads from Europe (but permitting a hundred in Soviet Asia and a hundred in the United States), the European governments panicked—and their unhappiness was only increased by the loose talk on the part of Reagan and Gorbachev about a world without nuclear weapons. Such a world could leave the West vulnerable to the superior conventional forces of the Warsaw Pact, it was argued—by many American strategists as well as by many European leaders. Moreover, Reagan's and Gorbachev's casual, if not reckless, bargaining style at Reykjavik made a great many people leery—and one result is the elaborate exercise the Administration is now undertaking of consulting the European governments. That the Soviets have essentially accepted the United States' zero-zero proposal has turned out to be very convenient to a number of American officials. That the Europeans are discombobulated only adds to their satisfaction. One official said to me recently, "Yes, it causes trepidation among the Europeans, but what else is new?"

One can also detect on the part of some Administration officials a certain pleasure over the fact that the potential I.N.F. agreement has split the arms-control community. The subject of I.N.F. particularly lends itself to theological disputes, and the theologians have gone at it with great zest. A number of defense strategists—including some officials of the Nixon and Ford Administrations, and also some important members of Congress who, for a number of reasons, tend to take a middling position on arms control—argue that by removing an entire level of weapons on the "ladder of deterrence" the United States and the Soviet Union might make the use of nuclear weapons in Europe more, rather than less, likely. (According to this thinking, the removal of intermediate-range nuclear weapons would raise the pressure to use tactical nuclear weapons earlier.) Some people who often agree with the Administration's arms-control opponents are also now finding themselves differing with them (that is, if one is to assume that Administration arms-control opponents really favor an I.N.F. agreement along the lines being discussed): they worry, as some of the theologians do, that Reagan has played into Gorbachev's hands by taking a step toward the "denuclearization" of Europe, and that removing the intermediate-range missiles might "decouple" the United States from its NATO allies. The Administration dismisses this as nonsense, since, among other things, there will remain so many U.S. nu-



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clear weapons (over forty-five hundred) in Europe. This is an example of theology. And these cool, rational analyses probably bear little resemblance to what it would be like in a real case of pending, or actual, war. And many European as well as American strategists are still worried about Reagan's having talked at Reykjavik about a non-nuclear world. General Bernard Rogers, who is about to retire as the NATO commander, has denounced the potential I.N.F. agreement on the ground that it increases the Warsaw Pact's advantage in conventional forces.

The actual reaching of an I.N.F. agreement, if it is to happen at all, may still be some distance away. (There was a certain confusion within the Administration over just what was being discussed in Moscow—so much so that after the American delegation returned, the Administration convened an interagency group to sort out the various and conflicting terms, and conflicting definitions of these terms, that officials had been using with equal certainty that theirs was the correct terminology: short-range missiles, shorter-range missiles, short-range intermediate-range missiles, and so on. It took the group several days to work this all out.) Not only has no agreement been drafted but some key issues have not yet been settled: one is verification, the other is whether the United States could place any of its hundred intermediate-range warheads in Alaska—from which they could hit the Soviet Union, while none of the Soviet hundred could hit the United States. It appears that arms-control conservatives who also oppose an I.N.F. agreement may have landed on the latter issue as one that could still gum up the works; but some arms-control supporters object to the proposed treaty's allowing the Soviet Union to keep their hundred warheads in Asia, where they could hit Japan. One wonders if some people within the Administration would mind if the treaty were shot down by either side—or both sides. But most arms-control supporters don't want to be in the position of killing an agreement—not to mention one based on an American proposal. Senator Sam Nunn, a theologian of centrist persuasion, has resolved this dilemma by suggesting an escape clause in the treaty if the disparity in conventional forces is not reduced. But the kind of escape clause he suggested is routinely in arms-control treaties. And now Richard Nixon

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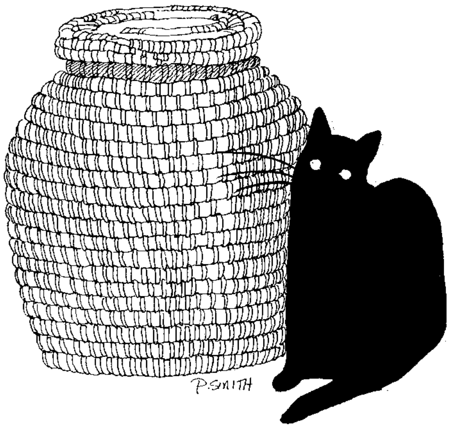
nd Henry Kissinger have weighed in, alling for changes in the agreement. An Administration official says that his episode shows that the idea of rms control always has a political lift, ut the closer you get to an actual greement the more the agreement omes under attack, and the greater he political cost of getting it approved —in terms of political capital, time, ffort, and, if the past is precedent, erhaps promises to build new weapns. This official does not rule out that he size and the nature of the oddly ormed opposition to the I.N.F. agreement might sink it. So arms-control pponents are enjoying themselves these days. They can't lose. (And Gorbachev has little to lose: he would be giving up weapons of no great importance to him in order to get rid of some—especially the fast Pershing IIs based in Germany—that worry him; he has other weapons to hit the targets of the missiles that would be removed; and he is dividing NATO in the process.) In the first days after Shultz's Moscow meeting, some of the President's advisers realized that the White House had to be careful—that an I.N.F. agreement was being made to seem more of a "done deal" than it was. Yet both Reagan and Gorbachev, each for his own reasons, want an agreement, and most officials here say that they think there will be both an agreement and a summit meeting between Gorbachev and Reagan, in the United States. Both of these events, of course, would be very good for Reagan.

THE uproar that broke out (probably not completely by accident) shortly before Shultz's trip to Moscow, over charges that some Marine guards at our embassy there had been seduced into letting the K.G.B. into the embassy at night and that the Soviets were building a bug-ridden new chancery for us, represented Washington at its silliest. It was not, or should not have been, a surprise that the Soviets had been engaged in any of these activities, and in fact the bugging of the new chancery had been known about from the start of construction. So the reaction here was the result of a commingling of naïveté and opportunism. One former intelligence official told me that anyone who thinks the Soviets are the only ones doing these things just doesn't know what's going on. And others may well have known that the Soviets weren't in this game alone but found it opportune to make a fuss over it—especially in light of Shultz's forthcoming trip. Furthermore, the spying episode provided additional material for those Republicans who are building a political case against the State Department for use in the 1988 election campaign—starting with the Republican nomination fight. Some Republican strategists plan to make George Shultz the Henry Kissinger of the 1988 elections. (Kissinger's name was booed at the 1976 Republican Convention.) Jack Kemp has already called for Shultz's dismissal. I have been told by the strategists that everyone in the Republican nomination fight will be vying to be on the right of the others on foreign policy—thus the candidates are vying to be the most insistent that S.D.I. be deployed as soon as possible and are finding all manner of faults with Shultz's conduct of foreign policy.

Denouncing the State Department as too soft has a long tradition in Republican politics. Therefore, when the stories about the bugs in our new chancery resumed—whether by accident or by design—just before Shultz's trip, this was very convenient for a number of politicians. The Senate found irresistible the opportunity to pass a demagogic but essentially meaningless resolution calling on Shultz to cancel the trip or meet with the Soviets elsewhere unless his private meetings could be safe from eavesdropping. The resolution, sponsored by Malcolm Wallop, Republican of Wyoming and an emerging leader of the right on questions of foreign policy, by a number of other right-wingers, and also by Robert Dole, a Presidential aspirant, was adopted by the Senate by a vote of seventy to thirty. For days, the air here was heavy with denunciations of the Soviet Union for its dastardly deeds.

Yet no knowledgeable person here could tell me what the Soviets had done that was beyond the norm, with the possible exception of apparently succeeding in seducing an especially large number of marines, and more than one knowledgeable person said that the anger here was misdirected. James Schlesinger, a former C.I.A. director, who had been asked by Shultz earlier this year to look into the problems with the new chancery, said to me recently, "The K.G.B. unquestionably have been rascals. There are limits on what rascality can do unless there's no resistance. Unfortunately, stupidity has no limitations, and we have been stupid—that's the basic problem." He went on to say that of course the K.G.B. is good at its job—"That's what they're hired for"—but it can only be successful to the extent we've been stupid. David Boren, Democrat of Oklahoma and the chairman of the Senate Intelligence Committee, said to me, "We should be mad at ourselves, and we should be worried by our naïveté."



There is even less excuse for the outrage over the bugging in the new chancery, and the story of how that bugging came about has a sadly familiar ring. The Nixon Administration, deep into détente, was eager to make the deal with the Soviets by which they and we could each build a new chancery; even the State Department objected to the terms of the deal, which allowed the Soviets not only to construct our building in Moscow but to prefabricate parts of it before they were brought to the building site. It's no secret that the Soviets try to bug our embassy and other buildings in Moscow—just as we try to bug theirs here. But by all accounts they are better at this sort of thing than we are, and one even senses here a certain amount of professional admiration for the job they do—just as, in "Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy," Smiley, the British agent, respected his Soviet counterpart, Karla. We know, and they know that we know, and so an elaborate game goes on—occasionally interrupted by a burst of rectitude. This was the reason, an Administration official told me, for the relative mildness of Reagan's statements during the recent uproar—but perhaps he was also trying to keep people from focussing on American failures and trying to avoid association with them. Reagan prefers to deal only in good news. Shultz, however, had to appear to be highly indignant—though I'm told that, as an ex-marine, he was very upset by the episodes involving the marines in Moscow. Each Adminis-

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tration has known that the Soviets were placing bugs in the new chancery, but found some reason to pass the problem along to the next one. From time to time, there were news stories about it, but then the subject would go away. So when in February of this year Shultz finally called on Schlesinger to give him "options" for what to do about the new chancery, he was trying to be more responsive to complaints by the congressional Intelligence Committees—until then, State had mainly just shrugged its shoulders—without drawing too much attention to the problem. In the world of espionage, the Soviets have an advantage over us because they have a totalitarian system, and yet we cannot envy them this. But that gets us into metaphysics—not the sort of thing that can be settled by a congressional resolution.

THE President has had a rough time of it with the new Congress—seeing his two vetoes overridden. And there will be more confrontations. His vetoes of bills authorizing additional federal spending for sewage-treatment plants (the "clean water" bill) and additional spending for building highways and mass-transit projects offered both Reagan and the Democratic congressional leadership a chance to strike a pose: the Democrats for clean water and improved transportation (and jobs to build those transportation projects) and for presumably popular programs; Reagan for protecting the taxpayers against the Democratic "spenders." But both fights were tests of strength—with both sides trying to show that they were in charge. A problem for Reagan was that, as his advisers pointed out to him, a large number of Republicans also supported these bills. Thus the Democrats deliberately chose presumably popular programs, and thus the President and his people made a big thing of his wielding his veto pen—virtually to the sound of drumrolls. But these were phony wars, with both the maneuvers in the battles and their conclusions preordained. No high principle was involved—in fact, no principle at all was involved. (One liberal Democratic congressman told me that he gave fleeting thought to voting against the highway bill, on the ground that in the era of Gramm-Rudman and an out-of-control budget deficit the bill's transportation projects should be paid for by state and local governments, not the federal government—but the thought passe quickly.) The issue was really wh could twist the most arms—and th highway bill had been painstakingl constructed, and larded with goodies by its congressional sponsors to get th maximum number of votes for it (The provision ending the fifty-five-mile-an-hour speed limit was include to win the votes of Western politicians.) It also had the strong an active support of trade unions an contractors—the latter includin good, solid conservatives who deplor "waste." The difference between beneficent public works and pure pork can only be discerned by those wh have good reason to try. And, unfortunately for the President, Senat Republicans—the group most likely t help sustain his veto—were most uncomfortably aware that some colleagues who had switched positions i recent years in order to help the President were now former colleagues. Besides, the 1986 elections showed tha Reagan can't deliver the voters—and that is likely to have a big impact o his last two years as President. In politics, there are limits to loyalty.

Every move of the President is carefully observed here for clues as to his state of mind and his political standing, and the White House therefore labors hard to shape the thinking of the observers. On the highway bill, the White House tried to have it both ways—and succeeded. Had Reagan been able to persuade only one Republican senator (out of thirteen of them) to change position and sustain the veto, that would have been celebrated by his aides as a major triumph. When he failed to get even one senator to switch even after he made a trip to Capitol Hill to implore them to help him—"I beg you for your vote"—what might have been seen as a humiliation was depicted by his aides as a splendid display of the fact that the President was back in the political ring, ready to fight. Until then, the word around town had been that Reagan had lost his confidence and his spunk. But he had been a most resilient man, and should never be counted out. What is noteworthy about the highway episode is that so many people bought the White House's fallback position; once again, Reagan was judged by the terms that he and his advisers set. Yet even some Democrats think that Reagan, in taking on the "spenders" and showing himself as a fighter, did himself some good in the highway episode. But Howard Baker,

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the new chief of staff, understood that, as he told a friend, "it's always better to win."

The fact that the President's argument was essentially phony—the Administration's proposed alternative to the highway bill wouldn't have cost much less (eighty-four billion versus eighty-eight billion), and the bill approved by Congress was essentially within the budget for the current fiscal year—would be, according to the Administration's thinking, lost on the voters. (Moreover, the Administration reportedly made offers to senators—in exchange for their votes—that would have made a victory on the highway bill more costly still.) In fact, a recurring leitmotif out of the Reagan White House from the beginning has been that the public is too uninformed and uninterested to grasp the kinds of things that so many Washington observers fix on—among other things, the facts. Until the Iran-Contra affair, the White House was largely successful in pursuing this strategy—but now the President and his advisers are faced with an unpleasant development: a recent Washington *Post*–ABC News poll showed that an increasing percentage of the public (sixty-five per cent) feels that the President has not been telling the truth about the affair.

THE Democrats have their own problems. A number of them, in both the House and the Senate, are not particularly thrilled that once their party took control of both houses its first order of business was two public-works bills. These may be popular, they say, but they don't exactly present the Party as one with fresh ideas—or any ideas at all. Some members say that there was no choice—that both bills were holdovers from the last Congress and were readier to go than new legislation. One Democratic senator of middling seniority told me that the problem is that the leadership thought in terms of tactics, not strategy. He said that what was important to Robert Byrd, the Majority Leader, was to show movement—to get a bill, any bill, passed. This senator and several of his colleagues are concerned that the leadership does not seem to be thinking in terms of what the Democrats want to have done by 1988—what face they want to present to the public—and that there is no mechanism within the Democratic Party in Congress for this kind of thinking. "At some point, we'll have to lead," this senator said. The freshman Dem-

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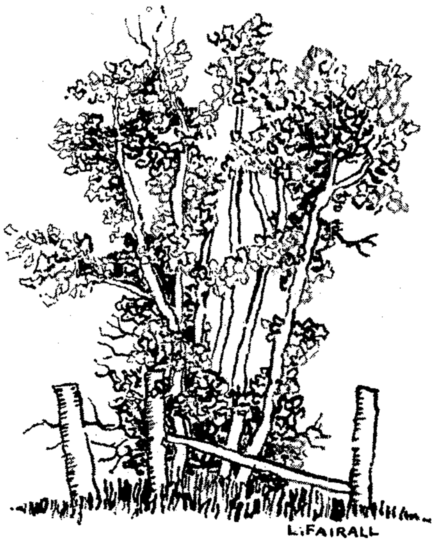
ocratic senators are particularly restive and frustrated; all eleven of them had held public office before (eight had served in the House and two had been governors), and they aren't particularly interested in biding their time. The Senate Democratic Caucus is described by several of its members as a fairly tension-ridden group, with its members divided over which issues the Democrats should tackle and what positions they should take. One younger Senate Democrat, describing the unhappiness within the caucus, said to me recently, "Maybe it's because too many of us are running for President." By this he did not mean only the crowded field of candidates for the 1988 nomination—and since we talked two additional Democrats have announced that they'd probably make the run—but also the waves of would-be candidates who are grooming themselves for some time after 1988. Among the reasons so many are running are that the Democrats—rightly or not—smell victory in 1988 and several don't want to have missed their chance, and also simply because the nomination is there. But that's a better reason to climb Mt. Everest than to run for President, and it obviously has nothing to do with one's qualifications for the job.

Several Democratic senators also complain that the Party is not using its dominance in Congress to set forth themes that the Party can run on in 1988; instead, whatever programs will emerge will result from various decisions by committee chairmen. There has, of course, been much talk about "competitiveness"—so much that the word has just about lost all meaning. It refers to a trade bill, but it also does represent a collection of thoughts about standards for education, about training, about facing new economic realities. So despite the word's overuse, and the consequent cynicism, it may serve as the nucleus for various themes. Some Democratic senators would like to see their party find a way to talk about values, rather than simply respond to the issues of the day. These are things that the party that does not control the White House always finds it hard to do, but in fact the Republicans in Congress helped pave the way for Reagan in 1980. It is often, or even usually, the case that the themes of a Presidential campaign arise out of the successful nomination campaigns—that the candidates develop the themes out of a long process of trial and error. But, to take another example besides that of Reagan, the themes of John F. Kennedy's Presidential campaign were hatched by the Democrats during Eisenhower's second term.

Another problem the Democrats are now facing is that the congressional leaders were so hyperbolic at the outset of this Congress about what would be accomplished—and accomplished quickly. That makes it fair game to measure them against the standards they set, and by those standards they aren't doing very well. Still, despite all the complaints, by the time the year is over a number of important pieces of legislation may have been passed—among them welfare reform and catastrophic health insurance, along with, of course, a trade bill. Also, some Senate committees, especially the Senate Labor and Human Resources Committee, headed by Edward M. Kennedy, are holding "consciousness-raising" hearings—as first steps toward getting a subject on the national agenda. But any laundry list of legislation passed misses the point of what is—or isn't—going on here.

A number of Democratic senators, particularly the newer ones (but not just the freshmen), are more than a little unhappy at the slow pace. One non-freshman senator said to me not long ago, "We won the Senate in November, and five months later we're still arguing about perks." The freshmen are still being assigned their new offices—through a process that is both labyrinthine and a bit cruel. (The House manages to assign its offices by the time the new Congress convenes.) Some new senators feel that they are being subjected to some hazing. Kent Conrad, a freshman Democrat from North Dakota, is quite relaxed about the whole thing, even though until quite recently his office was in a forme cold-storage room of the Hart Building which could only be reached via freight elevator. In the winter, Conrad had to buy some space heaters fo his "office." Some freshmen had to share offices—which, among othe things, kept them from hiring thei full complement of staff. In one instance, a Democrat, Bob Graham, o Florida, and a Republican, Christopher Bond, of Missouri, until very recently had to share an office. One freshman said to me, "You can't pu staff in the space you don't have." This senator worries about the fac that there's still a big bag of mail he can't get to—something his constituents might not look upon kindly.



Conrad, who was previously the tax commissioner for North Dakota, is among those who are struck by the antiquated way in which Congress conducts its business—both the equipment it uses and the way it spends its time. He says that the computer systems used by Congress are far from the state of the art—that the tax department of North Dakota has more modern equipment. And he says that because of how things work here, "We often spend as much time on a five-million-dollar decision as on a five-billion-dollar decision." He suggests that the problem of not having either equipment or thought that is sufficient runs throughout the government. He points out that politicians are too distracted by the need to raise campaign funds, or money to maintain homes in two cities (another problem the constituents, egged on by people who demagogue the issue, usually don't understand), to give the substance of government the kind of attention it needs. He is right on all counts. Conrad said to me not long ago, "What I find of most concern is that big things—things that really matter to the future of this country—don't get the focus that they need."

But whatever Congress does won't count for much unless the deficit is got under control, and there's little cause for optimism about that. Under the Gramm-Rudman law, the deficit is to be lowered to $108 billion—a virtually impossible goal, if done at all honestly, even with at least some new revenues, as the Administration is requesting. For starters, under the law the deficit for this year was to have been $144 billion, and it is now hovering at about $185 billion. The budget sent up by the Administration this year was politically and economically irrelt's not merely the spectacular meal and sparkling conversation that will keep friends lingering at this table tonight. the view framed by Pella Traditional French Doors accent- by Pella Archtop Windows

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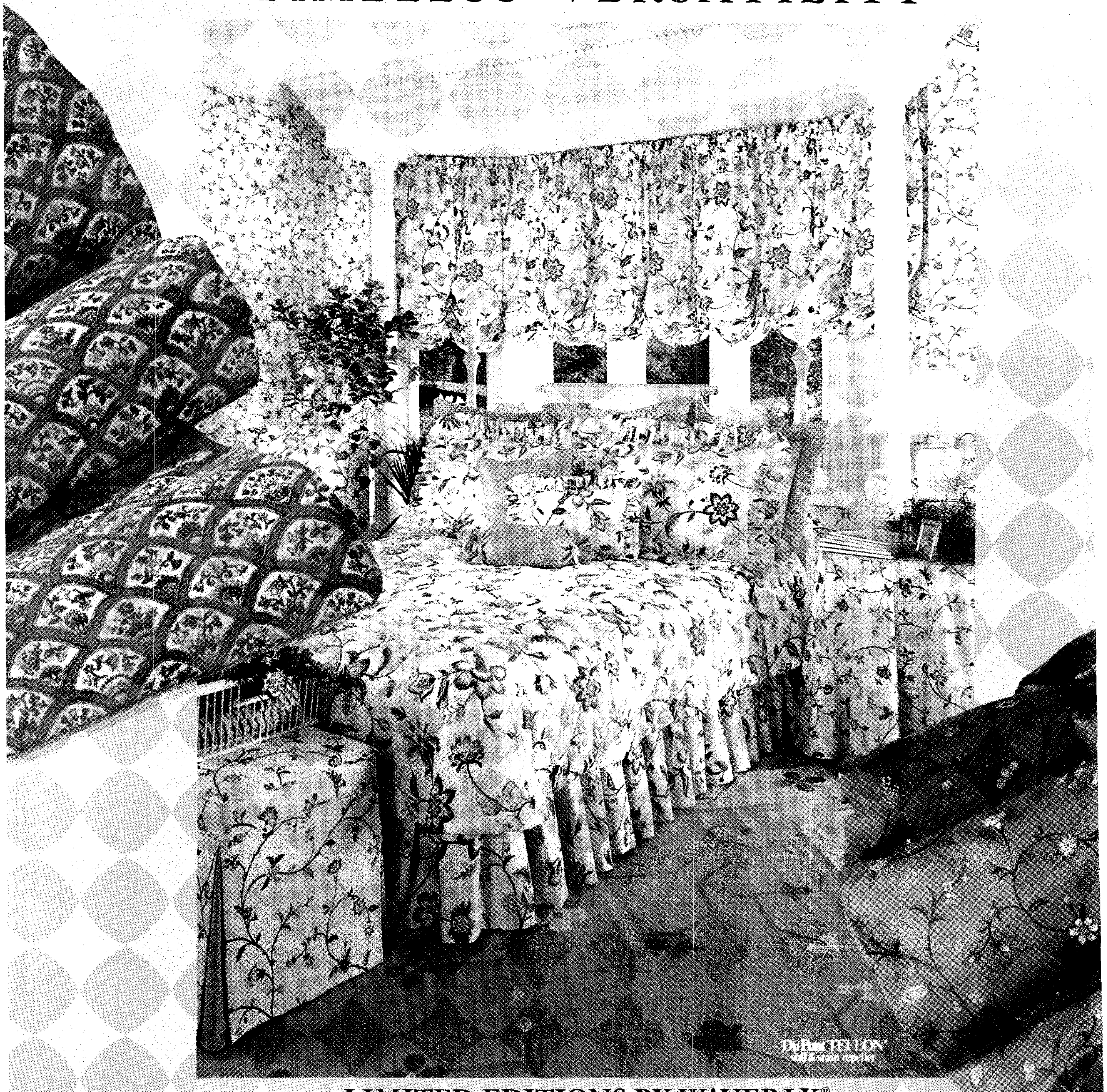

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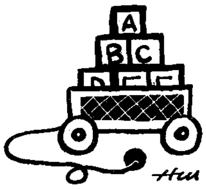
vant—calling on Congress to do hings everyone knew it wouldn't do, mploying various sleights of hand, nd using economic assumptions that vere at best questionable. The Administration's budget underestimates its eficit by about twenty-seven billion ollars. There are perfectly legitimate rounds—substantive ones and ones ooted in the legislative history of Gramm-Rudman—for deciding not to each the $108-billion deficit target, ut Reagan would have a field day if Congress tried to slip the loop. Demorats in both the House and he Senate are sharply dividd over whether to try to do o. One moderate Demoratic senator said to me ecently, "We are not doing hings that should be done. We're presented with the hoice of cutting the heart out of ome programs versus holding to the Gramm-Rudman target." He continued, "By buying into Gramm-Rudman, people have put themselves into he position of deciding whether education or housing for the homeless s more important. The target should be held null and void."



After trying for a while to come up with an honest budget, the House and Senate Budget Committees simply adopted the Administration's phony estimates, and the House committee voted for more revenues (taxes) than the Administration had proposed. The Senate committee had such trouble agreeing on a budget that it sent four proposals to the Senate floor. The Republicans gleefully say that they can hardly believe their good fortune—the Democrats are calling for higher taxes—and a number of Democrats are very uneasy about their party's bow to "responsibility." Jim Wright, the new House Speaker, has a deep streak of populism in him, and even goes so far as to say that it is the role of the federal government to "tax and spend." Wright would like to "soak the rich" by, among other things, delaying the next tax cut for the top bracket; but Dan Rostenkowski, of Illinois, the chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, doesn't want the new tax code opened up for change so soon. There will now be much speculation about how the new taxes would be raised—and also about the impact of the tax issue on the 1988 elections.

But the big thing—the very important thing that could do a lot to define the Reagan Presidency—is that the economy may now be out of control. By getting ourselves in so much debt, we have limited our options, and made ourselves more vulnerable to a recession. The wild swings in the stock market of late are but a symptom of the trouble—and of a lot of people's growing unease. The dollar has been talked down, but now our officials don't seem to be able to stop its decline—at least not without a destructive rise in interest rates. And the substantial increase in exports that was supposed to result from a cheaper dollar hasn't happened as yet, and is way overdue. The problem may be not just the value of the dollar but also the quality of the goods—and some things (such as VCRs) we aren't producing at all. In the meantime, we have become the greatest debtor nation in the world. When Reagan took office, we were the largest net creditor in the world (to the tune of $140 billion); now our foreign debt is about $200 billion. And despite Gramm-Rudman, whose main achievement was new creativity in fooling around with the numbers, our own debt keeps growing by a large amount each year—forcing us to raise money somewhere to pay it off. By the time Reagan leaves office, the national debt will have tripled—from about $1 trillion when he took office to about $3 trillion. A fear that has been lurking here for some time has been that at some point, perhaps because of a decline in the value of the dollar, foreigners—who now pick up a substantial amount of our debt by investing in dollars—would become less interested in holding dollars. That may be happening now. The other night, at dinner, I asked a foreign-policy official what we would be talking about if we weren't caught up in the topics of the moment—embassy buggings and arms-control agreements. He replied that we should be talking about Japan, and that a number of people in the government are worried about our long-term relationship with it, and think we should be focussing on it. But it's rare that we focus—or our government focusses—on a country before it's involved in some crisis of interest to us. Meanwhile, one can sense a case of bad nerves over the economy on the part of a number of our officials: among other things, they are saying fairly sharp things to each other through the press. Against this background, the noise that we will be hearing from the

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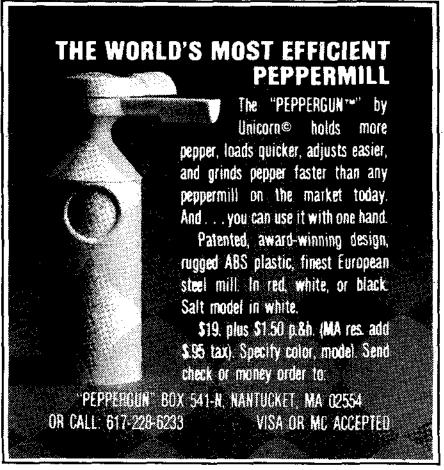

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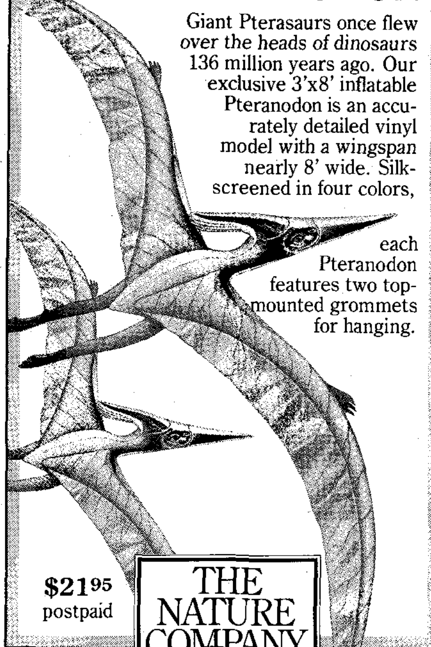

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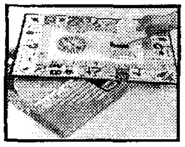

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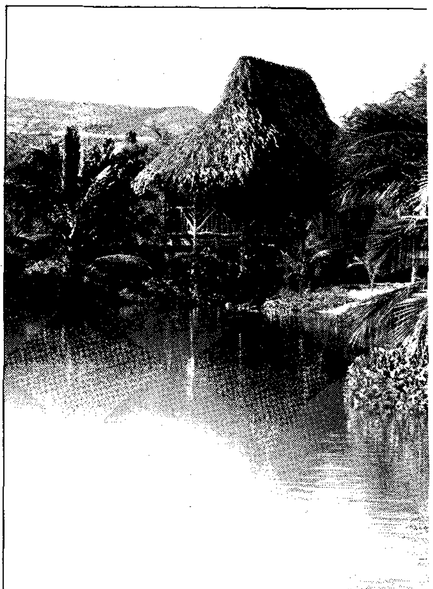
White House and from Capitol Hill about a budget, in another tiresome "So's your old man" routine, will mainly indicate how far we are from getting a grip on our economic situation. One well-qualified observer said to me recently, "Even if the President were strong, and were ready to strike a deal, the reality is there isn't a very good deal to make."

ON the face of it, the White House would have us believe that all is going swimmingly for the President. It certainly is true that he is in better personal and political shape than he was not so long ago. But his willpower and persona can take him only so far. Howard Baker is still getting high marks here, and it is clear that he has made a difference in how Reagan and the outside world view each other. Those who pushed for Baker's appointment as chief of staff—in particular Richard Wirthlin, Reagan's pollster, and Paul Laxalt, Reagan's close friend—had in mind the fact that Reagan and Baker had got along well before, and were likely to do so now. Reagan liked Donald Regan, Baker's predecessor, but it is clear that Baker's easy, relaxed style is good for Reagan—that Baker relaxes him. Moreover, Baker is secure enough not to have to assert his importance; in fact, he and his aides make a point of informing us that Reagan made this and that decision. That they do have to assert such a thing—or feel that they do—is, however, telling. It is also telling that they find it important to let us know that Reagan is alert at meetings, that he took an interest in the subject at hand. The relaxed mood and optimism that Baker and his associates have brought to the White House radiate out, and then circle back: the upbeat tone they have adopted—and that they pushed very hard (and successfully) with the press during the President's recent Easter vacation in Santa Barbara—affects others who observe and deal with Reagan. And this gives Reagan more confidence; he does seem to be out of the funk he was in as a result of losing the November elections and then taking a battering over the Iran-Contra affair.

Among the strategies that have been decided upon by his advisers—and that's still how it works—is to unleash him, to make him more accessible to the press and to various groups. His new advisers realize that this has its risks: on Reagan's first trip out of Washington, to Columbia, Missouri,



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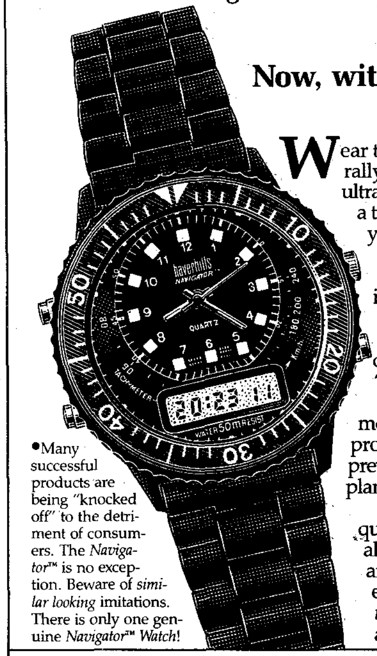
e answered a question from a sixth rader that was not about the Iran-ontra affair by (to the dismay of his ides) talking about the Iran-Contra ffair. But the advisers have decided hat the risks are worth it—that Rea-an looked miserable during the period e wasn't allowed to talk to the press t all, and that it is a pretty embar-assing state of affairs when a Presi-ent isn't allowed to speak. They are lso going on the theory that Reagan s at his best around people, and they hould go with his strength—and take heir chances.

So Reagan will be out on the road in his country more as well as attend an conomic summit conference in Ven-ce. He will be emphasizing subjects hat Wirthlin's polls say people are specially concerned about—not sur-risingly, education and drugs. Rea-an's advisers will try to deal with what they see as rising public concern about the deficit by having Reagan call for two of his old standbys—a constitutional amendment requiring a balanced budget and a line-item veto—and also for changes in the budget process. But none of these address the real problem. The advisers believe that Reagan's recent slapping of import fees on Japanese goods helped him politically. They will have him talking about AIDS. His advisers do not try to hide the fact that, in having the President up and about, they will be trying to counter-program against the Iran-Contra hearings. Since there is so much of the agenda that Reagan can't control, one of his advisers told me recently, "he needs to pick up some issues that he can drive autonomously." (And, obviously, the President's supporters will argue that Congress should not be on his back while he is in the process of obtaining an arms-control agreement.) But Reagan has been sent out on the road before, often to little avail. And it's not clear why it should be a big thing that a President takes a trip. Reagan's advisers are aware that the hearings could turn out to be very heavy going for him—how heavy no one is certain just now. They are aware that the state of the economy could also overwhelm his Presidency. And they undoubtedly understand that Reagan's powers of persuasion aren't what they used to be, and that the situation may be irreversible. They know that the President is in the grip of events beyond his control. But they're doing the best they can with what they've got.

—ELIZABETH DREW



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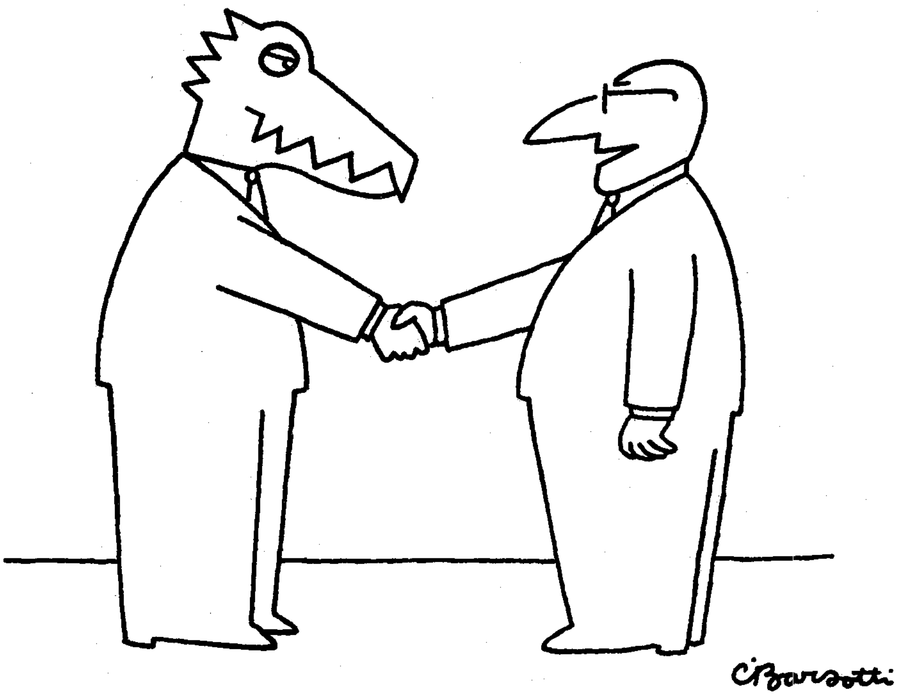
October, 1917, continues to reach deeply into our lives. The sombre enormity of the Russian Revolution and the consequences of the Bolshevik seizure of power dominate much of the landscape of spirit and of brute fact in this taxing century. The Soviet Union is posted in the heart of Europe. China labors to come to its own recalcitrant terms with the legacy of Marxism-Leninism. Throughout the so-called Third World (where is the Second?), diversities of despotism and of destitution, of despair and of tribal cynicism perceive in the mythology of Marxism and in the organizational model of Lenin a "shining path."

Theoretical refutation and pragmatic notice ought by now to have eradicated Marxism from serious consideration. The sheer backwardness of the economies of the Eastern bloc, the morass of human servitude on which they feed should long since have settled the ideological and historical argument. But they have not done so. There are millions of men and women to whom the storming of the Winter Palace in Petrograd remains an imperative image of hope, to whom the cruiser Aurora, from whose turrets the legendary salvo was fired, continues to signify dawn. Or—what is more complex and binding—these continue to symbolize a dark tunnel (the world of the Gulag) through which the wretched and the humbled of this earth must pass in order to attain, tomorrow, the just society.

The almost obsessive edge of indeterminacy is this: Are the realities of Stalinist tyranny, the statistics of Soviet economic inertia and corruption a necessary, inherent consequence of the errors of Marxist doctrine? Do they follow ineluctably on the dogmatic illusions of "Das Kapital" and demonstrate, therefore, that only a free-market society holds out any realistic prospect of both individual freedom and material fulfillment? Or are the inhuman destiny of twentieth-century Russia and the tyranny it has exercised over its neighbors a terrible accident, a monstrous piece of bad luck? In other terms, has this reality sprung from the pathological quality of Stalin, on the one hand, and, on the other, from the fundamentally retarded, "Asiatic" tenor of Russian history and society? Karl Marx was, very nearly to the end of his life, persuaded that Russia, however ripe for upheaval, could not be a natural, evolutionary setting for the application of his analyses and dictates. (Freud saw little future for psychoanalysis in America.) Was the introduction of th virus of a highly sophisticated, i many regards Judaic and Western European utopian program into the lon night of Russian history a dangerou false diagnosis? (This is Solzhenitsyn's thesis.) Or is Marxism-Leninism, anywhere and at any time, a aberration, a verbose fiction and hypocrisy, from behind which a lust fo absolute power, for aggression, make its perennial thrust?

The question is anything but academic. It underlies the formidabl problem of how we are to read Gorbachev. Are his stunning candor, bits of rhetorical ruse or does he mea what he says? If so, at what level o liberalization and humanization? Th uncertainty, the contradictory possibilities of interpretation press upo those within the Soviet Union a urgently as they do upon us. I Gorbachev the "counter-Stalinist" accident, the unprogrammed presence o spontaneity and sophistication, tha even a totalitarian society will on rar occasion produce? Or do present-da changes in Moscow entail a dynami opening of the system itself to th logic of pluralism? It is no bombast t suggest that our own survival hinges to a marked degree on getting the answer right.

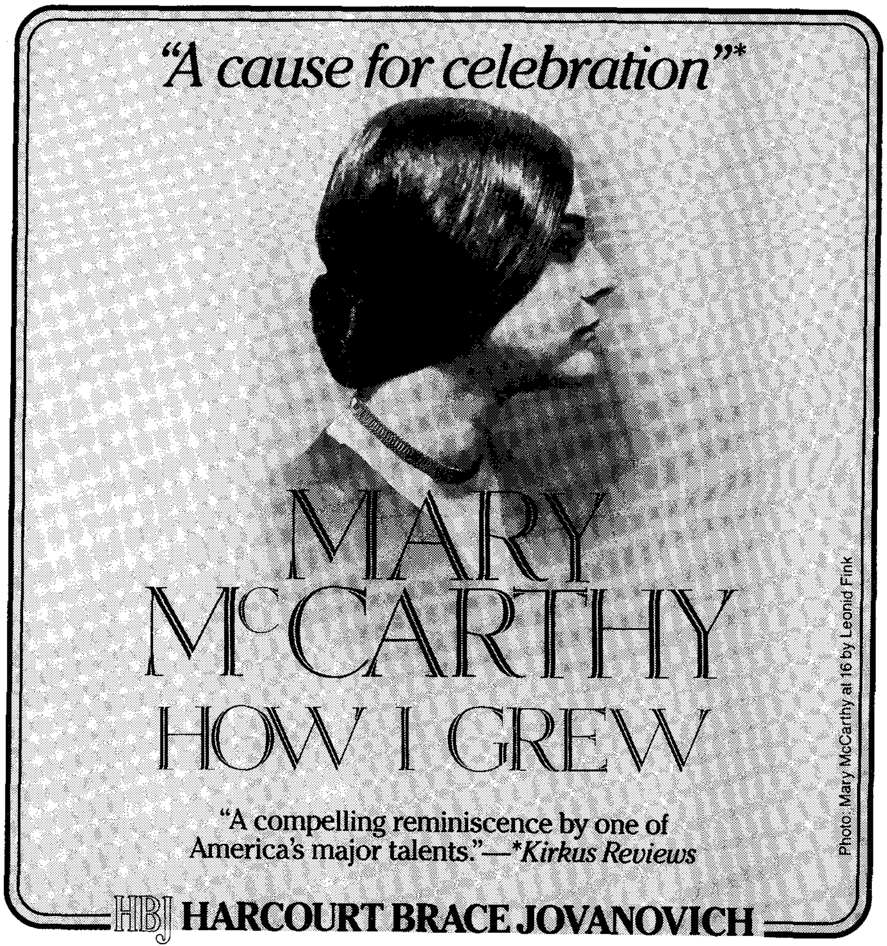
The late Professor Leonard Schapiro, of the London School of Economics, would give a grim and cautionary reply. His collection of posthumously gathered "Russian Studies" (Viking; $24.95) has been admirably edited by Ellen Dahrendorf. The contents include book reviews, essays, lectures, and previously unpublished papers. They turn on one fundamental theme: Russian history and Russian society have never known the rule of law that is the very essence of human dignity, of political freedom, of responsible relations between the power of the state and the life of the individual as these are understood in the Western tradition. Schapiro's credo fully echoes that of Edmund Burke and of the Enlightenment lawyers and constitutionalists whose vision became the base for democracy in America. The "prime human desideratum" is freedom. It can flourish only on "a foundation of legal order and private property." It can be achieved only by gradual—as it were, organic—evolution (Burke's commanding



"Of course. Your reputation precedes you, sir."

nage was that of a tree), and not by
evolution. National inheritance and
he specific tenor of one's history are to
e taken into full account. But the rule
f law and the criteria of personal
berty are a transcendent value.
Leonard Schapiro's application of
his credo is uncompromising. He
rites, for example, that "Nuremberg
as both an appalling travesty of in-
ernational law, and a craven acquies-
ence in and tacit acceptance by the
Western powers of the principle that
he grim record of the Soviet Union in
s treatment of its population was be-
ond criticism. International law was
raduced by the introduction of the
ew principle of law which certainly
id not exist at the time the acts were
ommitted, that waging an aggressive
var is an international crime." In
he face of Soviet hypocrisy at Nurem-
erg, Schapiro, who as a boy had wit-
essed the Russian Revolution in Riga
nd in St. Petersburg, gave up all illu-
ions about and, indeed, hopes of the
otentialities for liberal reform and
volution in the empire of Stalin and
his successors. He made it his polemic
ask to refute not only the lies—the
alsifications of history that poured out
of the Soviet academic and propaganda
machines—but what he took to be
even more corrosive: the self-delusions
or tactical mendacities of those histori-
ans in the West, preëminent among them E. H. Carr and Isaac Deutscher, who made themselves, to a greater or a lesser degree, apologists for Marxism and for the logic of Marxism-Leninism in the Russian Revolution and its consequences.

For Schapiro, there was no such "logic," there are no necessitarian laws of history as Marx promulgated them. Things might have gone otherwise. It is this sense of an alternative chance that haunts these studies and gives to the most distinguished among them a peculiar sadness of reason. There were significant elements, movements, individuals in the prerevolutionary intelligentsia eager to introduce Western liberalism and the rule of law into Russian sensibility and historical perceptions. The publicist B. N. Chicherin had recognized, immediately after the liberation of the serfs, that true radicalism did not lie on the side of clandestine violence and Jacobin dogmatism but resided, more subtly and vulnerably, in the camp of the conservative rationalists, of those who saw that what Russia needed above all else was a habituation to free and open political debate, to the in-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dependence of the judiciary, to the gradual evolution of self-critical and self-modifying institutions. In such political thinkers and public servants as P. B. Struve and P. A. Stolypin (a figure as tragically pivotal to Solzhenitsyn as he is to Schapiro) nascent Russian liberal conservatism and legalism had representatives of major stature. Turgenev's genius as an observer and a novelist was such as to articulate for those who would listen an incomparably sane diagnosis of the Russian situation and of the dynamic equilibrium to be striven toward between the Slavic and the Western components of Russia's future. In the famous debates with Herzen and with Dostoyevski, it is Turgenev whom Leonard Schapiro backs. There shone the light.

It was, above all, the structural impotence of the Romanov regime and the catastrophe of world war that terminated the evolutionary possibility. In an almost paradoxical way, the economic and social crises brought on by a twentieth-century war released into Russian life the archaic reflexes of obscurantism and paternalistic terror. The uncanny strategic patience and, finally, good luck of Lenin wove into a single, stifling fabric the "Asiatic" legacy of Russian power relations and the "scientific" promises of material progress in Marxism. "Lenin's Intellectual Formation," the finest essay in this collection, provides a dispassionate and insightful account of the inner making of the man. In particular, it shows in exactly what tactical ways Lenin leapfrogged the classical Marxist prognosis that backward economies and societies could not engender state socialism without passing first through a full era of bourgeois and liberal capitalism. In the early eighteen-nineties, the young Lenin ruled, nearly by fiat, that imperial Russia was already a capitalist middle-class society and was thus ripe for proletarian revolution. He made that arbitrary finding come all too true retroactively when he proceeded to eradicate whatever classical, mercantile liberties and middle-class leadership had in fact begun to evolve in the twilight of czarism. Papers on the Mensheviks and on Plekhanov and Bukharin further contribute to the many-sided elucidation of Lenin's career and his seizure of autocratic primacy. That seizure signifies, for Schapiro, a tragic aberration and regression in human affairs. Yet he would be the first to concede that Lenin found in his path no one even approaching his own intellectual and

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olitical stature. As Lenin is reported o have said of Plekhanov, to whom he owed much, "it seems to me that he is lready a dead man, and that I am a iving man." Millions were to endure, ven to extinction, that sovereign itality.

This selection concludes with short rticles on the "triumph of humanity" n the writings of Turgenev, on the ortured end of the great poet Alexanler Blok, and on Solzhenitsyn. Modestly, Schapiro disclaims literary auhority. But his reading of Blok's most amous poem, "The Twelve," is exceptionally balanced. Few discussions ake one nearer to the singular mixture f religious-apocalyptic ecstasy and ational doubt and disgust which verwhelmed the intellect and the creative imagination of the gifted men and women who witnessed or took some part in the events of 1917-22. What they heard, what they sought to cope with intelligibly, symbolically, was both the "dark, deep music" of dawn in the Revolution and the muffled outcry, no less dark, no less deep, of those whom the Revolution would trample underfoot. Blok was one of many to whom the contradiction proved literally fatal.

Professor Schapiro's intransigence, the liberal anger in him are such as to lead to judgments that not everyone will want to accept. He equates Trotsky and Stalin in point of evil and, in a palpable hit at Deutscher's great Trotsky biography, finds in Trotsky's death not "the stuff of tragedy" but "the small change of dirty politics." When he postulates that Stalinism is a perfectly coherent, predictable continuation of Leninist principles and practices, Schapiro scarcely allows for the singularity of Stalin's pathological mistrust and homicidal impulses, for the fact that Stalin does, like Hitler, present to the historian the enigma of a specific, personal "black hole." Who except Leonard Schapiro would write an erudite survey of "Jews in the Russian Revolutionary Movement" from which the term, let alone the concept, "messianic" is wholly absent—in which, in other words, there is no acknowledgment of the profoundly idealistic, explicitly messianic strain not only in Marx's promise of a classless city of the just upon earth but in the often suicidal commitment of Jewish men and women to that high (if doomed) dream? Nor is Schapiro persuasive about the nature of Solzhenitsyn's prescriptions for the salvation of Russia. Solzhenitsyn's penitential the-

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ocracy would hardly be a fertile ground for rationalist liberalism. It is the law of God, and not the courts of men, before which Solzhenitsyn, like the later Tolstoy, summons history and politics. For the mapmaker of the Gulag Archipelago, it is the Jew who has inoculated Holy Russia with the contagious parasite of social revolution and material promise. Turgenev would, one more than guesses, once again take the road to exile.

But the burning issue raised by this book is simply this: Nothing in Leonard Schapiro's analysis allows for a genuine transformation of Soviet society and ideology. If Schapiro is right, Gorbachev is an adroit make-up artist, whose aim is to mask under cosmetic concessions a perennial tyranny and drive toward international subversion. If, on the other hand, he is mistaken, the interest of these studies will indeed be historical. Let us honor Leonard Schapiro's integrity by supposing that that is what he himself would have wished. But I must confess to being not altogether certain. Pessimism and retribution are an investment that bites deep. Despite his luminous scholarly scruple, Leonard Schapiro was committed to the view that there could be no real improvement in the long servitude of Russian history.

—GEORGE STEINER

•

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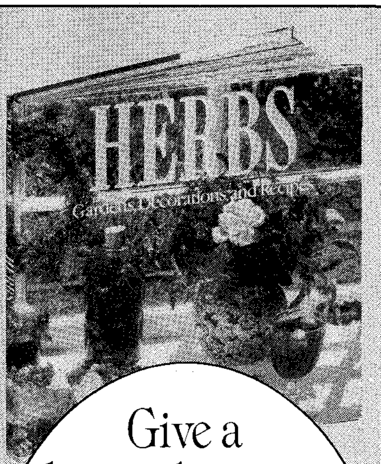

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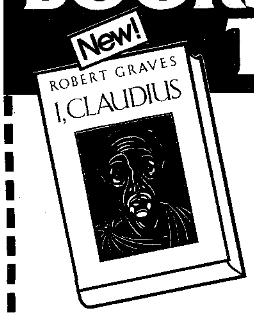

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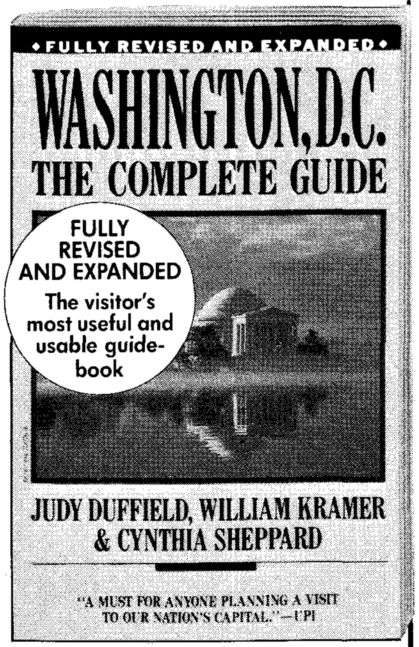

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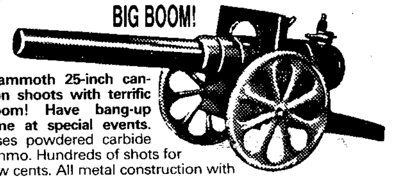

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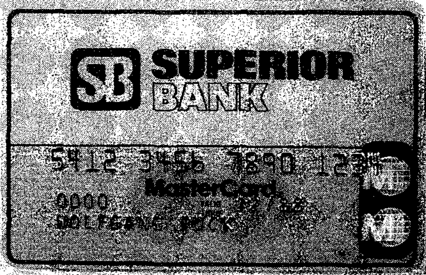

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[illegible] McLaughlin has known Robert Burns' [illegible] by heart.

And if you stop into The Cross Keys in Douglas, Scotland of an evening, he'd be more than happy to speak his piece.

All two hundred and twenty-four lines of it.

The good things in life stay that way.

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